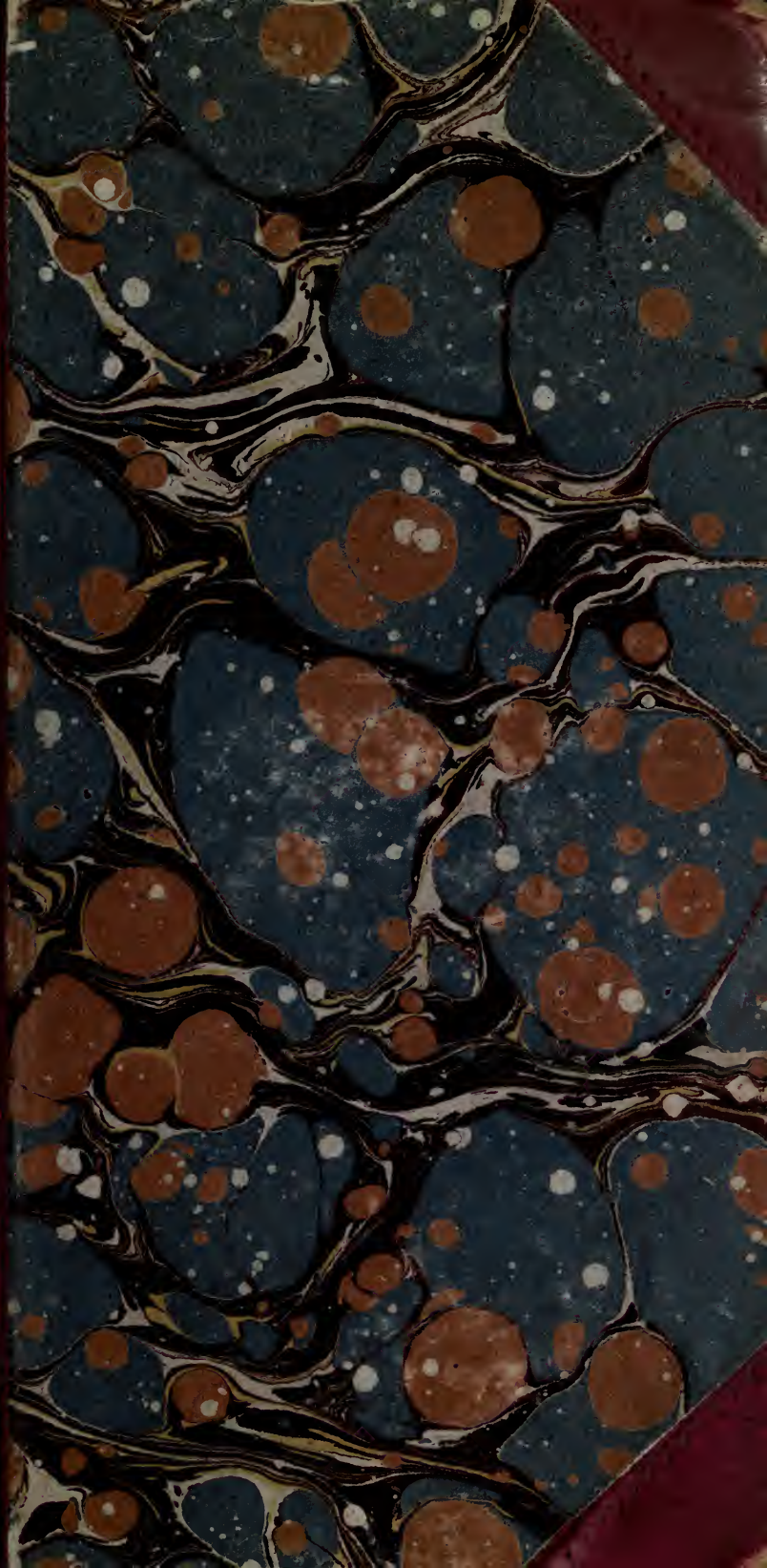




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The  
Korburchhe Ballads.

WITH SHORT NOTES BY

WM. CHAPPELL, Esq., F.S.A.,

AUTHOR OF 'POPULAR MUSIC OF THE OLDEN TIME,' ETC. ETC.,

AND COPIES OF THE ORIGINAL WOODCUTS, DRAWN BY MR. RUDOLPH BLIND  
AND MR. W. H. HOOPER, AND ENGRAVED BY MR. J. H. RIMBAULT  
AND MR. W. H. HOOPER.

LONDON:

Printed for the Ballad Society,

BY TAYLOR AND CO., 10, LITTLE QUEEN STREET, W.C.

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## INTRODUCTION.

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THE Roxburghe Collection of Ballads was formed by Robert Harley, who was the eldest son of Sir Edward Harley, and was born in 1661, in Bow Street, Covent Garden, then a fashionable quarter of London. He was advanced to the peerage of Great Britain by Queen Anne in 1711, as Baron Harley of Wigmore in the county of Hereford, Earl of Oxford, and Earl Mortimer, but he raised a far more enduring memorial for himself in the Harleian Collection of Manuscripts, which was also formed by him, and is now one of the greatest treasures in the British Museum.

John Bagford, the antiquary, was one of the buyers employed by the Earl of Oxford, and he is the reputed collector of the ballads. Bagford's own tastes ran somewhat in that direction. Three volumes of ballads were collected by him for his own library, and to be utilized in his projected History of Printing. These are also in the library of the British Museum.<sup>1</sup>

When the printed books collected by the Earl of Oxford were dispersed, the ballads were bought by James West, President of the Royal Society. At the death of West, his "curious and valuable library" was sold by auction by

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<sup>1</sup> The reference to Bagford's collection of ballads is 643. m. 9, 10, and 11.

Messrs. Langford, "on Monday, the 29th March, 1773, and the 23 following days, Sundays excepted." The ballads formed Lot 2112, and are described in the sale-catalogue as "A curious collection of Old Ballads, in number above 1200, b[lack] l[etter] with curious frontispieces. 3 Vols." Major Thomas Pearson was the purchaser, and it is said that he acquired the collection for £20.<sup>1</sup> In Pearson's hands it was rebound into two volumes, with printed indexes, and title pages bearing his initials. These titles still remain, and the following is a copy:—

"ANCIENT SONGS AND BALLADS; written on various subjects, and printed between the years 1560 and 1700, chiefly collected by Robert Earl of Oxford, and purchased at the Sale of the late Mr. West's library, in the year 1773. Encreased by several additions.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

These venerable ancient song-inditers  
 Soar'd many a pitch above our modern writers:  
 Our numbers may be more refin'd than those,  
 But what we've gained in verse we've lost in prose.  
 Their words no shuffling double meaning knew;  
 Their speech was homely, but their hearts were true.

[monogram of] T. P.

Rowe.

London, Arranged and Bound in the year 1774."

Although the sale-catalogue of West's library stated the number of ballads to be "above 1200," and Major Pearson had made "several additions," yet the total number included in the printed indexes is but 733, viz. 270 in the first volume and 463 in the second.<sup>2</sup> It is therefore to be assumed that the auctioneer had counted second parts, usually printed on the second page of the broadsides, as separate ballads.

The date on the title pages is that of the year after

<sup>1</sup> This sum is stated in the preface to *The Suffolk Garland* (Ipswich, 8vo, 1818), but it is not a very reliable authority, for it gives the price produced at Major Pearson's sale incorrectly, viz. £26. 4s. instead of £36. 14s. 6d.

<sup>2</sup> A few pages were left blank. The index to vol. i. extends to p. 481, and that of vol. ii. to p. 577.

Major Pearson had acquired the collection. Further additions were made, either by him or by subsequent possessors, to the number of 41 ballads in the first volume and 16 in the second. The first lines of these are added to the indexes in manuscript.

Major Pearson is said to have been assisted in adding to his collection by his friend Isaac Reed, one of the editors of Shakespeare, but the resulting increase of number is not stated.

The next step in the descent of the collection was at the sale of the library of "Thomas Pearson, Esq., deceased, in 1788," by T. and J. Egerton, "on Monday, 14th of April and 22 following days, Sundays excepted." The ballads were Lot 2710, and, after a copy of the printed title page, the auctioneers added the following note: "The preceding numerous and matchless collection of old ballads are all printed in the black letter, and decorated with many hundred wooden prints: they are pasted upon paper with borders, printed on purpose, round each ballad; also a printed title and index to each volume. To them are added the paragraphs which appeared in the public papers respecting the above curious collection at the time they were purchased at Mr. West's."

It was at this auction that they were purchased for John, Duke of Roxburghe for £36. 14s. 6d.

In the preface to "A Catalogue of the Library of the late John, Duke of Roxburghe,<sup>1</sup> 1812," it is stated that the Duke added seven ballads printed in Edinburgh in 1570. In this number are included "The Complaint of Scotland" (Rox. II. 49) and parts of a Metrical Chronicle of Scotland, by Robert Sempill, other parts of which are in the library of the Society of Antiquaries and in that of Mr. Christie-Miller. These scattered portions should be collected to-

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<sup>1</sup> London, Bulmer, 1812, 8vo, note, pp. 7, 8. Dr. Rimbault has kindly supplied this and all the preceding extracts from Sale-Catalogues from his own library.



gether to form a separate publication. They are of the greater interest because they just precede the date when every endeavour was made to silence the Scottish ballad-muse in Scotland. In August 1579 two poets of Edinburgh, (William Turnbull, Schoolmaster, and William Scott, notar,) were hanged for satirical ballads, and in October of the same year the Estates passed an Act to suppress bards, minstrels, and singers, or "sangsters."<sup>1</sup> This act seems not to have been repealed, but to have been allowed to lie dormant after an example set by the Duke of York and Albany, (afterwards James II), who had been sent to Scotland to get him out of the way at the passing of the Exclusion bill. The Duke is supposed to have taken an English ballad-maker with him to Scotland to sing his praises there, and this man to have produced "The Banishment of Poverty by his R[oyal] H[ighness] J[ames] D[uke of] A[lbany], to the tune of *The last Good Night*." A copy of this vaunt of the Duke's liberality, which was to be sufficient to banish poverty from Scotland, is in the possession of Mr. David Laing, F.S.A. Scot., and it is the earliest ballad in broadside that is known to have been printed in Scotland in the seventeenth century. The fact of its having been intended for, and directed to be sung to, an English tune, together with the London-English words, seems to point sufficiently to its source. Moreover, he would have been a bold writer, as well as a bold printer, who would have dared to set so highly penal a law at defiance. It is therefore to be assumed that the two were "avowed in special service of a Lord of Parliament," and so were protected under an exemption in the act. The lords of parliament had taken care of themselves so that they might do as they pleased.

At the sale of the Duke of Roxburghe's library in 1813, the extraordinary advance in the marketable value of the ballads attracted so much attention as to associate the col-

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<sup>1</sup> Chambers's *Domestic Annals of Scotland*, I. 125 and 131.

lection permanently with the name of the Duke. He had paid less than £37 for the two volumes, but had added a few ballads to them, and had increased the collection by a third volume. This third volume is the largest, but is not quite in keeping with the rest. The latter half of it includes many white-letter ballads, chiefly of the last century, and, in some cases, so late in the century as to number within it a song by Burns. The three volumes were bought by Harding, the bookseller, for £477. 15s, and were resold to the late Benjamin Heywood Bright.

Mr. Bright (second son of Richard Bright of Ham Green, near Bristol, and of Colwall, in Herefordshire) was a Shakesperian scholar of sufficient mark for the trustees of the British Museum to buy his correspondence with the late Rev. Joseph Hunter, at the sale of Mr. Hunter's library. The letters range from 1819 to 1843, and they constitute the Addit. MSS. Nos. 25676 and 25677.

Benjamin Heywood Bright died at Ham Green, near Bristol, on the 4th of August, 1843, and his library was sold by auction by S. Leigh Sotheby and Co. in 1845. This was a twenty-four days' sale, commencing on Monday, March 3rd, with the eleven following days, and recommencing on the 31st March, to be carried on for eleven more days.

The three volumes of ballads were Lot 296 on the second day of the former sale, and were bought by Rodd, the bookseller, for the trustees of the British Museum, for £535. A fourth volume had been added by Mr. Bright, and it formed the following lot in the same auction. It was also bought for the trustees by Rodd, for £25. 5s.<sup>1</sup> It contains only 85 pages, but they are of appropriate black-letter ballads.

The collection is now so much prized, that, under a recent regulation, it is no longer to be brought into the Reading-room of the British Museum on account of the wear and

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<sup>1</sup> Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson, and Hodge have kindly supplied the prices and the names of the purchasers.

tear, but is to be inspected, like a few other rarities, in an inner room.

It is by miscellaneous collections of this kind only, that the true state and character of the age, political and otherwise, can be estimated, with all its struggling elements at work. Selden said: "Though some make slight of libels, yet you may see by them how the wind sets: as, take a straw and throw it up into the air, you shall see by that, which way the wind is; which you shall not do by casting up a stone. More solid things do not shew the complexion of the times, so well as ballads and libels."

The four volumes contain about 1466 ballads, and among them are ten that were printed between 1567 and 1584, of which, eight were printed in Edinburgh. The collection may be looked upon broadly as one of English ballads printed during the seventeenth century, for the exceptions are but few in comparison with the bulk. It includes about 176 that are duplicates. These are usually different editions of a ballad, but, in some cases, the two copies are seemingly identical. The qualification of "seemingly" is necessary, because copies may bear the same publishers' names, yet differ, even materially, if issued at different dates. Second parts of ballads were usually printed on the second page, but occasionally two ballads are printed upon one broadside.

Although the library of the British Museum contains a much larger number of broadside ballads than any other of the great public libraries, yet the Roxburghe collection, taken alone, is but second in extent to the Pepys collection, which is in the library of Magdalene College, Cambridge. The latter is in five volumes, containing 1800 ballads, of which 1376 are in black letter. Besides these, there are in Pepys's collection three volumes of "Penny Merriments," also collected by him. These amount in number to 112, and some of them are *Garlands*, that contain many ballads in each.



Another important Collection of broadside ballads is that of the late Francis Douce, author of *The Illustrations of Shakespear and of ancient Manners*, which is in the Bodleian Library, Oxford. It contains 877, bound in four volumes. They are generally of later date than the Pepys, and include many printed in the last century. Anthony Wood's printed and manuscript collections are in the same library, and the former contains 279 ballads. There was also a collection of rare Garlands formed by Anthony Wood, but some of the choicest of them disappeared while his library was kept at the Ashmolean Museum.

The Bodleian library includes a third collection of ballads, made by that eminent antiquary and staunch Jacobite, Richard Rawlinson, LL.D., who was a great benefactor to the University. It numbers 218, in black letter.

Many ballads maintained a continuance of popularity for more than a century. This was especially the case with such as were upon historical and quasi-historical subjects, or that had good stories. Hence it is, that we find three or four different editions of a once popular ballad dispersed among the various collections. When words had fallen out of general use, they were sometimes changed for others in later copies, but more frequently the difference consists only in printers' errors and in the name of the publisher.

A rough estimate may be formed of the probable number of duplicates in one collection compared with another, by computing the Rawlinson against the Roxburghe. The Rawlinson, out of its 218 ballads, includes 130 of which no edition is to be found in the much larger Roxburghe collection. If the same comparison were made between the Roxburghe and the Douce the proportion of similitude would be greater, but probably not so between the Roxburghe and the Pepys. The average will, at least, fall short, if the comparison be confined to the first volume of the Roxburghe against the whole of the Pepys.

We cannot however say that any one of these printed

collections would average in merit an equally old manuscript one. In the printed collections everything was taken that came to hand, and all were intended for the lower orders exclusively, whereas manuscript collections, such as that known as the Percy folio, (recently printed,) partake more of the character of selections, and a larger proportion of works of merit is mixed up with them. Comparatively few of high merit are to be found among printed ballads, for they are chiefly the productions of the people's special rhymesters,—the Eldertons, Deloneys, Martin Parkers, and others of the same stamp. In the reign of Henry VIII “the most pregnant wits” were employed in writing ballads, the king himself setting the example; but in the seventeenth century ballad writing had become the occupation of a special class.

The famed collection known by the name of Samuel Pepys, the diarist, (who was Secretary to the Admiralty under Charles II and James II,) was commenced by the learned Selden. Selden died in 1654, and Pepys continued collecting till near the time of his death in 1703. The Selden ballads are perhaps still to be distinguished, by the older numbering to the pages. The Ballad Society is indebted to the courtesy of the present Master and Fellows of Magdalene College for the permission to have a complete index made to the ballads and “Penny Merriments,” and to have any ballad collated, when the earliest copy was to be found in the Pepys library.

Extant copies of ballads printed in the sixteenth century are now but few in number, yet it is by no means improbable that some collections may be hidden from the public eye in the mansions of old families. It is commonly reputed that the celebrated collection of the late George Daniel, of Canonbury, came from Helmingham Hall, in Suffolk, where it had been lying unnoticed or forgotten for two centuries or more. It was unknown to this age, until it came into Mr. Daniel's possession by purchase from a col-

lector of old books and antiquities at Ipswich. More recently, we have heard of a collection of Caxton's publications having been found in another old mansion, but unfortunately, all but one or two had been destroyed, because they were thought to be only imperfect and valueless old books, without title pages. There is still a hope of new discoveries from similar sources.

Some of the earliest printed ballads that are now known to be extant are included in the collection of broadsides in the library of the Society of Antiquaries. The number of ballads from the reign of Henry VIII. to that of Elizabeth, inclusive, is about 56. The famous Suffolk collection was divided. It seems originally to have numbered from 175 to 200 ballads. The portion retained by Mr. Daniel till his death was purchased at the auction of his library by Mr. Henry Huth, and the other portion, which had passed from Mr. Daniel's hands into those of Thorpe, the bookseller, was sold by Thorpe to Mr. Heber. At Heber's auction it was purchased by the late Mr. W. H. Miller, of Britwell, and from him it descended to the present owner of Britwell, Mr. S. Christie-Miller.

Mr. Henry Huth, well known for his love of literature and for his liberality in literary matters, reprinted seventy-nine of his choicest ballads from this Suffolk collection, and these are chiefly of the earlier years of the reign of Elizabeth. The Britwell library contains eighty-eight in the Suffolk volume, and Mr. S. Christie-Miller has expressed his intention of conferring an equal boon upon the students of our literature, by reprinting the contents of that volume. Among the other collections at Britwell, are some volumes including ballads of the seventeenth century, but the exact number uncounted, and one volume of the end of the seventeenth and part of the eighteenth century, containing eighty ballads, many of which are in white letter. The thanks of the members of the Ballad Society are due to Mr. Christie-Miller for facilities afforded to the editor of the present collection.

Some ballads of the sixteenth century, (especially three written at the time of the threatened invasion of the Spanish Armada in 1588,) have been reprinted in limited numbers by Mr. J. O. Halliwell. Others are to be found in small numbers among the collections in the Bodleian, and in some of the College libraries.

Of the minor collections in the British Museum it was stated by a well-informed writer in *The North British Review*, in November, 1846, that there were at that time about 1000 ballads included in them, but the number has since been increasing, and there were in 1864 :

In the Bagford Collection . . . . .	355
In a volume of miscellaneous ballads and poems, 17th century . . . . .	31
One volume, for the most part political, from 1641 . . . . .	250
One volume in the King's library, principally relating to London from 1659 to 1711 . .	60
Included in 17 of the folio volumes of the Thomason collection of Tracts. 1641-1663 [Thomason died poor in April, 1666.] . .	266
In 3 other Thomason volumes relating to Coffee Houses, to events of the time of Charles II, etc. . . . .	38
One volume of Satirical Ballads on the Popish Plot, acquired at the Strawberry Hill sale in 1842 . . . . .	27
Ballads on the Spanish Armada, 1588 . .	3
Ballads of the reign of Charles II, which formed the lining of an old trunk, presented by Sir W. C. Trevelyan (635, m. 10) . . . . .	7
In the second volume of the Luttrell Collection . . . . .	255

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[In addition to the Roxburghe Collection] 1292



Some of the above named minor collections have since been brought together and rebound. (C. 20 f. contains 250 ballads.) The Luttrell Collection of "Humorous, political, historical, and miscellaneous Ballads" was added to the library in 1849. It forms the second of three volumes of broadsides, altogether 586, of which the first volume contains 188 eulogies and elegies, and the third volume 143 proclamations and broadsides, of which number 63 are poetical pieces and ballads. Of the ballads, some are in white letter, which was commonly used for political subjects. If poems, not being ballads, were counted in the above collections, the number would be much larger, and many additions have been made to the library since 1864.

When ballads were intended for the exclusive use of the ordinary ballad buyers, they were printed in black-letter, a thick kind of Old English type that was retained for that especial purpose for a century and a half after it had fallen into desuetude, and nearly a century of disuse, for books. According to Pepys, who was a cotemporary authority, the use of black-letter ceased about the year 1700. On the title page of his volumes, he describes them as "My Collection of Ballads," (following the words with an engraved portrait of himself,) "Begun by Mr. Selden: Improved by y<sup>e</sup> addition of many Pieces elder thereto in Time, and the whole continued down to the year, 1700, When the Form, till then peculiar thereto, viz<sup>t</sup>. of the Black Letter with Pictures, seems (for cheapness sake) wholly laid aside, for that of the White Letter without Pictures."

White Letter printing of non-political street ballads may be said broadly to have commenced about 1685, and of political ballads about half a century earlier. In the preceding enumerations no account has been taken of such as were printed with music and issued by publishers of music.

The Chetham Library, Manchester, includes a rare collection of broadsides (proclamations and ballads) presented by Mr. Halliwell. A second collection of ballads formed by

Mr. Halliwell is now in the possession of Mr. William Euing, F.S.A. Scot. The printed catalogue of the latter (8vo, 1856) gives the number as 408, all in black-letter. The Ballad Society is indebted to Mr. W. Euing for the advantage of having collated some of the Roxburghe copies with earlier ones in his possession.

Mr. Payne Collier's curious collection of black-letter ballads has now passed into the possession of Mr. Frederic Ouvry, Treas. S.A. Mr. Ouvry's collection is in five volumes, of which two contain ballads, numbering about 150, a third of garlands, and the fourth and fifth of miscellaneous broadsides in poetry or prose.

Other private collections are reported—as one at Osterley Park, the seat of the Earl of Jersey—but enough has been stated to show that, in spite of the perishable nature of these broadsides, printed upon coarse paper and easily worn out, or destroyed by pasting them upon cottage walls, there are still seven or eight thousands of sixteenth and seventeenth century copies extant.

There are but few among them that have not the name of the tune to which they were to be sung printed upon them. These tunes are to be found in manuscript or printed collections of Country Dances, Northern Frisks, Jigs, and Hornpipes. "The names of dances," said Sir Thomas Elyot, in 1531, "were taken, as they be now, either of the names of the first inventors, or of the measure and number they do contain, or of *the first words of the ditty*, which the song comprehendeth, whereof the dance was made." Ball, Ballet, and Ballad are kindred words derived from the same Greek root, (*βαλλίζειν*), and when the English people danced they strengthened the music by their song. It was not mere natural singing—all were taught to sing, rich and poor. The education of the poor was reading, writing, grammar, and music, and in the early part of Queen Elizabeth's reign, these four qualifications of the children educated in Bridewell were advertised as recommendations for



their being taken as servants, as apprentices, and for husbandry.<sup>1</sup> There must have been some solidity in the musical education of the lower classes when the watermen of London could compose Rounds, or Canons in unison. We have an extant composition of theirs in "Row the boat, Norman," written in praise of the Lord Mayor of London in 1453.<sup>2</sup> When the extreme Puritans—not of the Cromwell stamp, but sour-faced men who deemed cheerfulness a sin, and a dance round a maypole to be a sure pathway to Hell—when these men gained the upper hand in the State, they put down "*Merry England*," and their zeal gave so great a check to the amusements of the people, and especially to the culture of music, that *Old England* has not even yet recovered herself. The mind requires relief. These men sought refuge in violent political and religious zeal. Cobblers became teachers, the strangest new sects were started, and Old Bethlehem became a necessity. It was built to accommodate the ever increasing number of lunatics in 1675. The natural sequence of the want of amusement was a progressive increase of drunkenness among the people, and with it the attendant immoralities and sometimes crimes. The same effect followed the decline of music in Holland, and something of the same in Scotland. The Netherlanders had been pre-eminently great in music in the fifteenth century, but men whose ideas of reforming religion consisted in running into opposite extremes—not Calvin—succeeded first in discouraging and at last in silencing the school of music. Dutchmen became famous for drinking, but we have not a Dutchman worthy of note in the History of Music from that time down to the beginning of the present century. The Scotch, who had been

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<sup>1</sup> See "Orders appointed to be executed in the Cittie of London, for setting Roges and idle persons to worke, and for releefe of the poore." "At London, printed by Hugh Singleton, dwelling in Smith Fielde, at the signe of the Golden Tunne." Reprinted in *The British Bibliographer*.

<sup>2</sup> See *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, vol. ii. p. 783.

great and successful cultivators both of the art and of the science, ceased to bring up their sons to music altogether. This default, again, is in nowise chargeable upon John Knox, but upon some of his indiscreet, over-zealous followers. It is singular that music should have been made the butt of any set of men, considering that it is the only amusement that may be indulged in to excess without injuring the purity of the heart; but the secret is that it was cheering to man, and, in the eyes of Puritans of the Stubbes kind, men should ever be "cooing like doves and chattering like cranes, for their own and others' sins," and every such comfort as music, everything that would inspire cheerfulness, should be taken from them. Solomon said there is "a time to weep, and a time to laugh; a time to mourn, and a time to dance;" but these Puritans were no Solomons.

"Had I children," said Horace Walpole, "my utmost endeavour would be to breed them musicians. Considering I have no ear, nor yet thought of music, the preference seems odd; and yet it is embraced on frequent reflection. In short, as my aim would be to make them happy, I think it the most profitable method. It is a resource that will last their lives, (unless they grow deaf,) it depends on themselves, not on others; always amuses and soothes, if not consoles." To this he adds: "and of all fashionable pleasures it is the cheapest."

It was the general habit of singing that caused the enormous demand for ballads in England. There is hardly a dramatist of the sixteenth or seventeenth century that does not allude to their powerful influence.<sup>1</sup> In December 1648, the extreme men having the upper hand, Captain Betham

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<sup>1</sup> Confining the quotations to Shakespeare's contemporaries, a dozen or more of these will be found in *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, vol. i. p. 253. They are limited to one from each author, and the quotations are from Ben Jonson, Heywood, Beaumont and Fletcher, Massinger, Dekker, Chapman, Webster, Ford, Marlow, Machin, Middleton, and the author of *Lingua*.

was appointed Provost-Martial, "with power to seize upon all ballad-singers," and for five years from this date there were no more entries of ballads at Stationers' Hall. After 1653, when Oliver Cromwell had become Lord Protector, he removed the ban against ballads, and allowed operas to be performed at Rutland House, near the Charter House.<sup>1</sup>

Martin Parker, who was the author of the famous ballad "When the King shall enjoy his own again," was the leading ballad-writer of this time. A larger proportion of his productions will be found in the Roxburghe, than in any other collection. The ballad writers of London are alluded to in *The Downfall of Temporizing Poets*, 1641, as "an indifferent strong corporation: twenty-three sufficient writers, besides Martin Parker"; and in *The Actor's Remonstrance or Complaint for the silencing of their Profession*, 1643, it is said that "some of our ablest Play-Poets, instead of their annual stipends and beneficial second-days, . . . will shortly (if they have not been forced to do it already) be incited to enter themselves into Martin Parker's society, and write ballads." There can be little doubt of there having been twenty-four professed ballad-writers in London at this time, for we can point to, at least, as many in still extant works, by their names or initials. This was a large number of persons to derive their support, or principal support, by writing ballads for the multitude.

As to the publishers of ballads, it is not always easy to decide questions of priority between them. Ballads were usually issued by stationers, who were not themselves printers, and who are not, therefore, included in histories of printing. The only means of ascertaining is to look with care to all ballads upon subjects of ephemeral interest, such as coronations, deaths, murders, last dying speeches, plagues, or public events of any kind to which dates may

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<sup>1</sup> The wisecracks of George the Second's time who passed an Act of Parliament to make a licence necessary for music in public rooms, would have done well to take a lesson from Oliver Cromwell.



be attached, and to note the names, and even the addresses, of the publishers. But, after all, this will only assist to a list of approximate dates, liable to expansion by any newly found ballad.

It was more usual for printers to be publishers of ballads, and to date them, in the sixteenth century, than in the seventeenth. The dates of printers do not offer the same difficulties as of stationers, but the Roxburghe, Pepys, and the large collections, are almost exclusively of the seventeenth century. Few bear dates, and they were often issued without even the initials of the printer. It is proposed by Dr. Rimbault to compile a complete list of printers and stationers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, but, with a mind so anxious for completeness, the publication may be long delayed. In the meantime, the following list of black-letter ballad-publishers only, and of the seventeenth century only (some 250 or more in number), is offered without any pretence of completeness. It may be useful in giving an approximate date, but, no doubt, Mr. W. Carew Hazlitt and Dr. Rimbault, (who have each most kindly lent me their own lists,) can largely extend it by including publishers of books whose names are designedly omitted here: The list was compiled from notes taken in looking over ballads, and indexes of ballads, together with a few memoranda copied from the registers of the Stationers' Company, when I was preparing *Popular Music of the Olden Time*. To these have been added other notes of the same kind, taken by Mr. W. B. Rye, Keeper of the Printed Books in the British Museum, and with which he has kindly favoured me. These memoranda may be of use to those who seek for the probable date of a printed copy of a ballad, and are the best evidence to a general reader of the number of ballads that must have been published within the century.

PUBLISHERS OF BLACK-LETTER BALLADS IN THE  
SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

- Alde (or Alde), Edward, 1602 to 1623.  
 —, Mrs., or Margaret, 1603.  
 —, Elizabeth, dwelling neere Christ-Church, 1628.  
 Alsoop (Barnard), Garter Place, Barbican, 1617–1644.  
 —, (B.), near the Upper Pump in Grub Street, 1650–1652.  
 — (Ben.), Angel and Bible, in the Poultry, 1683.  
 Andrews (John), 1655, White Lion, near Pye Corner, 1660.  
 ———, John and Elizabeth, White Lion, near Pye Corner, 1664.  
 ———, Elizabeth (only, and at same address), 1662–1664.  
 Aston (John), 1641–1642.  
 B . . . . (W.), 1680.—B . . . . (A.), 1688–1689.  
 B . . . . (H.), 1682.—B . . . . (R.), Printer, 1675.  
 Back (John), Black Boy, on London Bridge, 1685–1692.  
 Baldwin (R.), near the Oxford Arms, Warwick Lane, 1692.  
 Banks (T.), 1641–1642.  
 —, (J.), 1642.  
 —, (Allen), 1682–1688.  
 Barley (William), Gracious [*i. e.* Gracechurch] Street, 1607–1613.  
 — (Mary), assigns to John Beale, 12 Nov. 1614.  
 Barnes (John), Long Walk, near Christ Church, 1607–1619.  
 — (Charles), 1690–1696.  
 Barnet (Charles), 1694–1703.  
 Bates (Charles), next door to Crown Tavern, in West Smithfield, 1690–1702.  
 — (C., also T.), next door to White Hart Tavern, in West Smithfield, 1690–1700.  
 — (C.), at Sun and Bible, near St. Sepulchre's Church, in Pye Corner, 1685.  
 — (Sarah), about same time.  
 — (Thomas), Old Bailey, 1641–1646.  
 ———, at the Maiden-head, on Snow Hill, 1647.  
 Beale (John), 1614.  
 Bell (Jane), successor to Elizabeth Alde, therefore after 1628.  
 —, (H.), 1660.  
 Bettsworth (A.) and W. Onley. *See* Onley.  
 Birch (Philip), at his shop at the Guildhall, 1618.  
 —, (William), at the Peacock, in the Poultry, 1675.  
 Bird (Robert), at the Bible in St. Lawrence Lane, 1631.  
 Bishop (G.), 1641–1644.  
 Bissell (James), Bible and Harp (or at the Hospital Gate), in West Smithfield, 1685–1695. Bissell was successor to John Clarke.  
 Blackwall (William), 1606–1607.  
 Blare (Josiah), Looking Glass, on London Bridge, 1684–1702.

Blore (Rafe), 1597-1613.

Bowyer (J.), 1690.

Bradford (J.), Little Britain, 1698-1707.

Brome (Henry), at the Gun in Ivy Lane, 1660-1680.

———, (Charles), at the Gun, 1693.

Brooke (Nathaniel), in Gresham College, nr. Bishopsgate St., 1666.

———, at the Angel in Cornhill, 1661-1668.

Brooksby (Philip), Golden Ball, near Bear Tavern, in West Smithfield, 1672-1695.

——— (another shop), Harp and Ball, also Golden Ball, in Pye Corner.

——— (E.), 1703.

Bucknall (W.), 1681.

Budge (John), 1609.

Burby (John), 1598-1609. He assigned to W. Barley in 1609, and his widow to Welby, 1609.

Burne (Walter), 1600. Quere, Walter Burre.

Burton (Richard), at the Horshooe, in West Smithfield, 1641-1674.

Bushby (John, senr.), 1609.

Butcher (J.), at the Hartichoak, near Ludigate, 1693.

Butler (R.), White Lyon Court, Barbican, and Rothwell, Yorkshire, 1685.

Butter (Nathaniel), at the Pyed Bull, Saint Austin's Gate, 1611-1641.

——— (N.), Cursitors Alley, 1660 (died Feb. 1663-64).

C . . . (J.), 1659.

C . . . (J.), at the Crown, between the two Temple Gates in Fleet St., 1689.

C . . . (E.), by and for, 1697.

Cademan (William), New Exchange, Strand, 1675.

Carew (J.), in Old Bedlam, 1696. Also M. Carew.

Carleton (Jeffrey), 1605-1606.

Cates (G.), Bible and Sun, in Pye Corner, 1690.

Chambers (A.), in White Friars, near the Gateway, 1693.

Chapman (J.), in the Minories, 1691.

Chrouch (Humphery), 1641.

Clarke, or Clark (John), successor to Richard Harper, at Bible and Harp, in West Smithfield, 1650-1682.

——— (Andrew), 1674-1678.

Clavill (Robert), Key Court, Little Britain, 1672-1676.

Clowes (Jane), 1662.

Coe (Andrew), 1642.—Coe (T.), 1643.—Coe (Jane), 1644-1647.

Coles, Vere, Wright, and Gilbertson, earliest found of the four together, 1655.

Coles, Vere and Wright, 1655-1680.

Coles (Francis), in Wine St., or Vine St., Saffron Hill, near Hatton Garden, 1646-1674. [See also "Coules" and "Couls."]

——— (Francis), at the Lambe in the Old Bailey, 1641-1661.

Collyer (Joseph), and Stephen Foster, at the Angel on London Bridge, 1679.

Conyers (Joshua), Black Raven, in Fetter Lane; same sign, in Duck Lane,



- and on Holborn Hill, a little above St. Andrew's Church. Also Anchor and Bible, adjoining St. Peter's Alley, Cornhill, 1682-1691.
- Conyers (G.), and M. Wotton, Golden Ring, on Ludgate Hill, and Three Pigeons, in Fleet St., 1685-1689.
- (G.), at the Ring in Little Britain, 1699.
- Corbet (Charles), at the Oxford Arms, in Warwick Lane, 1684.
- Cotes (Thomas), 1620.—Cotes (R.), 1646.—Cotes (E.), 1664.
- Coules, or Couls (Francis), Upper end of the Old Bailey, neere Newgate, 1620-1629.
- (Francis) and W. Ley, at St. Paul's Chain, 1640.
- Couls (F.) and R. Phillips, 1641-1642.
- T. Bates, J. Wright, and T. Banks, 1642-1643.
- Creed (Thomas), Eagle and Child, in the Old Change, 1605.
- Croom (G.), Blue Anchor, in Thames St., near Baynard's, 1684-1689; and Blue Ball, in Thames St., 1689.
- Crowch (Edward), 1658-1674. [*See also "Chrouch."*]
- Curtiss (Langley), 1680.
- Davis (T.), Blackfriars, 1680.
- Dawks (T.), 1680.
- Deacon (J.), Rainbow, near David's Inn, or St. Andrew's Church, Holborn, 1680.
- (Jonah), Angel, in Giltspur St., 1684-1695, following Vere and Jordan.
- (Mary), in Giltspur St. (widow? B. Deacon in 1702.)
- Dean (James), Drury Lane, 1683-1685.
- D . . . (J.), in the Strand, 1688-1690.
- D . . . (N.), by and for, 1697.
- Dennisson (C.), Stationers' Arms, within Aldgate, 1635-1689.
- Dring (T.), Fleet Street, 1650-1687.
- East, or Este (Thomas), 1568-1608, when Mrs. East assigned to Thomas Snodham, *alias* East.
- Elde (George), 1612-1623.
- Ellis (Thomas), at the Christopher, in Paul's Church Yard, 1629.
- Faulkner (Francis), over against St. Margaret's Hill, in Southwarke, 1631.
- Feerbrand, Ferbrand, or Fyrbrand, 1603-1609, when, in July, his widow assigns.
- Fillingham (J.), near Golden Lane, 1690.
- Flesher (Miles), 1624 (died Nov. 13, 1664).
- Foster (John), Greyhound, near Noah's Ark Tavern, over against Vine St., 1697. Also J. Foster in Pye Corner, about same date.
- (Stephen), Angel on London Bridge, 1679.
- G . . . (E.), 1640.—G . . . (W.), 1672.—G . . . (J.), 1675.—G . . . (R.), 1688
- Gilbertson (William), Bible, in Giltspur St., 1640-1663.
- (James), next door to Sun and Bible, on London Bridge, 1680.
- Goodman (James), 1660.

- Gosson (Thomas), 1567, died 1614, when his widow Alice assigned to Edward Alde.
- (Henry), on London Bridge, 1607-1641.
- Green (S.), 1691.
- Griffin (Sarah), 1667.
- Grismond (William), 1650.
- (John), at the Gunne in Ivy Lane, *circa* 1635.
- Grove (Francis), over against the Sarazen's Head, on Snow Hill, 1620-1655.
- H . . . . (J.), 1688.—H . . . . (G.), 1688.—H . . . . (T.), in the Fryars, 1693.
- Hardy (Richard), 1681.
- Harper (Richard), Bible and Harp, in Smithfield, 1635-1642. *See* Clark.
- (Thomas), Little Britain, 1633-1655 (died March, 1655-56).
- Harris (Ben.), 1681.
- Hayhurst (Robert), in Little Britain, 1689-1690.
- Hindmarsh (J.), 1682.
- Hose (John), over against Staples Inn, near Gray's Inn Lane, 1660-1675.
- Hunt (Joseph), in Bedlem, near Moore-field gate, 1613.
- Hurlock (Benjamin), on London Bridge, 1672.
- Hussey (C.), Flower de Luce in Little Britain, 1680.
- Ibbitson (Robert), 1648-1651.
- Jackson (R.), 1643.
- Jaggard (Isaac), printer, 1627.
- Janeway (Richard), 1700-1702.
- Jenkins (Thomas), 1656.
- Johnson (Thomas), Golden Key, St. Paul's Church Yard, 1661-1688.
- (E.), 1642-1643.
- Jones (Richard), 1581-1611.
- (William), 1603-1625.
- Jordan (J.), Angel in Guiltspur Street, 1684 (following Vere).
- K . . . . (P.), in the Old Change, 1689.—K . . . . (J.), St. Paul's, 1689.
- Kell (Richard), next door to the Mitre, in St. John St., 1685; at the Blew Anchor, in Pye Corner, 1687-90; at the White Hart, in West Smithfield, 1693-94.
- King (Charles), 1660.
- Kirkman (Francis), at the John Fletcher's Head, 1661.
- Knight (J.), in East Smithfield, 1790.
- (Joseph), at the Blew Anchor, Royal Exchange, 1688.
- Kyngston (Felix), 1613-1641.
- Lambert (Thomas), at the Horse Shoo in Smithfield, 1636-1641.
- (Elias), in Hatten Garden, 1690.
- Langley (Thomas), 1615-1635.
- Leigh (Charles), 1681.
- Lett (R.), 1682.
- Lewis (Theophilus), 1690.
- Ley (William), at St. Paul's Chain, neere Doctors Commons, 1640-1645.
- Lillicrap (P.), Clerkenwell Close, 1667.

- Lowndes (Humfrey), 1595-1626.  
 Lownes (Richard), adjoining without Ludgate, 1642; at the White Lion, in St. Paul's Church Yard, 1659.  
 Mabb (T.), 1660.  
 Mallett (D.), 1676-1678.  
 Mann (Thomas, junr.), 1604.  
 Marchant (Edward), 1612.  
 Marsh (Henry), Princes Arms, Chancery Lane, 1660-1661.  
 Matthewes (Augustus), 1633-1660.  
 Maxwell (A.), 1685.  
 Midgley (Robert), 1689.  
 Milbourne (Alexander), at Stationers Arms, in Green Arbor Court, in Little Old Bailey, 1670-1697.  
 ——— (R.), 1623.  
 ——— (Thomas), King's Arms, Poultry, 1671.  
 Miller (W.), Vine St., Hatton Garden (late in Charles 2d.), 1680?  
 Millet (J.), Angel, next to Flower de Luce, in Little Britain, 1680-1690.  
 Moore (T.), in White Friars, 1689-1693.  
 ——— (L.), "by and for," 1689-1690.  
 Newbury (J.), 1600.  
 Newman (Dorman), 1671-1683.  
 Newton (John), near the Sugar Loaf in Bell Alley, 1689.  
 Norris (Thomas), — to 1712.  
 Norton (Alice), Printer, 1642.  
 Okes (Nich. and John), 1608-1639.  
 Oliver (E.), Golden Key, on Snow Hill, 1676.  
 Onley (W.), 1650-1702.  
 Paine (Thomas), in Goldsmith's Alley, 1642.  
 Passinger (Thomas), Three Bibles, on London Bridge, 1670-1682.  
 ——— (C.), at the Seven Stars, in the New Buildings on London Bridge.  
 Pavyer (Thos.), at the Shop, entering into the Exchange, 1603-1612.  
 Pelcombe (M.), at the Artichoke, in Old Bedlam, 1686; also P. Pelcomb.  
 ——— in the Strand, 1689.  
 Purfoote (Thomas, the younger), 1597-1629.  
 R . . . . (T.), near Fleet St., 1680.  
 Rande (Sam.), Holborn Bridge, 1634-1640.  
 Read (James), in Fleet Street, 1695-1702.  
 Reynolds (Rowland), Poultry, 1671.  
 Robards (Henry), neere St. Botolphes Church, without Aldgate, 1612-1613.  
 Roberts (James), 1598-1602.  
 S . . . (C.), 1675.  
 Scott (Thomas), 1659.  
 Sheares (William), 1633-1660.  
 Shooter (J.), 1697-1699.  
 Simmes, or Syms (Valentine), 1595-1611.

- Sliggen (N.), 1690.  
 Smart (R.), in Salisbury Court, 1679.  
 Smith (S.), 1691.  
 Snodham (Thomas), *alias* East, 1609-1611.  
 Sparke (Michael), 1627-1641 (died December, 1653).  
 Stafford (John), 1631-1648.—Stafford (Symon), 1599-1612.  
 Stansby (William), 1615-1625.  
 Stedman (Fabian), St. Dunstan's Church Yard, 1665.  
 Symcocke (Thomas), 1620, and assigns his patent in the same year. His  
 Patent petitioned against unsuccessfully in 1642.  
 Syms (Valentine). *See* Simmes.  
 T. . . . (H.), 1680.  
 Taylor (Randall), near Stationers Hall, 1680-1685.  
 Thackeray (W. and T.), 1662.  
 ———— (W.), Golden Sugar Loaf, near Crown Tavern, in Duck Lane,  
 1660-1680; Angel, in Duck Lane, 1689.  
 Thomas (John), 1641.  
 Thomlinson (James), next East Smithfield, 1694.  
 Thompson (Nathaniel), Entrance to Old Spring Garden, 1681-1694.  
 Thorp (Charles), in Piccadilly, 1689.  
 Tracey (Ebenezer), Three Bibles, on London Bridge (succeeded Passinger), 1693.  
 ——— (F.), same address as above.  
 Trundle (John), the Nobody, in Barbican, 1605, and neere the Hospitall Gate,  
 1624.  
 ——— (M., his widow), 1628.  
 Tym (Sarah), Three Bibles, on London Bridge, "with allowance." Quere,  
 after Tracey, or Widow Tyus remarried?  
 Tyus (Charles), Three Bibles, on London Bridge, 1659-1663.  
 ——— (Sarah, his widow), 1663-1664.  
 Underwood (J.), 1643.  
 Vere (Thomas), Angel, in Guiltspur St. without Newgate, 1648-1680.  
 Vincent (George), 1606.  
 Walkeley (Thomas), Eagle and Child, in Brittain's Burse, 1628.  
 Wallis (John), between the two gateways going into White Friars, 1689-1693.  
 ——— (H.), in White Friars, same date?  
 Wallup (G.), 1690.  
 Walter (J.), at the Hand and Pen in High Holborn, 1690-1720.  
 ——— (J.), at the Golden Ball in Pye Corner.  
 ——— (Robert), about 1695.  
 Welby (John), 1609, and Barley assigns ballads to him in 1611.  
 ——— (William), at the Swanne, in Pauls Churchyard, 1613-1615.  
 White (Edward, Senr.), 1577-1612.—White (Edward, Junr.), 1605-1613  
 ——— (Mrs., widow of Edward White, Senr.), 1612-1613.  
 ——— (Margaret), 1683.  
 ——— (John), 1613-15 and 1655-1672 (supposed father and son).



- White (Robert), at his house on Adling Hill, 1645-1648.  
 ———, William, 1600-1612.
- Whitwood (William), Golden Bell, in Duck Lane, and Golden Lyon, in Duck Lane, 1660-1677.
- Wilkins (Jeremiah), in the White Friars, near Fleet St., 1689-1693. Also near the Green Dragon, in Fleet St., 1693.
- Williamson (John), at the Bible, in Canon St., and on London Bridge, 1665.
- Wilson (Thomas), 1643.
- Wolran, *or* Wolrah (F.), in Holborn, 1688-1689.
- Wood (R.), 1642.
- Woolfe, *or* Wolfe (John), 1588, assigns to Burby in Jan. 1601-2.
- Wotton (M.), 1686-1689, partner with G. Conyers.
- Wright (Cuthbert), 1613-1633.  
 ——— (Edward), dwelling at Christ Church Gate, 1620, assigns to W. Gilbertson in 1655.  
 ——— (John), at the Bible, near New Gate, 1624-1627.  
 ——— (John, the elder), neere the Old Bailey, 1605-1628.  
 ——— (John, the younger), in the Little Old Bailey, 1641-1683.  
 ——— (John), at the King's Head, in the Old Bailey, 1642-1658.  
 ——— (J.), in Giltspur Street, 1670-1690.  
 ——— (M.), same address.  
 ———, William, 1588-1648. Quere, two persons.

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### BALLAD LICENSERS.

- Sir Roger l'Estrange, [R.L.S.] 1663 to 1685.  
 Richard Pocock, 1685-1688.  
 J. Fraser, 1689-1691.  
 Edmund Bohun, 1693, died in 1694.  
 Wm. Needham, a licenser in 1687, and Robert Midgley, May 25, 1688, and 1691, but quere for ballads?  
 The name, or initials of the licenser, are sometimes printed on a ballad, and are sufficient to fix the reign.

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As a sequel to the above list of ballad-publishers of the seventeenth century, a catalogue of the ballads kept in stock by one of their number is added. It is taken from an original copy in the Bagford Collection. It is not a catalogue of all that he published, but only of such as were included in his stock at the date of the issue of the list. The number here is 301. The words within brackets are added to make the subjects of the ballads more generally intelligible.

BALLADS PRINTED FOR AND SOLD BY WILLIAM THACKERAY  
AT THE ANGEL IN DUCK-LANE, LONDON.

- Robin Hood's Golden Prize.  
Robin Hood and Allen of Dale.  
Robin Hood and the Fisherman.  
Robin Hood and the Curtal Fryer.  
Robin Hood and Little John.  
Robin Hood and the Tanner.  
Robin Hood's Delight.  
Robin Hood and the Beggar.  
Robin Hood's Chase.  
Robin Hood and the Pinder of Wake-  
field  
Robin Hood and the Shepherd.  
Robin Hood and the fifteen Forresters.  
Robin Hood and Queen Katherine.  
Robin Hood and Will Stutly.  
Robin Hood and the Tinker.  
Robin Hood, Little John, and the  
four Beggars.  
Robin Hood newly Revived.  
Robin Hood and the Bishop.  
Robin Hood's birth.  
Robin Hood and the Butcher.  
Robin Hood and the Prince of Aragon.  
King and the Bishop.  
Ungracious Son.  
Northampton Louers.  
George Saunders.  
Dead man's song [describing Hell, etc.]  
Mercer's Son [of Guildford].  
Noble Marquess, [or Patient Grissel].  
[Fair] Rosamond.  
Jasper Cuningham.  
Lord of Lorn [and unjust Steward].  
[When] Troy Town [for ten years].  
[The Constancy of Susanna.  
Titus Andronicus.  
[Sir] Andrew Barton.  
Dutchess of Suffolk [s Calamity.]  
Page's wife of Plymouth.  
[A] Rich Merchant-man [there was].  
King and the Shepherd.  
Bateman.  
Virgin's A, B, C.  
Young Man's A, B, C.
- Old Toby.  
[The] Ladies Fall.  
Maudlin [the merchant's daughter of  
Bristol].  
Jane Shore.  
Children in the Wood.  
[George] Barnwell.  
[The daughter who] Fed her Father  
[with her own milk].  
[Saint] Bernard's Visions.  
St. George [& the Dragon].  
King and the Northern Man.  
King and the Miller [of Mansfield].  
Blackamore and the Lady.  
Bonny Anthony [Constance and An-  
thony].  
Skilfull Doctor of Gloucester.  
[The] Cooper of Norfolk.  
Blind Beggar [of Bethnal Green].  
In the days of Old.  
A Hundred Godly Lessons.  
Guy of Warwick.  
Mad Tom of Bedlam.  
Wandering Jew.  
[True manner of] the King's Tryal  
[at Westminster Hall].  
Wandering Jew's Chronicle.  
[The stout] Cripple of Cornwall [*i. e.*  
*Cornhill*].  
Love in a Maze.  
Diana [and her darlings dear].  
Dr. Faustus.  
A Gallant Youth at Gravesend.  
Jane Reynolds.  
John True.  
Dear Love, regard my grief.  
[Of a famous] London Prentice [my  
purpose is to speak].  
My Bleeding Heart [with extreme  
pain].  
Godly Maid at Leicester.  
Gerrard's Mistriss.  
[The] Bride's Burial.  
Chevy-Chase.



A week before Easter.  
 Shackley Hey.  
 Resurrection of Christ.  
 Constance of Cleaveland.  
 Earl of Essex [?'s death].  
 [An old] Woman poor and blind.  
 England's fair dainty Dames.  
 Solomon's Sentences.  
 [Sir John] Barlicorn.  
 When Jesus Christ was 12 years old.  
 Wanton Wife [of Bath].  
 A Lesson for all true Christians.  
 [The Seaman's song of] Captain Ward  
 [The famous Pyrate].  
 [The brave] Lord Willoughby.  
 Stable Groom.  
 [The Knight &] Shepherd's Daughter.  
 Farewell, my Heart's delight.  
 Hunting the Hare.  
 Thomas Stutely [Stukely?].  
 [When the] Stormy Winds [do blow].  
 Spanish Lady['s Love].  
 Alack! for my Love.  
 Johnny Armstrong.  
 Cupid's Courtesie.  
 Lady turned Serving Man,  
 Lord Thomas [and fair Ellinor].  
 Samuel and Sarah.  
 Mad man's morrice.  
 Lady Arabella [Stuart].  
 Down by a Forrest.  
 England's new Bell-man.  
 King and the Tanner [of Tamworth].  
 Flora's farewell.  
 Hasty Bridegroom.  
 Dozen of Points.  
 Angel Gabriel [A ship of Bristol].  
 Fair Angel of England.  
 Poor Man's Comfort.  
 Poor Man's Counsellour.  
 Jone's Ale's new.  
 Michaelmas Term.  
 The Seaman's Compass.  
 The Tyrant [hath stolen my heart  
 away].  
 Voyage to Virginia.  
 Looking-glass for Maids.  
 Make use of time.  
 A Cuckold by consent.  
 Jenny, my Hand-Maid.  
 Peggy and the Souldier.  
 Spanish Virgin.  
 Cloathworker caught in a Trap.  
 Gabriel Harding.  
 Fancy's Favourite

Fancy's Phoenix.  
 Oft have I sworn I love no more.  
 [A] Fairing for Maids.  
 West-Country Wooing.  
 Trappann'd Taylor.  
 Hang sorrow! cast away care.  
 Serious discourse between two Lovers.  
 Young Man's Joy and maiden's happiness.  
 Comber's whistle.  
 Adieu to pleasures and follies of love.  
 Politick Beggar man.  
 Fighting for the Breeches.  
 Water Man's delight.  
 Hubert's Ghost.  
 Musgrove's Lamentation  
 Maid's counsel to all her fellow maids.  
 Maid's lament for want of a Husband.  
 Have at all.  
 The King's last speech.  
 Frankhill [Franklyn's Farewell?]  
 Young-man's Ramble.  
 Shaking of the Sheets.  
 When first the Scottish Wars began.  
 [The] Cloak['s Knavery].  
 Turn-coat of the Times.  
 True Love rewarded with Loyalty.  
 Harry and Elizabeth.  
 A Letter for a Christian Family.  
 No money, no Friend.  
 [Sir George] Wharton and [Sir  
 James] Stuart ['s Lamentable  
 Combate].  
 Woody Queristers.  
 True Lovers Happiness.  
 With a hah, hah, thou wilt undo me.  
 Love without measure.  
 Clerk of Bodman [i.e. Bodmin].  
 Poor Robin's Dream.  
 A Hundred years hence.  
 [The two] English Traveller[s].  
 Dying Tears [of a true Lover forsaken.]  
 Knight and Beggar-Wench.  
 Trap [ann'd Virgin, or Good Advice  
 to Maidens].  
 Huntsman's delight.  
 I'd give a £1000 thou wert in Shrews-  
 bury.  
 Sawney and Jockey [were two pretty].  
 Dick the Miller's Son.  
 King and the Abbot.  
 Pritty little Lad, ye will do so.  
 In the month of February.  
 Seaman's wife's Resolution.  
 Alass, poor thing!  
 Poor Robin's Prophecie.

- Suffolk Miracle.  
 Hero and Leander.  
 Money makes a Man.  
 Bacon and Beans.  
 Lancashire Lovers.  
 Will and Moll.  
 Locks and Bolts do hinder.  
 Sir Eglemore [that valiant Knight].  
 Merry Milkma[id]'s Delight.  
 Love's wounds and Love's Cares.  
 Come turn to me, thou pretty little  
 one.  
 [Lavender's green] Diddle, diddle.  
 Give me the Willow Garland.  
 Young man put to his Shifts.  
 In my freedom is all my Joy.  
 Edmond and David.  
 Tryall of Skill.  
 Come let us Drink, the times invites.  
 [The] Scotch Corant.  
 Nell and Harry.  
 Cupid's Golden Dart.  
 New Game at Cards.  
 My mind to me a Kingdom is.  
 To hold the buckle and thong together.  
 Dubb'd Knight.  
 What if a day, a month, or a year.  
 I'll never Love Thee more.  
 Fall of Pride.  
 Fair Lady of the West.  
 Wade's Reformation.  
 [There was a] Joviall Tinker.  
 Oh how [I] sigh when I think of a  
 man.  
 The Maid's the best that lyes alone.  
 West-Country Cheat upon Cheat.  
 Willow Green turned white.  
 [The] Gowlin [is a yellow flower].  
 Lady, lye near me.  
 Life and age of Man.  
 [The] Benjamin, O [a ship].  
 Young man's torments.  
 Valiant Trooper and Beggar [wench].  
 Joseph, an Aged Man truly.  
 Seaman's Frolick.  
 True Lovers Holyday.  
 My Wife will be my Master.  
 The Love in Joy my Heart.  
 King of Scots [and Andrew Brown].  
 An Excellent Medly.  
 Bonny lass of Bristow.  
 Shrewsbury for me.  
 [The] Glasing Torch [is soon burnt  
 out].  
 Tom Brown's Delight.  
 Pensive Prisoner's Apology.
- Young men and maids.  
 [A] Posie of rare flowers.  
 Dick and Nancy.  
 As at noon Dulcina rested.  
 Luke Hutton[']s Lamentation].  
 Heavy heart and a light purse.  
 Toll, toll, gentle Bell, for a Soul.  
 On the bank of a Brook.  
 The Shepherd's Delight.  
 Primrose-Hill.  
 William and Jane.  
 [The] Bonny Blacksmith.  
 Merchant-man and the Fidler's Wife.  
 Aminta on a Summer's day.  
 [Jenny, come tye my] Bonny Cravat.  
 John and Betty, or the vertue of  
 Cherry-stones.  
 [I am so] Deep in Love [and cannot  
 hide it].  
 The answer to Deep in love.  
 Green-sickness.  
 Gallant Seaman's return.  
 Tom and Will [were Shepherd swains].  
 Time's Darling.  
 Plough-man and Serving-man.  
 [It was a] Bold Keeper [that chased  
 a deer].  
 Dying Man's good Counsel.  
 Nightingal.  
 Tom of all Trades.  
 Tender Citizen.  
 A 1000 times my Love commend.  
 David and Bersheba.  
 [Mournful] Melpoinine, [assist my  
 quil].  
 Hugh Hill and Sarah.  
 Praise of Saylor's [and Sea affairs].  
 Jury came to Jerusalem.  
 Fryer in the Well.  
 Christ[']s tears over Jerusalem.  
 Little Musgrove.  
 London's Ordinary.  
 Robin Goodfellow.  
 Gelding the Deuil.  
 [It was an] Old Man and his poor  
 Wife.  
 [To wear the] Willow Green.  
 Fight at Malago.  
 Bugle Bow.  
 Cupid trappanned.  
 Virginia O.  
 Woman to the Plough, Man to the  
 Hen-roost.  
 Sweet Margery.  
 Honour of Bristow.  
 A looking-glass for all true Christians

Sweet, open the door, let me come in.  
 First, kiss and bid me welcome.  
 Fair Maid of Islington.  
 Wounded Lovers.  
 Brak, heart, and dye.  
 Lay [the] bent to the bonny broom.  
 [The Lady] Isabella[s Tragedy].  
 Mars shall to Cupid now submit.

Mary Ambre.  
 [The lamentable fall of] Queen Elinor.  
 William Grismond.  
 [The] Leather Bottle.  
 Aim not too High.  
 [The] Great Booby.  
 News from Hide-Park.

The above list of Thackeray's is probably one of his latest, seeming to have been issued about the year 1689. Its miscellaneous character supplies a copious index to the varied popular tastes of the age, and some of the ballads, (which will be found included in the following collection,) will afford a curious insight to the times.

The Roxburghe collection, which it is now proposed to reprint, as nearly as may be, in a complete form, is of the same miscellaneous character as Thackeray's list. Some might argue that selections would be preferable to a reprint of the whole, but that would be to paint only in rose colour. If we wish to view the age, we must look at its dark side as well as at the bright. The latter is less agreeable to the eye, but just as necessary to the picture. They who are accustomed to read of manners and customs in old libraries, know that coarseness of expression must sometimes be encountered. Vice was not wrapped up in such delicate swaddling clothes in former days as now, in order to fit it for ears polite. It stood in a less attractive form, and was less likely to corrupt. The intention of the present limited reprint is to afford to subscribers who are at such a distance from the British Museum as to be unable to go there, the opportunity of seeing a faithful copy of the collection. It is not published, or offered for sale.

The notes that have been added are of studied brevity, in order that full space may be allotted to the ballads. The chief object has been to give collations of the text, and such bibliographical information as might be required, and which a long acquaintance with ballads has generally enabled the editor to supply.

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## Yorke, Yorke, for my monie!

The two most popular ballad-writers of Elizabeth's reign were Will. Elderton and Thomas Deloney. Elderton, who is the author of the first ballad in this collection, had been an actor, and his personal appearance was consequently well known. His "red" or "ale-crammed nose," became, as the song says, "famous every where." His rival, Deloney, was commonly called "the balleting silk-weaver of Norwich," and one at least of his ballads bears the imprint of that city, but the latter part of his life was spent in London. In 1596 he was committed to the Counter, by the Lord Mayor, for ridiculing the book of orders about the dearth of corn. This was ingeniously twisted into ridiculing the Queen in one of his "abominable ballets."

"Elderton," says Mr. Payne Collier, "had been a player as early as 1552 (Kempe's Loseley MSS. p. 47), and twenty years afterwards we find him at the head of a company of actors. It must have been subsequent to this date that he subsisted mainly by 'ballading,' though some of his extant productions of that class bear an earlier date." (*Bibliographical Account*, p. 103.)

The list of these was first collected by Ritson, in his *Bibl. Poet.* (p. 195-8), but others have since been discovered. Mr. Halliwell added one, entitled "Lenten Stuff" (licensed to William Pickering in 1570), in the volume containing "The Marriage of Wit and Wisdom," for the Shakespeare Society. A few rare ones were reprinted in the last volume of the Harl. Miscellany, edited by Park, and others in the Book of Ballads presented to the Philobiblon Society by Mr. Huth, and in *Old Ballads* printed for the Percy Society. Dr. Rimbault points out one more, a copy of which is in the library of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge (X. G. 11). It was printed in London in 1606:

"A New merry newes, as merry as can bee,  
From Italy, Barbary, Turkey, and Candee."

Further information may be gained from Mr. Payne Collier's "Bibliographical Account of Early English Literature," and from Mr. W. Carew Hazlitt's "Handbook of Popular Literature," where twenty-seven of Elderton's ballads are named, the earliest in date being 1559. Elderton was dead when Thomas Nashe wrote his "Strange Newes," which bears the date of 1592 (*vide* Sign. D. 4), and Camden, in his *Remaines*, gives an epitaph upon him, which depicts him as the very emblem of thirst. He says that Elderton, "who did arme himself with ale when he ballated,



as old father Ennius did with wine, had this, in that respect, made to his memory:”—

“Hic situs est sitiens atque ebrius Eldertonus—  
Quid dico—Hic *situs* est? hic potius *sitis* est.”

His popularity has been celebrated (among others) by Michael Drayton, who, when praising himself for his love of the classics in his boyhood, says:—

“I scorned your ballet then, though it were done  
And had for *Finis* ‘William Elderton.’”

(*Note by Mr. Halliwell on Mr. Huth's Ballads, p. 404.*)

The ballad of “Yorke, Yorke, for my money” had a long run of popularity. About fifty years after the date of our copy we find it quoted as a proverbial expression in Richard Brome's Comedy “The Northern Lasse.” The widow there says, “I have a great many Southern songs already, but Northern ayres nip it dead—Yorke, Yorke, for my money!” (*Pop. Music, p. 775.*)

The subject of the ballad is one of those contests in archery which were so much encouraged by our sovereigns of the Tudor line. There were to be ten matches within a week between the parties of the Earl of Cumberland and of the young Earl of Essex for £20 each bow. The Earl of Cumberland had the three “best bowmen of the North Country,” Cumberland men, whose shooting was well known in London; while the Earl of Essex relied upon Alderman Maltby of York, who undertook, for the city's sake, to shoot in any good match the Earls would make, and who had two Yorkshire archers to shoot with him. The contest probably took place “at the prickes, lying betwixte the Castell and Ouse syde,” that being the shooting-ground of York referred to by Roger Ascham, in his ‘Toxophilus.’ We may presume that the match excited general interest when we read of three (so-called) “Ambassadors” from Russia being present, and a London ballad-maker to record it. The young Earl of Essex's party was unsuccessful in the match; but Alderman Maltby, “merry and wise,” was in especial favour for having contributed to make it for the good of the city of York.

Christopher Maltby, Alderman, was Lord Mayor of York in 1583, and died on 2nd February, 1584-5. (The date of the ballad is 1584.) “It may serve,” says Mr. Robert Davies, of The Mount, York, “to show more clearly the status of our York alderman, who carried on the business of a draper or cloth-merchant, if I give some additional particulars concerning him.

“This great archer was the son of a country gentleman, Christopher Maltby, of Thornton, near Pickering. His second wife was one of the Dynelys of Swillington. He left one son, also named Christopher, who became a country gentleman, and mar-

ried Everilda, daughter of Robert Creyke, of Marton. They had three daughters,—Everilda, who married Sir George Wentworth, of Wolley, Knight; Frances, who married Thomas Tancred, Esq.; and Katherine, married to Michael Warton, son of Sir Michael Warton, of Beverley, Knight, who became second husband of her mother Everilda. Creyke, Wentworth, Tancred, and Warton are names of some of the oldest and best of our Yorkshire families.”

The ballad printer has omitted the name of the tune to which this ballad was to be sung. It may however be conjectured, from the identity of metre, that it was intended for the tune of *Triumph and Joy*. The ballad of Queen Elizabeth at Tilbury Fort, which was sung to that air, commences thus:—

“ Good Englishmen, whose valiant hearts,  
With courage great and manly parts,  
Doe minde to daunt the overthwarts  
Of any foe to England.”

The stanzas (like “Yorke, Yorke, for my money”) are of twelve lines, so that if the tune of *Triumph and Joy* should hereafter be identified with that of *Green Sleeves* (which is by no means improbable), the first or second part of the air must have been repeated.

The only known old copy of the ballad is the one in the Roxburghe collection, from which the following reprint is taken.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 1.]

## A new Yorkshyre Song,

Intituled :

**Yorke, Yorke, for my monie ;  
Of all the Citties that euer I see,  
For mery pastime and companie,  
Except the Cittie of London.**

- AS I came thorow the North country,  
The fashions of the world to see,  
I sought for mery companie,  
to goe to the Cittie of London : 4  
And when to the Cittie of Yorke I came,  
I found good companie in the same,  
As well-disposed to euery game,  
as if it had been at London. 8  
*Yorke, Yorke, for my monie,  
Of all the Citties that euer I see,  
For mery pastime and companie,  
Except the Cittie of London.* 12
- And in that Cittie what sawe I then?  
Knightès, Squires, and Gentlemen,  
A shooting went for Matches ten,  
as if it had been at London. 16  
And they shot for twentie poundes a Bowe,  
Besides great cheere they did bestowe,  
I neuer saw a gallanter showe,  
except I had been at London. 21  
*Yorke, Yorke, for my monie, &c.*
- These Matches, you shall vnderstande,  
The Earle of Essex tooke in hand,  
Against the good Earle of Cumberlande,  
as if it had been at London. 25  
And agreeede these matches all shall be  
For pastime and good companie  
At the Cittie of Yorke full merily,  
as if it had been at London. 30  
*Yorke, Yorke, for my monie, &c.*

In Yorke there dwels an Alderman, which  
Delites in shooting very much,  
I neuer heard of any such  
in all the Cittie of London. 34

His name is Maltbie, mery and wise  
At any pastime you can deuise,  
But in shooting all his pleasures lyes ;  
the like was neuer in London.  
*Yorke, Yorke, for my monie, &c.* 39

This Maltbie, for the Citties sake,  
To shoote, himself, did vndertake,  
At any good Match the Earles would make,  
as well as they doe at London. 43

And he brought to the fielde, with him,  
One Specke, an Archer proper and trim,  
And Smith, that shoote about the pin,  
as if it had been at London.  
*Yorke, Yorke, &c.* 48

Then came from Cumberland Archers three,  
Best Bowmen in the North countree,  
I will tell you their names what they bee,  
well knowne to the Cittie of London. 52

Wamsley many a man doth knowe,  
And Bolton, how he draweth his Bowe,  
And Ratcliffes shooting long agoe  
well knowne to the Cittie of London.  
*Yorke, Yorke, &c.* 57

And the Noble Earle of Essex came  
To the fielde himself, to see the same,  
Which shal be had for euer in fame,  
as soone as I come at London. 61

For he shewed himself so diligent there  
To make a Marke and keepe it faire,  
It is worthie memorie to declare  
through all the Cittie of London.  
*Yorke, Yorke, &c.* 66

And then was shooting out of crye,  
The skantling at a handfull nie,  
And yet the winde was very hie,  
as it is sometimes at London. 70



*Yorke, Yorke, for my monie.*

They clapt the Cloutes so on the ragges,  
 There was such betting and such bragges,  
 And galloping vp and downe with Nagges,  
 as if it had been at London.

*Yorke, Yorke, &c.*

75

And neuer an Archer gaue regarde  
 To halfe a Bowe, nor halfe a yarde,  
 I neuer see Matches goe more harde  
 about the Cittie of London.

79

For fairer play was neuer plaide,  
 Nor fairer layes was neuer laide,  
 And a weeke together they kept this trade,  
 as if it had been at London.

*Yorke, Yorke, &c.*

84

The Maior of Yorke, with his companie,  
 Were all in the fieldes, I warrant ye,  
 To see good rule kept orderly,  
 as if it had been at London.

88

Which was a dutifull sight to see,  
 The Maior and Alderman there to bee  
 For the setting forth of Archerie,  
 as well as they doe at London.

*Yorke, Yorke, &c.*

93

And there was neither fault nor fray,  
 Nor any disorder any way,  
 But euery man did pitch and pay,  
 as if it had been at London.

97

As soone as euery Match was done,  
 Euery man was pa[id] that won,  
 And merily vp and [dou]ne did ronne,  
 as if it had been at London.

*Yorke, Yorke, &c.*

102

And neuer a man that went abroad  
 But thought his [monie] well bestowde;  
 And monie layd o[n, h]eape and loade,  
 as if it had been at London.

106

And Gentlemen there so franke and free,  
 As a Mint at Yorke againe should bee,  
 Like shooting did I neuer see,  
 except I had been at London.

*Yorke, Yorke, &c.*

111

At Yorke were Ambassadours three,  
Of Russia, Lordes of high degree,  
This shooting they desirde to see,  
as if it had been at London : 115  
And one desirde to drawe a Bowe,  
The force and strength thereof to knowe,  
And for his delight he drewe it so  
as seldome seene in London.  
*Yorke, Yorke, &c.* 120

And they did maruaile very much  
There could be any Archer such,  
To shoote so farre the Cloute to tutch,  
which is no newes to London. 124  
And they might well consider than  
An English shaft will kill a man,  
As hath been prouèd where and whan,  
and cronicled since in London.  
*Yorke, &c.* 129

The Earle of Cumberlands Archers won  
Two Matches cleare, ere all was done,  
And I made hast apace to ronne  
to carie these newes to London ; 133  
And Wamsley did the vpsshot win,  
With both his shafts so neere the pin  
You could scant haue put three fingers in,  
as if it had beene at London.  
*Yorke, &c.* 138

I passe not for my monie it cost,  
Though some I spent, and some I lost,  
I wanted neither sod nor roast,  
as if it had been at London. 142  
For there was plentie of euery thing,  
Redd and fallowe Deere for a King,  
I neuer sawe so mery shooting  
since first I came from London.  
*Yorke, Yorke, &c.* 147

God saue the Cittie of Yorke therefore,  
That hath such noble frendes in store  
And such good Aldermen : send them more,  
and the like good lucke at London ; 151

- For it is not little ioye to see  
 When Lordes and Aldermen so agree,  
 With such according Communalitie,  
 God sende vs the like at London.  
*Yorke, Yorke, &c.* 156
- God saue the good Earle of Cumberlande,  
 His praise in golden lines shall stande,  
 That maintaines Archerie through the land,  
 as well as they doe at London. 160  
 Whose noble minde so courteously  
 Acquaintes himself with the Communalitie,  
 To the glorie of his Nobilitie,  
 I will carie the praise to London.  
*Yorke, Yorke, &c.* 165
- And tell the good Earle of Essex thus,  
 As he is now yong and prosperous,  
 To vse such properties vertuous  
 deserues great praise in London : 169  
 For it is no little ioye to see  
 When noble Youthes so gracious bee  
 To giue their good willes to their Countree,  
 as well as they doe at London.  
*Yorke, Yorke, &c.* 174
- Farewell good Cittie of Yorke to thee,  
 Tell Alderman Maltbie this from mee,  
 In print shall this good shooting bee  
 as soone as I come at London. 178  
 And many a Song will I bestowe  
 On all the Musitions that I knowe,  
 To sing the praises, where they goe,  
 of the Cittie of Yorke, in London.  
*Yorke, Yorke, &c.* 183
- God saue our Queene and keepe our peace,  
 That our good shooting maie increase ;  
 And praying to God let vs not cease,  
 as well at Yorke, as at London. 187  
 That all our Countrey round about  
 May haue Archers good to hit the Clout,  
 Which England cannot be without,  
 no more then Yorke and London.  
*Yorke, Yorke, &c.* 192

God graunt that (once) her Maiestie Would come her Cittie of Yorke to see, For the comfort great of that Countree, as well as she doth to London.	196
Nothing shal be thought to deare To see her Highnes person there, With such obedient loue and feare as euer she had in London.	200
<i>Yorke, Yorke, for my monie, Of all the Citties that euer I see, For mery pastime and companie, Except the Cittie of London.</i>	204

From Yorke, by W. E.

Imprinted at London by Richard Iones ;  
dwelling neere Holburne Bridge.  
1584.

---

### Sir Andrew Barton.

This is an inferior and a later version of the ballad than the one in Percy's folio manuscript. For instance, in the fourteenth line of this copy, we read, "to France no voyage *to be sure*," instead of "nor Burdeaux voyage *wee dare not ffare*." The alteration has destroyed the rhyme to "merchant-ware" in the sixteenth line. Further on, collation became useless, on account of the great changes. There are many extant copies of this version of the ballad, but no one older than the second half of the seventeenth century. Perhaps the one in the Pepys collection (I. 484) printed by J. Wright, J. Clarke, and others, may be the earliest of these, though it begins with the same four lines as the present copy: see Percy's *Reliques*. There are two copies in the Roxburghe, and two in the Bagford Collection. The ballad has also been reprinted in *Old Ballads*, I. 162, 12mo, 1723-7.



[Roxb. Coll. I. 2, 3.]

# A True Relation of the Life and Death of Sir Andrew Barton, a Pyrate and Rober on the Seas.

TUNE.—*Come follow my Love, &c.*

“ When Flora with her fragrant flowers  
bedect the earth so trim and gay,  
And Neptune with his dainty showers  
came to present the month of May, 4  
King Henry would a-hunting ride ;  
over the river of Thames past he,  
Vnto a mountain top also  
did walk some pleasure for to see : 8

Where forty Merchants he espyed,  
with fifty sail, come towards him,  
Who then no sooner were arriv’d,  
but on their knees did thus complain : 12  
“ An’t please your Grace, we cannot sail  
to France no voyage to be sure,<sup>1</sup>  
But Sir Andrew Barton makes us quail,  
and robs us of our marchant-ware.” 16

<sup>1</sup> “ nor Burdeaux voyage wee dare not ffare.”—*Percy Folio.*

- Vext was the King, and, turning him,  
said to his Lords of high degree,  
“Have I ne’r a Lord within my Realm  
dare fetch that Traytor unto me?” 20  
To him reply’d [my Lord Charles] Howard,<sup>1</sup>  
“I will, my Liege, with heart and hand,  
If it please you grant me leave,” he said,  
“I will perform what you command.” 24
- To him then speak King Hen[e]ry,  
“I fear, my Lord, you are too young.”  
“No whit at all, my Leige,” quoth he :  
“I hope to prove in valour strong : 28  
The Scotch Knight I [do] vow to seek,  
in what place soever<sup>2</sup> he be,  
And bring ashore, with all his might,  
or into Scotland he shall carry me.” 32
- “A hundred Men,” the King then said,  
“Out of my Realm shall chosen be,  
Besides<sup>3</sup> [good] Saylers and Ship-boys,  
to guide a great ship on the Sea ; 36  
Bowmen and Gunners of good skill  
shall for this service chosen be,  
And they, at thy command and will,  
in all affairs shall wait on thee.” 40
- Lord Howard call’d a Gunner then,  
who was the best in all the Realm,  
His age was threescore years and ten,  
and Peter Simon was his name : 44  
My Lord call’d then a Bowman rare,  
whose active hands had gainèd fame,  
A Gentleman born in Yorkshire,  
and William Horsely was his name : 48
- “Horsely,” quoth he, “I must to Sea,  
to seek a Traytor with good speed ;  
Of a hundred Bowmen brave,” quoth he,  
“I have chosen thee to be the Head.” 52

<sup>1</sup> Printed, To him reply’d *Charles Lord Howard*, in Rox. III. and 643, m—9, 10.

<sup>2</sup> soever place ?

<sup>3</sup> good Saylers.—*Percy Folio*.

“ If you, my Lord, have chosen me  
 of a hundred Men to be the Head,  
 Vpon the main-mast I’ll hanged be  
 if [at] twelvescore I miss one shillings breadth.” 56  
 Lord Howard then, of courage bold,  
 went to the Sea with pleasant chear,  
 Not curb’d with winter’s piercing cold,  
 though it was the stormy time of year. 60

Not long he had been on the Sea,  
 no<sup>1</sup> more in days than number three,  
 But one Henry Hunt there he espy’d,  
 a Merchant of New-castle was he. 64  
 To him Lord Howard call’d out amain,  
 and strictly charged him to stand,  
 Demanding then from whence he came,  
 or where he did intend to land. 68

The Merchant then made answer soon,  
 with heavy heart and careful mind,  
 “ My Lord, my ship it doth belong,  
 unto New-castle upon Tine.” 72  
 “ Canst thou shew me,” the Lord did say,  
 “ as thou didst sail by day and night,  
 A Scottish Rover on the Sea,  
 his name is Andrew Barton, Knight ?” 76

Then the Merchant sigh’d and said,  
 with grieved mind and well-away,  
 “ But over-well I know that Wight,  
 I was his Prisoner yesterday ; 80  
 As I, my Lord, did sail from France,  
 a Burdeaux-voyage to take so far,  
 I met with Sir Andrew Barton thence,  
 who rob’d me of my merchant-ware ; 84

And mickle debts, God knows, I owe,  
 and every Man doth crave his own ;  
 And I am bound to London now,  
 of our gracious King to beg a boon.” 88  
 “ Shew me him,” said Lord Howard then,  
 “ let me once the Villain see,  
 And e’ry penny he hath from thee tane,  
 i’ll double the same with shillings three.” 92

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<sup>1</sup> orig. *on*.

- “ Now God forbid,” the Merchant said,  
“ I fear your aim that you will miss ;  
God bless you from his tyranny,  
For little you think what Man he is. 96  
He is brass within and steel without,  
his ship most huge and mighty strong,  
With eighteen pieces of ordnance  
he carrieth on each side along ; 100
- With beams for his top-castle,  
as also being huge and high,  
That neither English nor Portugal  
can Sir Andrew Barton pass by.” 104
- “ Hard news thou shew’st,” then said the Lord,  
“ to welcome Stranger to the Sea :  
But, as I said, i’ll bring him aboard,  
or into Scotland he shall carry me.” 108
- The Merchant said, “ If you will do so,  
take counsel then I pray withal,  
Let no Man to his top-castle go,  
nor strive to let his beams down fall : 112  
Lend me seven pieces of ordnance then,  
of each side of my ship,” said he,  
“ And to-morrow, [be sure,] my Lord,<sup>1</sup>  
again I will your Honour see ; 116
- A glass I’ll set as may be seen,  
whether you sail by day or night ;  
And to-morrow, be sure, before seven,  
you shall see Sir Andrew Barton, Knight.” 120
- The Merchant set my Lord a glass  
so well apparent in his sight,  
That on the morrow, as his promise was,  
he saw Sir Andrew Barton, Knight. 124
- The Lord then swore a mighty oath,  
“ Now, by the Heavens, that be of might—  
By faith, believe me, and by troth,—  
I think he is a worthy Knight.” 128
- Sir Andrew Barton seeing him  
thus scornfully to pass [him] by,  
As though he cared not a pin,  
for him and all his Company ; 132

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This line is printed ‘And tomorrow my Lord’ in all the copies examined.



Then called he his Men amain,  
 "Fetch back yon Pedler now," quoth he,  
 "And e're this way he comes again,  
 i'll teach him well his courtesie." 136  
 "Fetch me my lyon out of hand,"  
 saith the Lord, "with rose and streamer high ;  
 Set up withal a willow wand,  
 that Merchant-like I may pass by." 140

Thus bravely did Lord Howard pass,  
 and on [the] anchor rise so high ;  
 No top-sail at [the] last he cast  
 but as a Foe did him defie :<sup>1</sup> 144  
 A piece of ordnance soon was shot  
 by this proud Pirate fiercely then  
 Into Lord Howard's middle deck,  
 which cruel shot kill'd fourteen Men. 148

He called then Peter Simon, he,  
 "Look how thy word do stand in stead,  
 For thou shall be hanged on main-mast,  
 if thou miss [at] twelvescore one peny breadth." 152  
 Then Peter Simon gave a shot,  
 which did Sir Andrew mickle scare,  
 In at his deck it came so hot,  
 kill'd fifteen of his Men of war ; 156

"Alas !" then said the Pirate stout,  
 "I am in danger now I see ;  
 This is some Lord, I greatly fear,  
 that is set on to conquer me." 160  
 Then Henry Hunt, with rigour hot,  
 came bravely on the other side,  
 Who likewise shot in at his deck,  
 and killed fifty of his Men beside ; 164

Then "out, alas !" Sir Andrew cry'd,  
 "What may a Man now think or say ?  
 Yon Merchant-thief that pierceth me,  
 he was my Prisoner yesterday !" 168

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<sup>1</sup> The eight lines from "Fetch" to "defie," are not in Rox. III. 726.

Then did he on Gordian<sup>1</sup> call  
unto the top-castle for to go,  
And bid his beams he should let fall,  
for he greatly fear'd an overthrow. 172

The Lord<sup>2</sup> call'd Horsely [then]<sup>3</sup> in haste,  
"Look that thy word now stand in stead,  
For thou shalt be hanged on Main-mast,  
if thou miss [at] twelvescore a shilling breadth." 176  
Then up [the] mast-tree swerved he,  
this stout and mighty Gordian,  
But Horsely he most happily  
shot him under the collar-bone. 180

Then call'd he on his Nephew then,  
said, "Sister's Sons I have no mo,  
Three hundred pound I will give thee  
if thou wilt to top-castle go." 184  
Then stoutly he began to climb,  
from off the mast scorn'd to depart,  
But Horsely soon prevented him,  
and deadly pierc'd him to the heart. 188

His Men being slain, then up amain,  
did this proud Pirate climb with speed ;  
For armour of proof he had put on,  
and did not dint of arrows dread ; 192  
"Come hither, Horsely," said the Lord,  
"see thou thy arrows aim aright,  
Great means to thee I will afford,  
and, if thou speed'st, i'll make the[e] Knight." 196

Sir Andrew did climb up the tree  
with right good will and all his main ;  
Then upon the breast hit Horsely he,  
till the arrow did return again ; 200  
Then Horsely 'spied a private place,  
with a perfect eye in a secret part,  
His arrow swiftly flew apace,  
and smote Sir Andrew to the heart ; 204

<sup>1</sup> Printed so in orig. and 643. m. 9. ; but Gordian in the Bagford Collection, 643. m. 10, and in Rox. III. 726.

<sup>2</sup> Lord Howard.

<sup>3</sup> "now" in orig., but "then" in Rox. III. 726.

"Fight on, fight on, my merry Men all,  
 a little I am hurt, yet [am] not slain,  
 I'll but lye down and bleed a while,  
 and come and fight with you again. 208  
 And do not," said he, "fear English Rogues,  
 and of your Foes stand not in awe,  
 But stand fast by St. Andrew's Cross,  
 until you hear my whistle blow." 212

They never heard his whistle blow,  
 which made them all full sore afraid ;  
 Then Horsely said, " My Lord, aboard !  
 for now Sir Andrew Barton's dead." 216  
 Thus boarded they this gallant ship,  
 with right good will and all their main,  
 Eighteen-score Scots alive in it,  
 besides as many more was slain. 220

The Lord went where Sir Andrew lay,  
 and quickly thence cut off his head ;  
 " I should forsake England many a day,  
 if thou wert alive as thou art dead." 224  
 Thus from the wars Lord Howard came,  
 with mickle joy and triumphing,  
 The Pirate's head he brought along,  
 for to present unto our king ; 228

Who briefly then to him did say,  
 before he knew well what was done,  
 " Where is the Knight and Pirate gay,  
 that I myself may give the doom ?" 232  
 " You may thank God," then said the Lord,  
 " and four Men in the ship," quoth he,  
 " That we are safely come ashore,  
 sith you never had such an enemy ; 236

That is Henry Hunt, and Peter Simon,  
 William Horsely and Peter's Son :  
 Therefore reward them for their pains,  
 for they did service at their turn.<sup>1</sup> 240

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<sup>1</sup> So printed in all the Roxburghe copies.

To the Merchant then the King did say,  
“In lieu of what he hath from the[e] tane,  
I give to thee a noble a day,  
Sir Andrew’s whistle and his chain. 244

To Peter Simon a crown a day ;  
and half-a-crown a day to Peter’s Son ;  
And that was for a shot so gay  
which bravely brought Sir Andrew down. 248

Horsely, I will make the[e] a Knight,  
and in Yorkshire thou shalt dwell ;  
Lord Howard shall Earl Bury hight,<sup>1</sup>  
for this title he deserveth well. 252

Seven shillings to our English Men,  
who in this fight did stoutly stand ;  
And twelve-pence a day to the Scots, till they  
come to my Brother-King’s high Land.” 256

Printed by and for W. O. and sold by the Booksellers of Pye-  
corner and London-Bridge.

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“*Amantium iræ.*”

No second copy of the following ballad is known to exist. The tune to which it was sung is Elizabethan, (see *Pop. Music*, p. 182) and its popularity scarcely extended beyond the reign of James I. The printer, Henry Gosson, flourished in the reign of James 1st and the earlier part of that of Charles 1st.

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<sup>1</sup> hight = be called, named.



[Roxb. Coll. I. 4.]

**Amantium irae Amoris redintegratio est.**

The falling out of Louers, is the renewing of Loue,

TO THE TUNE OF *The Meddow brow.*

Come, my best and deerest,  
 come sit thee downe by me ;  
 When thou and I am neerest  
 breeds my felicitie :  
 To verifie the Prouerbe  
 would set my heart at rest,  
*Amantium irae amoris*  
*redintegratio est.*

4

8

My faire and chast Penelope,  
 declare to me thy minde :  
 Wherein I haue offended thee,  
 to make the[e] proue vnkinde ?

12

- I neuer vrg'd the cause  
 in earnest or in iest :  
*Amantium iræ amoris*  
*redintegratio est.* 16
- Thy beauty gaue me much content,  
 thy vertue gaue me more ;  
 Thy modest kinde ciuility,  
 which I doe much adore ; 20  
 Thy modest stately Iesture  
 liues shrined in my brest ;  
*Amantium iræ amoris*  
*redintegratio est.* 24
- How dearely I haue loued thee  
 thou wilt confesse and tell  
 More then my tongue can here expresse,  
 my fayre and sweetest Nell ; 28  
 Oh hadst thou bin but true in love  
 I had beene double blest :  
*Amantium iræ amoris*  
*redintegratio est.* 32
- And wilt thou then forsake me, loue,  
 and thus from me be gone,  
 Whom I doe hold my turtle doue,  
 my peerlesse Parragon— 36  
 The Phœnix of the world  
 and pillow of my rest ?  
*Amantium iræ amoris*  
*redintegratio est.* 40
- Fayre Cynthia, the want of thee  
 doth breed my ouerthrow ;  
 My body, in my agony,  
 doth melt away like snow. 44  
 The plagues of Egipt could no more  
 torment my tender brest ;  
*Amantium iræ amoris*  
*redintegratio est.* 48
- Now I, like weeping Niobe,  
 may wash my hands in teares,  
 Whilst others gaine the loue of thee  
 I daunted am with feares ; 52

Now may I sigh and waile in woe,  
 disasterously distrest :

*Amantium iræ amoris  
 redintegratio est.*

56

And thus in breuitie of time  
 I sadly end my ditty,  
 Which here am left to starue and pine  
 without remorse or pittie.

60

Yet will I pray that still thou maist  
 remaine among the blest ;

*Amantium iræ amoris  
 redintegratio est.*

64

[No printer's name here, it is given after the *Answer* on p. 5.]

[Roxb. Coll. I. 5.]

# The Maydes Answere,

TO THE SAME TUNE.



Though falling out of faithfull friends  
 renewing be of loue,  
 A change of time will make amends,  
 a turtle I may proue : 4  
 And till that change of time,  
 with patience be thou blest :  
*Amantium iræ amoris*  
*redintegratio est.* 8

The tryall of Penelope  
 in me is proued true,  
 Misdoubt thou not my constancie,  
 the turtle keepes her hew, 12  
 And to her chosen mate  
 doth beare a loyall brest :  
*Amantium iræ amoris*  
*redintegratio est.* 16



- The faithfull knot of loue is bound,  
 I rest thy deare for euer,  
 Thy pining heart, with bleeding wound,  
 is cured by the giuer— 20  
 The shaft of loue I shot  
 returnes into my brest :  
*Amantium iræ amoris*  
*redintegratio est.* 24
- I made but tryall of thy heart,  
 how constant it would be ;  
 And now I see thou wilt not start  
 nor fleet away from me ; 28  
 Though Cressida I proue,  
 yet Troylus thou wilt rest :  
*Amantium iræ amoris*  
*redintegratio est.* 32
- Account me for no woman kinde  
 if I vndoe the knot :  
 Or beare the false and faithlesse minde  
 to haue the same forgot 36  
 That once, betwixt vs two,  
 were sealed in each brest :  
*Amantium iræ amoris*  
*redintegratio est.* 40
- The siluer Moone shall shine by day,  
 the golden Sunne by night ;  
 Ere I will goe that wanton way  
 wherein some take delight. 44  
 But, for Æneas, I,  
 with Dido, pierce my brest :  
*Amantium iræ amoris*  
*redintegratio est.* 48
- Though I have beene vntrue, vniust,  
 and changing like the Moone,  
 Yet in thy kindnesse doe I trust  
 that I may haue this boone : 52  
 That sweet forgiuenesse may  
 bring comfort from thy brest :  
*Amantium iræ amoris*  
*redintegratio est.* 56

- You chrystall Planets, shine all cleer  
and light a Louer's way :  
Let me imbrace my louely deere,  
which was I doubt a-stray : 60  
If once I get the same  
Ple feede it in my brest ;  
*Amantium iræ amoris*  
*redintegratio est.* 64
- Come, mourne with me, each louing Lasse  
that Cupid's darlings be,  
Green loue will change like withered grasse,  
the same behold in me ; 68  
If I had stedfast beene,  
then had my loue beene blest :  
*Amantium iræ amoris*  
*redintegratio est.* 72

Finis.

Printed at London for H. Gosson.

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### Constance & Anthony.

The following ballad was exceedingly popular. There are three extant copies in the Roxburghe Collection, three in the Douce, one in the Bagford, and one, or more, in the Pepys. No one of the copies is of earlier date than the reign of Charles 2d, but the ballad itself seems to belong to the first half of that century.

[Roxb. Coll. I, 6.]

## An Admirable New Northern Story,

Of two constant Lovers, as I understand,  
 Were born near Appleby in Westmoreland ;  
 The Lad's name Anthony, Constance the Lass,  
 To Sea they went both, and great dangers did pass ;  
 How they suffer'd shipwrack on the coast of Spain ;  
 For two years divided, and then met again,  
 By wonderfull fortune and case accident,  
 And now both live at home with joy and content.

THE TUNE IS, *I would thou wer't in Shrewsbury.*



Two Lovers in the North,  
 Constance and Anthony,  
 Of them I will set forth  
 a gallant history :  
 They lov'd exceeding well,  
 as plainly doth appear ;  
 But that which I shall tell,  
 the like you ne'r did hear.

*Still she crys, "Anthony,  
my bonny Anthony,  
Gang thou by Land or Sea,  
I'll wend along with thee."* 12

Anthony must to Sea,  
his calling him did bind,  
"My Constance dear," quoth he,  
"I must leave thee behind : 16  
I prithee do not grieve,  
thy tears will not prevail ;  
I'll think on thee, my Sweet,  
when the Ship's under Sail."  
*But still, &c.* 21

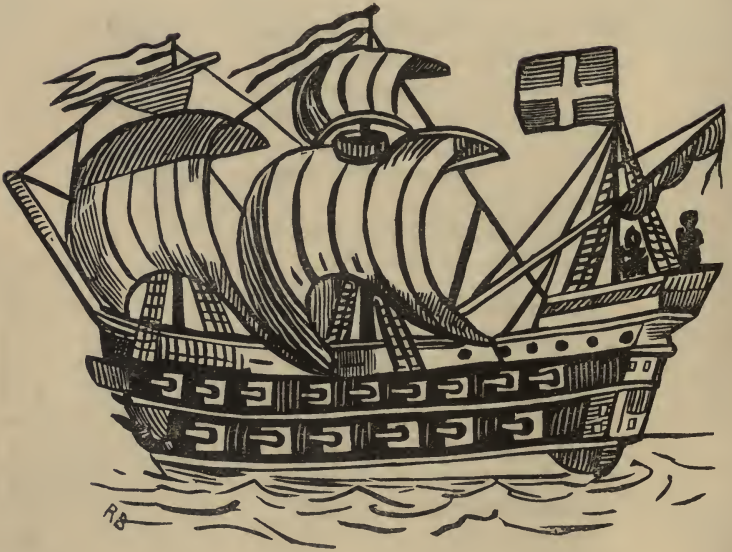
"How may that be?" said he,  
"consider well the case :"  
Quoth she, "sweet Anthony,  
I'll bide not in this place. 25  
If thou gang, so will I,  
of the means do not doubt :  
A Woman's policy  
great matters may find out :  
*My bonny Anthony, &c.* 30

"I would be very glad,  
but prithee tell me how?"—  
"I'll dress me like a Lad,  
what say'st thou to me now?"— 34  
"The Sea thou can'st not brook,"—  
"Yes, very well," quoth she,  
"I'll Scullion to the Cook  
for thy sweet company.  
*My bonny, &c.* 39

Anthony's leave she had,  
and drest in Man's array,  
She seem'd the blithest Lad  
seen on a Summer's Day. 43  
O see what Love can do !  
at home she will not bide :  
With her true Love she'll go,  
let weal or woe betide.  
*My dearest &c.* 48



In the Ship 'twas her lott  
 to be the under-Cook ;  
 And at the Fire hot  
 wonderful pains she took ; 52  
 She served eu'ry one,  
 fitting to their degree :  
 And now and then alone,  
 she kissed Anthony. 56  
 " *My bonny Anthony,*  
*my bonny Anthony,*  
*Gang thou by Land or Sea*  
*I'll wend along with thee."* 60



A lack and weladay,  
 in Tempest on the Main,  
 Their Ship was cast away  
 upon the coast of Spain ; 64  
 To the mercy of the Waves  
 they all committed were,  
 Constance her own self she saves,  
 then she crys for her dear. 68

- “ *My bonny Anthony,  
     my bonny Anthony,  
 Gang thou by Land or Sea,  
     I’le wend along with thee.*” 72
- Swimming upon a Plank,  
     at Bilbo she got ashore,  
 First she did heaven thank,  
     then she lamented sore, 76
- “ O woe is me,” said she,  
     “ the saddest Lass alive,  
 My dearest Anthony,  
     now on the Sea doth drive.  
*My bonny, &c.*” 81
- “ What shall become of me,  
     why do I strive for shore,  
 Sith my sweet Anthony,  
     I never shall see more ?” 85
- Fair Constance, do not grieve,  
     the same good providence  
 Hath sav’d thy lover sweet,  
     but he is far from hence.  
*Still, &c.* 90
- A Spanish Merchant rich,  
     saw this fair-seeming lad,  
 That did lament so much,  
     and was so greivous sad. 94
- He had in England been,  
     and English understood,  
 He having heard and seen,  
     he in amazement stood :  
*Still, &c.* 99
- The Merchant asked her  
     what was that Anthony :  
 Quoth she, “ my Brother, Sir,  
     who came from thence with me :” 103
- He did her entertain,  
     thinking she was a Boy,  
 Two years she did remain  
     before she met her joy.  
*Still, &c.* 108

- Anthony up was tane  
 by an English Runagade,  
 With whom he did remain  
 at the Sea-roving trade : 112  
 I'th nature of a slave  
 he did i'th Galley row ;  
 Thus he his life did save,  
 but Constance did not know : 116  
*Still she cryes "Anthony,*  
*my bonny Anthony,*  
*Gang thou by Land or Sea,*  
*I'll wend along with thee."* 120
- Now mark what came to pass,  
 see how the fates did work,  
 A Ship that her Master's was,  
 surpriz'd this English Turk, 124  
 And into Bilbo brought  
 all that aboard her were ;  
 Constance full little thought  
 Anthony was so near.  
*Still, &c.* 129
- When they were come on shore,  
 Anthony and the rest,  
 She who was sad before,  
 was now with joy possest, 133  
 The Merchant much did muse  
 at this so sudden change,  
 He did demand the News,  
 which unto him was strange :  
*Now she, &c.* 138
- Upon her knees she fell  
 unto her Master kind,  
 And all the truth did tell,  
 nothing she kept behind : 142  
 At which he did admire,  
 and in a ship of Spain,  
 Not paying for their hire  
 he sent them home again.  
*Now she, &c.* 147

The Spanish Merchant rich  
did of's own bounty give  
A sum of Gold, on which  
they now most bravely live : 151  
And now in Westmoreland,  
they were joyn'd hand in hand,  
Constance and Anthony,  
they live in mirth and glee. 155  
*Now she says, "Anthony,*  
*my bonny Anthony,*  
*Good providence we see,*  
*hath guarded thee and me."* 159

Finis.

Printed for William Thackeray, at the Angel in Duck-Lane,  
and A. M.

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### Anne Askewe.

Anne Askewe was burned in Smithfield in July, 1546, in the twenty-fifth year of her age. John Lascels, one of three men who suffered at the same time, was her tutor. She was the second daughter of Sir William Askewe of Kelsey, in Lincolnshire. To her husband, "Master Kyme," belongs the credit of making a martyr of her; for after ordering her to leave his house, he had her watched, and at last gave information to the Bishop of London (Bonner) and the Lord Mayor, that she was a dangerous heretic. She passed through a severe examination by the Inquisitors, but was allowed to go free, on bail. Her freedom however lasted only a year. After a second examination, she was remanded to the Tower; and because she would not confess that any ladies of her acquaintance held the same religious opinions, she was put to the rack. Sir Anthony Knevet, governor of the Tower, "supposing he had done enough," says Foxe, was about to take her down; but her examiners, Wriothesley (the Lord Chancellor), and "Master Rich" (one of the Council), were not



satisfied, and, "throwing off their gowns, would need play the tormentors themselves."

Bishop Bale, in *The Lattre examinacyon of Anne Askewe*, printed in 1547, preserves the following ballad:—

"The Balade whych Anne Askewe made and sange whan she was in Newgate.

Lyke as the armed knyght  
Appoynted to the fieelde,  
With thys world wyll I fyght  
And fayth shall be my shielde.

Faythe is that weapon stronge  
Whych wyll not fayle at nede,  
My foes therfor amonge  
Therwith wyll I procede.

As it is had in strengthe  
And force of Christes waye  
It wyll preuayle at lengthe  
Though all the deuyls saye naye

Faythe in the fathers olde  
Obtayned ryghtwysnesse,  
Whych make me verye bolde  
To feare no worldes dystresse.

I now reioyce in hart,  
And hope byd me do so,  
For Christ wyll take my part  
And ease me of my wo.

Thou sayst, lorde, who so knocke  
To them wyll thu attende:  
Vndo therfor the locke  
And thy stronge power sende.

More enmyes now I haue  
Than heeres vpon my heed;  
Let them not me depraue,  
But fyght thu in my steed.

On thé my care I cast  
For all their cruell spyght!  
I sett not by their hast,  
For thou art my delygth.

I am not she that lyst  
My anker to lete fall  
For euerye dryslynge myst,  
My shypppe substancyall.

Not oft vse I to wryght  
In prose nor yet in ryme,  
Yet wyll I shewe one syght  
That I sawe in my tyme.

I sawe a ryall trone  
Where Iustyce shuld haue sytt,  
But in her stede was one  
Of modye cruell wytt.\*

Absorpt was rygtwysnesse,  
As of the ragyng floude,  
Sathan, in hys excesse,  
Sucte vp the gyltesse bloude.

Then thought I, Iesus Lorde,  
Whan thou shalt iudge vs all,  
Harde it is to recorde  
On these men what wyll fall.

Yet, lorde, I thé desyre  
For that they do to me  
Lete them not tast the hyre  
Of their inyquyte.

\* Gardiner, Bp. of Winchester.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 8.]

**An Askew.**

Intituled,

**I am a Woman Poor and Blind.**

I am a woman poor and blind,  
 and little knowledge remains in me,  
 Long have I sought, but fain would find,  
 what Herb in my Garden were best to be. 4

A Garden I have which is unknown,  
 which God of his goodness gave to me,  
 I mean my body, where I should have sown  
 The seed of Christ's true verity. 8

My spirit within me is vexed sore,  
 my spirit striveth against the same,  
 My sorrows do encrease more and more,  
 my conscience suffereth most bitter pain. 12

I with myself being thus at strife,  
 [When I] would fain have been at rest,  
 musing and studying, in mortal life,  
 what things I might do to please God best. 16

With whole intent and one accord,  
 unto a *Gardiner*<sup>1</sup> that I did know,  
 I desired him, for the love of the Lord,  
 true seed in my garden for to sow. 20

Then this proud Gardener, seeing me so blind,  
 he thought on me to work his will,  
 And flattered me with words so kind,  
 to have me continue in my blindness still. 24

He fed me then with lies and mocks,  
 for venial sins he bid me go ;  
 to give my money to stones and stocks,  
 which was stark lies and nothing [mo].<sup>2</sup> 28

with stinking meat then was I fed,  
 for to keep me from my Salvation,  
 I had Trentals of mass, and balls of lead,  
 not one word spoke[n] of Christ's passion. 32

In me was sown all kind of feigned seeds,  
 with Popish Ceremonies many a one,  
 Masses of Requiem, with other juggling deeds,  
 still God's Spirit out of my garden was gone. 36

Then was I commanded most strictly,  
 if of my Salvation I would be sure,  
 To build some Chappel or Chauntry,  
 to be pray'd for while the world doth endure. 40

"Beware of new learning," quoth he, "it lyes,  
 which is the thing I most abhor,  
 Meddle not with it in any manner of wise,  
 but do as your fathers have done before." 44

My trust I did put in the Devil's works,  
 thinking sufficient my Soul to save,  
 Being worse than either Iews or Turks,  
 thus Christ of his merits I did deprave, 48

<sup>1</sup> The Bishop of Winchester.

<sup>2</sup> "so" in the text.

I might liken myself, with a woful heart,  
unto the Dumb man, in Luke the eleven,  
From whence Christ caused the Devil to depart,  
but, shortly after, he took the other seven. 52

My time thus, good Lord, so quickly I spent,  
alas! I shall die the sooner therefore:  
O Lord, I find it written in thy Testament,  
that thou hast mercy enough in store 56

For such Sinners, as the Scripture saith,  
that would gladly repent & follow thy word,  
Which i'le not deny, whilst I have breath,  
for prison, fire, faggot, or fierce sword. 60

Strengthen me, good Lord, thy truth to stand,  
for the bloody butchers have me at their will,  
With their slaughter knives ready drawn in their hands,  
my simple Carcass to devour and kill. 64

O' Lord, forgive me my offence,  
for I have offended thee very sore;  
Take therefore my sinful body from hence,  
then shall I, vile Creature, offend thee no more. 68

I would wish all creatures, and faithful friends,  
for to keep from this Gardener's hands,  
For he will bring them soon unto their ends,  
with cruel torments of fierce fire brands. 72

I dare not presume for him to pray,  
because the truth of him it was well known,  
But, since that time, he hath gone astray,  
and much pestilent seed abroad he hath sown. 76

Because that now I have no space  
the cause of my death truly to show,  
I trust hereafter that, by God's holy Grace,  
that all faithful men shall plainly know. 80

To thee, O Lord, I bequeath my spirit,  
that art the Work-master of the same,  
It is thine, Lord, therefore take it of right,  
my carcass on earth I leave, from whence it came. 84



Although to ashes it be now burned,  
I know [that] thou canst raise it again  
In the same likeness as thou it formed,  
in Heaven with thee evermore to remain. 88

Printed by and for A. M. and sold by the Booksellers of London.

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**It was a Lady's daughter, of Paris properly.**

This is an Elizabethan ballad, reprinted in the reign of Charles 2d. It is referred to in Fletcher's play *The Knight of the burning Pestle*. There are two copies in the Roxburghe collection, and one, or more, in the Pepys.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 9.]

## A Rare Example of a Vertuous Maid

in Paris, who was by her own Mother procured to be put in Prison, thinking thereby to compel her to Popery: but she continued to the end, and finished her life in the fire.

TUNE IS, *O man of Desperation.*

It was a Ladies Daughter  
of Paris properly,  
Her mother her commanded  
to Mass that she should hie: 4  
“O pardon me, dear mother,”  
her daughter dear did say,  
“Vnto that filthy Idol  
I never can obey.” 8

With weeping and [with] wailing  
her mother then did go  
To assemble [all] her Kinsfolks,  
that they the truth may know; 12  
Who, being then assembled,  
they did this maiden call,  
And put her into prison,  
to fear her there withal. 16

But, where they thought to fear her,  
she did most strong endure;  
Altho’ her years was tender,  
her faith was firm and sure; 20  
She weigh’d not their allurements,  
she fear’d not firey flame,  
She hop’d, thro’ Christ her Saviour,  
to have immortal fame. 24

Before the judge they brought her,  
thinking that she would turn,  
And there she was condemned  
in fire for to burn. 28

Instead of golden bracelets,  
with cords they bound her fast,  
“My God, grant me with patience,”  
(quoeth she) “to die at last.” 32

*It was a Lady's daughter.*

- And on the morrow after,  
 which was her dying day,  
 They stript this silly Damsel  
 out of her rich array ; 36  
 Her Chain of Gold, so costly,  
 away from her they take,  
 And she again most joyfully  
 did all the world forsake. 40
- Vnto the place of torment  
 they brought her speedily,  
 With heart and mind most constant,  
 she willing was to die. 44  
 But seeing many Ladies  
 assembled in that place,  
 These words she then pronounced,  
 lamenting of their case. 48
- “ You Ladies of this City,  
 mark well my words,” (quoth she)  
 “ Although I shall be burned,  
 yet do not pittie me ; 52  
 Yourselves I rather pittie,  
 and weep for your decay,  
 Amend your [lives,]<sup>1</sup> fair Ladies,  
 and do no time delay.” 56
- Then came her mother, weeping,  
 her daughter to behold,  
 And in her hand she brought her  
 a book covered with Gold : 60  
 “ Throw hence,” quoth she, “ that idol,  
 convey it from my sight,  
 And bring me hither my bible,  
 wherein I take delight. 64
- But, my distressed mother,  
 why weep you ? be content,  
 You have to death delivered me,  
 most like an innocent. 68  
 Tormentor, do thy office  
 on me, when thou think'st best,  
 But God, my Heavenly Father,  
 will bring my soul to rest. 72

---

<sup>1</sup> “time” in the original.

But oh! my aged Father,  
where-ever thou dost lye,  
Thou know'st not thy poor daughter  
is ready for to die; 76  
But yet, amongst the Angels,  
in Heaven I hope to dwell,  
Therefore, my loving Father,  
I bid thee now farewel. 80

Farewel, likewise, my mother,  
adieu, my friends, also,  
God grant that you by others  
may never feel such woe; 84  
Forsake your superstition,  
the cause of mortal strife,  
Embrace God's true Religion,  
for which I lose my life." 88

When all these words were ended,  
then came the man of death,  
Who kindled soon a fire  
which stopt this Virgin's breath: 92  
To Christ, her only Saviour,  
she did her Soul commend,  
"Farewel," (quoth she) "good people!"  
and thus she made an end. 96

Printed by and for A. M. and sold by the Booksellers of London.

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### **The blind Beggar's Daughter of Bethnal Green.**

This famous Elizabethan ballad has been frequently reprinted, and will still be reprinted for many years to come. The earliest extant copy is perhaps that in the Percy folio, the printed broadsides being chiefly of the date of Charles the Second or later. Besides those in public collections, such as the Roxburghe, Pepys, and Bagford, Mr. W. Ewing's private collection alone boasts of three copies of the Charles the Second date. The two, entirely distinct, tunes to which the ballad was sung will be found in *Popular Music of the Olden Time* (pages 159 and 160).



[Roxb. Coll. I. 10, 11.]

## The Rarest Ballad that eber was seen, Of the Blind Begger's Daughter of Bednal-Green.

- It was a blind Beggar that long lost his sight,  
He had a fair Daughter, most pleasant & bright,  
And many a gallant brave suitor had she,  
For none was so comely as pretty Bessee. 4
- And though she was of favour most fair,  
Yet, seeing she was but a Begger his heir,  
Of ancient housekeepers despised was she  
Whose sons came as suitors to pretty Bessee. 8
- Wherefore, in great sorrow, fair Bessee did say,  
" Good father and mother, let me go away  
To seek out my fortune, where-ever it be."  
The suit was then granted to pretty Bessee. 12
- Thus Bessee that was of beauty most bright,  
Then<sup>1</sup> clad in gray russet, &, late in the night,  
From father and mother alone parted she,  
Who sighed and sobbed for pretty Bessee. 16
- She went till she came at<sup>2</sup> Stratford at Bow,  
Then knew she not whither, nor which way, to go ;  
With tears she lamented her hard destiny,  
So sad & so heavy was pretty Bessee. 20
- She kept on her journey until it was day,  
And went unto Rumford along the high-way,  
And at the Kings-arms entertained was she,  
So fair and well-favoured was pretty Bessee. 24
- She had not been there one month to an end,  
But master, & mistress, & all was her friend,  
And every brave gallant that once did her see,  
Was straight-way in love with pretty Bessee. 28
- Great gifts they did send her of silver & gold,  
And in their songs daily her love they extold ;  
Her beauty was blazed in every degree,  
So fair & so comely was pretty Bessee. 32

<sup>1</sup> They—*Percy Folio*,<sup>2</sup> to Stratford the bow.—*Percy Folio*.

The young men of Rumford in her had their joy,  
She shew'd herself courteous, but never too coy,  
[And] at their commandment still would she be,  
So fair & so comely is pretty Bessee. 36

Four suitors at once unto her did go,  
They craved her favour, but still she said, "no ;  
I would not wish Gentlemen to marry with me,"  
Yet ever they honoured pretty Bessee. 40

The one of them was a gallant young knight,<sup>1</sup>  
And he came to her disguis'd in the night ;  
The second a Gentleman of good Degree,  
Who wooed & sued for pretty Bessee. 44

A Merchant of London, whose wealth was not small,  
Was then the third suitor, & proper withal ;  
Her master's own son the fourth man must be,  
Who swore he would dye for pretty Bessee. 48

"And if thou wilt marry with me," quod the Knight,  
"I'll make thee a Lady with joy and delight,  
My heart is intralld by thy beauty,  
Then grant me thy favour, my pretty Bessee." 52

The Gentleman said, "Come marry with me,  
In silks and in velvet my Bessee shall be,  
My heart lies distressed, O hear me," quoth he,  
"And grant me thy love, my pretty Bessee." 56

"Let me be thy husband," the Merchant did say,  
"Thou shalt live in London most gallant and gay,  
My ships shall bring home rich jewels for thee,  
And I will for ever love pretty Bessee." 60

Then Bessee she sighed, & thus she did say,  
"My father and mother I mean to obey,  
First get their good-will, and be faithful to me,  
And you shall enjoy your pretty Bessee." 64

To every one this answer she made,  
Wherefore unto her they joyfully said,  
"This thing to fulfill we all do agree,  
But where dwells thy father, my pretty Bessee?" 68

---

<sup>1</sup> The Percy Folio transposes the Knight and Merchant.

“My father” (quoth she) “is plain to be seen,  
The silly blind begger of Bednal-green,  
That daily sits begging for charity,  
He is the good father of pretty Bessee. 72

His marks and his tokens are know[e]n full well,  
He alwaies is led with a dog and a bell,  
A silly old man, God knoweth, is he,  
Yet he is the father of pretty Bessee.” 76

“Nay then,” (quoth the Merchant,) “thou art not for me,”  
“Nor,” (quoth the Inholder,) “my wife shall not be,”  
“I loath,” (quoth the Gentleman,) “a begger’s degree,  
Therefore fare you well, my pretty Bessee.” 80

“Why, then,” (quoth the Knight,) “hap better or worse,  
I weigh not true love by the weight of the purse,  
And beauty is beauty in every degree,  
Then welcome to me, my pretty Bessee. 84

With thee to thy father forthwith will I go;”  
“Nay, soft,” (quoth his kinsman,) “it must not be so,  
A begger’s daughter no Lady shall be,  
Then take thy adieu of pretty Bessee.” 88

And soon after this, by break of the Day,  
The knight had from Rumford stole Bessy<sup>1</sup> away;  
The young men of Rumford, so sick<sup>2</sup> as may be,  
Rode after to fetch again pretty Bessee. 92

As swift as the wind to ride they were seen,  
Vntil they came near to Bednal-green;  
And, as the knight lighted most courteously,  
They fought against him for pretty Bessee. 96

But rescue came presently over the plain,  
Or else the knight for his love there had been slain,  
The fray being ended, then straight he did see  
His kinsman come railing at pretty Bessee. 100

Then speak<sup>3</sup> the blind begger, “altho’ I be poor,  
Rail not against my child at mine own door,  
Tho’ she be not deckt with velvet and pearl,  
Yet will I drop angels with thee for my Girl; 104

<sup>1</sup> Betty in orig.

<sup>2</sup> thick.—*Percy Folio.*

<sup>3</sup> spake.—*Percy Folio.*

And then, if my gold will better her birth,  
And equal the gold that you lay on the earth,  
Then neither rail, nor grudge you to see  
The blind begger's daughter a lady to be ; 108

But first I will hear, and have it well known,  
The gold that you drop shall be all your own."  
With that they replied, "Contented we be ;"  
"Then there's" (quoth the begger) "for pretty Bessee." 112

With that an angel he cast on the ground,  
And dropped in angels full three thousand pound,  
And oftentimes it [was] proved most plain,  
For the gentleman's one the begger dropt twain. 116

So as the place, whereas he did sit,  
With gold was covered every whit :  
The Gentleman having dropt all his store,  
Said, "Begger, hold ! for I have no more : 120

Thou hast fulfilled thy promise aright."  
"Then marry my Girl," quoth he to the knight,  
"And here," quoth he, "I'll throw you down,  
A hundred pound more to buy her a gown." 124

The Gentlemen all, that this treasure had seen,  
Admired the Begger of Bednal-green ;  
And those that were her suitors before,  
Their flesh for very anger they tore. 128

'Thus was their<sup>1</sup> Bessee matcht to a knight,  
And made a lady in others despight ;  
A fairer lady there never was seen  
Than the begger's daughter of Bednal-green. 132

But of her sumptuous marriage and feast,  
And what brave Lords & Knights thither was prest,  
The second part shall set forth to your sight,  
With marvelous pleasure and wished delight. 136

---

<sup>1</sup> fair.—*Percy Folio.*



## [The Second Part.]

Of a blind begger's daughter most fair and bright,  
 That late was betrothed [un]to a young knight,  
 All the discourse thereof you may see,  
 But now comes the wedding of pretty Bessee.

140



Within a gallant palace most brave,  
 Adorned with all the cost they could have,  
 This wedding was kept most sumptuously,  
 And all for the love<sup>1</sup> of pretty Bessee.

144

All kind of dainties and delicates sweet,  
 Was brought to their banquet as was thought meet,  
 Partridge, plover, & venison most free,  
 Against the brave wedding of pretty Bessee.

148

This wedding thro' England was spread by report,  
 So that a great number did thither resort  
 Of nobles and gentiles<sup>2</sup> of every degree,  
 And all for the fame of pretty Bessee.

152

<sup>1</sup> credit.—*Percy Folio.*

<sup>2</sup> gentles.—*Percy Folio.*

To church then went this gallant young Knight,  
His bride followed after like a Lady most bright,  
With troops of Ladies, the like was ne'er seen,  
As went with sweet Bessee of Bednal-green. 156

This wedding being solemnised, then  
With musick performed by skilful[lest] men,  
The Nobles & Gentles sat down at that tide,  
Each one beholding the beautiful bride. 160

But after their sumptuous dinner was done,  
To talk & to reason a number begun  
Of the blind begger's daughter most bright,  
And what with his daughter he gave to the Knight. 164

Then speak the Nobles, "Much marvel have we,  
The jolly blind begger we cannot here see."  
"My Lords," quoth the bride, "my father's so base,  
He's loth with his presence these 'states to disgrace." 168

The praise of a woman in question to bring,  
Before her own face were a flattering thing ;  
"We think thy father's baseness," (quoth they)  
"Might by thy beauty be clean put away." 172

They had no sooner these pleasant words spoke,  
But in comes the begger with a silken<sup>1</sup> cloak,  
A velvet cap & a feather had he,  
And now a Musician forsooth he would be ; 176

And being led in from catching of harm,  
He had a dainty lute under his arm,  
Said, "Please you [to] hear any musick of me,  
A song I will sing you of pretty Bessee." 180

With that his lute he twanged straightway,  
And thereon began most sweetly to play,  
And, after a lesson, was plaid two or three,  
He strain'd out this song most delicately : 184

"A begger's daughter did dwell on the green,  
Who for her beauty may well be a queen,  
A blith bonay Lass and dainty was she,  
And many one called her pretty Bessee. 188

---

<sup>1</sup> clad in a silk.—*Perey Folio.*

Her father [he] had no goods nor no lands,  
 But begged for a penny all day with his hands,  
 And yet for her marriage gave thousands three,  
 Yet still [he] hath somewhat for pretty Bessee. 192

And if any one her birth do disdain,  
 Her father is ready, with might & [with] main,  
 To prove she is come of a noble degree,  
 Therefore let none flout at my pretty Bessee." 196

With that the Lords & company round  
 With hearty laughter was ready to sound ;  
 At last said the Lords, " Full well we may see,  
 The bride and the begger's beholden to thee." 200

With that the bride all blushing did rise,  
 With the fair<sup>1</sup> water all in her fair eyes ;  
 " [O] pardon my father, grave Nobles," (quoth she)  
 " That through blind affection thus doteth on me." 204

" If this be thy father," the Nobles did say,  
 " Well may he be proud of this happy Day ;  
 Yet by his countenance well we may see,  
 His birth with his fortune did never agree. 208

And therefore, blind begger, we pray thee bewray,  
 And look that the truth to us thou do say ;  
 Thy birth and thy parentage, what it might be,  
 Even for the love thou bearest to pretty Bessee." 212

" Then give me leave, you Gentles each one,  
 A song more to sing and then I'll be gone ;  
 And if that I do not win good report,  
 Then do not give me a goat for my sport. 216

When first our King his fame did advance,  
 And fought for his title in delicate France ;  
 In many places great<sup>2</sup> perils past he,  
 But then was not born my pretty Bessee. 220

<sup>1</sup> salt.—*Percy Folio.*

<sup>2</sup> In many a place many.—*Percy Folio.*

And [then] in those wars went over to fight,  
Many a brave Duke, a Lord, and a Knight,  
And with 'em young Monford of courage so free,  
But then was not born my pretty Bessee.<sup>1</sup> 224

And there did young Monford, with a blow o'th' face,  
Lose both his eyes in a very short space ;  
His life also<sup>2</sup> had been gone with his sight,  
Had not a young woman come forth i'th' night. 228

Amongst the slain men, her fancy did move  
To search and to seek for her own true love ;  
Who, seeing young Monford there gasping lie,<sup>3</sup>  
She saved his life thro' her charity. 232

And then all our victuals, in beggers' attire,  
At hands of good people we then did require :  
At last into England, as now [it] is seen,  
We came, and remained at Bednal-green. 236

And thus we have lived in fortune's despight,  
Tho' poor, yet contented with humble delight :  
And in my old Years, a comfort to be,  
God sent me a daughter called pretty Bessee. 240

And thus, you Nobles,<sup>4</sup> my song I do end,  
Hoping the same no man doth offend ;  
Full forty long winters thus have I been,  
A silly blind begger of Bednal-green." 244

Now when the company every one  
Did hear the strange tale in song he had shown,  
They were all amazed, as well they might be,  
Both at the blind begger and pretty Bessee. 248

With that the fair Bride they then did imbrace,  
Saying, " You are come of an honourable race,  
Thy father likewise of a high degree,  
And thou as<sup>5</sup> worthy a Lady to be." 252

---

<sup>1</sup> Att Bloyes there chanced a terrible day,  
when many braue ffrenchmen vpon the ground lay ;  
Amonge them lay Mountford for companye :  
but then was not borne my pretty Bessye.—*Percy Folio.*  
<sup>2</sup> And also his life.—*Percy Folio.* <sup>3</sup> to be.—*Percy Folio.*  
<sup>4</sup> noble Lords.—*Percy Folio.* <sup>5</sup> art well.—*Percy Folio.*



Thus was the feast ended with joy & delight,  
 A happy Bridegroom was made the young Knight.  
 Who lived in joy and felicity  
 With his fair Lady, pretty Bessee.

Printed by and for A. Milbourn, and sold by the Booksellers of  
 Pye-corner and London-Bridge.

### The Bachelor's Pleasure and the Married Man's Trouble.

The initials L. P., at the end of this ballad, may be assumed to be those of Laurence Price, a ballad writer, of whose productions a list of twenty-nine will be found in Mr. W. C. Hazlitt's *Hand-book*. His earliest extant ballad, "Oh! grammercy, Penny," was printed by the widow Trundle, about 1628. No other copy of the following is known. Its burden will remind the reader of Autolycus's "prettiest love songs for maids, . . . with such delicate burdens of *dildos & fadings*."

The second part of this ballad is misplaced in the Roxburghe Collection. The first part is at page 12 and the second at p. 17.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 12, 17.]

## The Batchelor's Feast,

or

The difference betwixt a single life and a double; being the  
Batchelor's pleasure, and the married Man's trouble.

TO A PLEASANT NEW TUNE CALLED, *With a hie dilldo, dill.*



As I walkt forth of late,  
 where grasse and flowers spring,  
 I heard a Batchelor  
 within an Harbour sing,  
 The tennor of his song  
 contain'd much melodie,  
 It is a gallant thing  
 to live at liberty :  
*With hie dilldo dill,*  
*hie ho dildurlie :*  
 It is a delightfull thing  
 to live at liberty.

4

8

12

- Wee Batchelors can flaunt  
 in Country and in Towne,  
 And in good company  
 may meryly spend a crowne ; 16  
 Wee may doe as wee list,  
 our lives from cares are free,  
 O 'tis a gallant thing  
 to live at liberty :  
*With hie dill, &c.* 21
- No cradle have wee to rocke,  
 nor children that doe cry,  
 No land-lords rent to pay,  
 no nurses to supply : 25  
 No wife to scould and brawle,  
 wee still keep company<sup>1</sup>  
 With them that take delight  
 to live at liberty :  
*With hie dill, &c.* 30
- While married men doe lie  
 with worldly cares opprest,  
 Wee Batchelors can sleepe,  
 and sweetly take our rest : 34  
 O, married men must seeke  
 for gossips and a nurse,  
 Which heavie makes the heart,  
 but light it makes the purse.  
*With hie dill, &c.* 39
- For candell and for soape,  
 and many knacks besid[e],  
 For clouts and swadling bands,  
 hee likewise must provide, 43  
 To pay for sops and wine  
 hee must also agree,  
 O 'tis a delightfull thing  
 to live at liberty :  
*With hie dill, &c.* 48
- A man that doth intend  
 to lead a quiet life  
 Must practise day and night  
 to please his longing wife ; 52

---

<sup>1</sup> "now wee still keepe good company," in the original.

New fashions must bee had  
as oft as shee them see,  
O 'tis a pleasant thing  
to live at liberty :  
*With hie dill do dill,*  
*hie, hoe, dildurly :*  
*It is a delightfull thing,*  
*to live at liberty.*

56

60

**The Second Part,**

TO THE SAME TUNE.



The taylor must be payd  
for making of her gowne,  
The shoemakers for fine shooes,—  
or else thy wife will frowne ;

64



- For bands, fine ruffes, and cuffes,  
 thou must dispence as free :  
 O 'tis a gallant thing  
 to live at liberty :  
*With hie dill, &c.* 69
- A wife must also have  
 a beaver of the best,  
 That shee may flaunt it out  
 and gossip with the rest ; 73  
 Wrought quaiffes and cobweb lawne  
 her dayly weare must bee ;  
 O 'tis a lightsome thing  
 to live at liberty :  
*With hie, &c.* 78
- Yet all this pleaseth not,  
 except that thou dost burse  
 Both gold and silver coyne,  
 to carry in her purse ; 82  
 To Taverne then shee hies,  
 where shee will merry bee,  
 O 'tis a gallant thing  
 to live at liberty :  
*With hie, &c.* 87
- Some thinks a single life  
 to bee a dayly trouble,  
 But many men doe wed  
 and makes his sorrowes double ; 91  
 Therefore I wish young men  
 in time be rul'd by mee,  
 And learne to sing this song,  
 to live at liberty :  
*With hie, &c.* 96
- Except a vertuous wife  
 a young man chance to find,  
 That will industrious be  
 and beare a modest mind, 100  
 Hee better were to live  
 still single, as wee see,  
 For 'tis a gallant thing  
 to live at liberty :  
*With hie, &c.* 105

Now will I heere conclude,  
I will no one offend,  
Wishing that every shrew  
her qualities would amend, 109  
And that all batchelors  
may now bee rul'd by mee,  
To chuse a loving wife,  
or live at liberty. 113  
*With hie dildo, dill,*  
*hie ho dildurle :*  
*It is a gallant thing*  
*to live at liberty.* 117

Finis.

L. P.

Printed at London for I. W. the younger, dwelling at the upper  
end of the Old Bayly.

---

### Martin Parker's "New Medley."

The initials, at the end of this medley, are those of Martin Parker, whose famous ballad, "When the King enjoys his own again," contributed so greatly to support the failing spirit of the Cavaliers during their long reverses. He says in *The Poet's Blind Man's Bough*, 1641 :

"Whatever yet was published by me,  
Was known by "Martin Parker," or "M. P."

Much about Martin Parker, and his company of ballad writers, has been collected in *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, pages 418 to 420 and 434-5. See also Mr. Payne Collier's *Bibliographical Account*, Mr. W. C. Hazlitt's *Handbook*, and the Introduction to *The King & a poor Northern Man*, printed by the Percy Society.

The only two known copies of this Medley are both in the Roxburghe Collection, the first printed by Henry Gosson, and the second by Coles, Vere, and Wright. The parts of the former copy have been misplaced, the first half of the ballad being at page 112 (instead of 12) and the second half at p. 13.

Medleys like this and the following, made up from cross-readings of old ballads and interspersed with proverbs, show us the immense proportion of ballads that have perished, while they supply dates of current popularity for the few that now remain.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 112, 13.]

**An excellent new Medley.**  
**Which you may admire at (without offence),**  
**For every line speakes a contrary sence.**

TO THE TUNE OF *Tarleton's Medley.*



IN Summer time when folkes make Hay,  
 All is not true which people say,  
 The foole's the wisest in the play,  
 tush! take away your hand: 4  
 The Fidler's boy hath broke his Base,  
 Sirs, is not this a pittious case?  
 Most gallants loath to smell the Mace  
 of Woodstreet. 8

The Citty followes Courtly pride,  
 Ione swears she cannot Iohn abide,  
 Dicke weares a Dagger by his side.  
 come tell vs what's to pay. 12

The Lawyers thriue by others fall,  
The weakest alwaies goes to th' wall,  
The Shoemaker commandeth all  
at 's pleasure. 16

The Weaner prayes for Huswines store,  
A pretty woman was Iane Shore,  
Kicke the base Rascalls out o' th' doore :  
peace, peace, you bawling Curses. 20  
A Cuckold's band weares out behinde,  
'Tis easie to beguile the blinde,  
All people are not of one minde,  
hold Carmen. 24

Our women cut their haire like men,  
The Cocke's ore-mastred by the Henne,  
There's hardly one good friend in ten,  
turne there on your right hand : 28  
But few regard the cryes o'th poore,  
Will spendeth all vpon a whore,  
The Souldier longeth to goe ore,  
braue knocking. 32

When the fifth Henry sail'd to France,  
Let me alone for a Countrey dance,  
Nell doth bewaile her lucklesse chance,  
fie on false-hearted men. 36  
Dicke Tarleton was a merry wagge,  
Harke how that prating asse doth bragge,  
Iohn Dory sold his ambling Nagge,  
for Kicke-shawes. 40

The Saylor counts the Ship his house,  
I'le say no more but dun's the Mouse,  
He is no man that scornes a Louse,  
vaine pride vndoes the Land : 44  
Hard hearted men make Corne so deare,  
Few Frenchmen loue well English beere,  
I hope ere long good newes to heare,  
hey Lusticke. 48

Now hides are cheape the Tanner thriues,  
Hang those base men that beate their wines,  
He needs must goe that the Deuill driues,  
God blesse vs from a Gun : 52



The Beadles make the lame to runne,  
 Vaunt not before the battaile 's wonne,  
 A Cloud sometimes may hide the Sunne,  
 chance medley.

---

The Second Part,

TO THE SAME TUNE.



The Surgeon thriues by fencing schooles,  
 Some<sup>1</sup> for strong liquor pawne their tooles,  
 For one wise man ther's twenty fooles,  
 O when shall we be married?

---

<sup>1</sup> *Seme* in orig.





[Roxb. Coll. I. 14.]

**An excellent new Medly,**TO THE TUNE OF *The Spanish Pavin.*

- When Philomel begins to sing,  
 the grasse growes green and flowres spring,  
 Me thinks it is a pleasant thing  
 to walk on Primrose hill. 4
- Maides, have you any Connie-skins  
 To sell for Laces or great Pinnes?  
 The Pope will pardon veniall sinnes :  
 Saint Peter. 8
- Fresh fish and newes grow quickly stale :  
 Some say good wine can nere want sale,  
 But God send poore folkes Beere & Ale  
 enough untill they die. 12
- Most people now are full of pride,  
 The Boy said no, but yet he lyde,  
 His Aunt did to the Cuck-stoole ride  
 for scolding. 16
- Within oure Towne faire Susan dwells :  
 Sure Meg is poyson'd, for she swells.  
 My friend, pull off your bozzard's bells,  
 and let the haggard fly. 20
- Take heed you play not at Tray-trip,  
 Shorte heeles forsooth will quickly slip,  
 The beadle makes folke with his whip  
 dance naked. 24
- Come, Tapster, tell us what's to pay,  
 Iane frownd and cryde, "good Sir, away!"  
 She tooke his kindnesse, yet said "nay,"  
 as Maidens vse to do : 28
- The man shall have his Mare agen,  
 When all false knaues proue honest men,  
 Our Sisly shall be Sainted then,  
 true Roger. 32
- The Butcher with his masty Dog,  
 At Rumford you may buy a Hog,  
 I' faith, Raph Goose hath got a clog,  
 his wench is great with childe. 36







- O man, what meanes thy heauey looke ?  
 Is Will not in his Mistris booke ?  
 Sir Rouland for a refuge tooke  
     Horne-Castle. 120
- Rich people haue the world at will,  
 Trades fade, but Lawiers flourish still,  
 Iacke would be married unto Gyll :  
     but care will kill a Cat. 124
- Are you there, Sirrah, with your beares ?  
 A Barber's shop with nittie haire,  
 Doll, Phillis hath lost both her eares  
     for coozning. 128
- Who list to lead a souldier's life ?  
 Tom would eat meat but wants a knife,  
 The Tinker swore that Tib his wife  
     would playe at uptailes all. 132
- Beleeve my word without an oath,  
 The Tailor stole some of her cloath :  
 When George lay sicke, and Ioane made him broath  
     with Hemlocke. 136
- The Patron gelt the parsonage,  
 And Esau sold his heritage,  
 Now Leonard lack-wit is foole age  
     to be his Father's heire. 140
- Ther's many scratch before it itch,  
 Saul did ask counsel of a Witch,  
 Friend, ye may haue a Bacon fitch  
     at Dunmow. 144
- King David plaid on a Welch Harpe,  
 This threed will neuer make a good warpe,  
 At wise men's words each foole will carpe  
     and shoote their witlesse bolts. 148
- Ione, like a ram, wore hornes and wooll.  
 Knew you my Hostis of the Bull ?  
 Spure<sup>1</sup> Curio once was made a gull  
     in Shoreditch. 152
- The blackamores are blabber-lipt,  
 At Yarmouth are the herrings shipt,  
 And at Bridewell the beggers whipt,  
     a man may liue and learne. 156

---

<sup>1</sup> So in orig. ? for 'Squire.'

Grief in my heart doth stop my tongue,  
The poore man still must put up wrong,  
Your way lies there, then walk along  
to Witham 160

There lies a Lasse that I loue well,  
The Broker hath gay clothes to sell  
Which from the Hangman's budget fell,  
are you no further yet? 164

In Summer times when peares be ripe  
Who would give sixpence for a tripe?  
Play, Lad, or else lend me thy pipe  
and Taber. 168

Saint Nicholas Clarkes wil take a purse,  
Young children now can sweare and curse,  
I hope yee like me nere the worse  
for finding fault therewith. 172

The servant is the Master's mate,  
When gossips meet ther's too much prate,  
Poore Lazarus lies at Diues gate  
halfe starued. 176

Make haste to Sea and hoyst up sailes,  
The hogs were seru'd with milking pales:  
From filthy sluts and from all ioayles,  
good Lord, deliver us all! 180

I scorne to ride a raw-boned iade,  
Fetch me a mattocke and a spade,  
A Gravesend toste will soone be made,  
Saint Dennis. 184

But for to finish up my Song,  
The Ale-wife did the brewer wrong,  
One day of sorrow seems as long  
as ten daies do of mirth. 188

My Medly now is at an end,  
Haue you no bowles or trayes to mend?  
'Tis hard to finde so true a friend  
as Damon. 192

Finis.



[Roxb. Coll. I. 15.]

**The Bride's Good-morrow.<sup>1</sup>**

TO A PLEASANT NEW TUNE.



The night is passed, & ioyfull day appeareth  
 most cleare on every side ;  
 With pleasant musick we therefore salute you,  
 good morrow, Mistris Bride !

4

<sup>1</sup> This is an Elizabethan ballad, but the Roxburghe copy, which is probably the only one extant, is a reprint in the time of James 1st.

The Bride's Good-morrow must necessarily have preceded those ballads that were to be sung to the tune of The Bride's Good-morrow, and several of the latter were printed in the reign of Elizabeth. Mr. Payne Collier's knowledge of Elizabethan literature enabled him to assert its age from other internal evidence.

From sleepe and slumber now awake you out of hand :  
    your bridegroome stayeth at home,  
Whose fancy, favour & affection still doth stand  
    fixed on thee alone : 8

Dresse you in your best array,  
This must be your wedding day.  
    God almighty send you happy ioy,  
In health and wealth to keep you still ;  
And, if it be his blessed will,  
    God keepe you safe from sorrow and annoy ! 14

This day is honour now brought into thy bosome,  
    and comfort to thy heart :  
For God hath sent you a friend for to defend you  
    from sorrow, care, and smart ; 18  
In health and sicknes, for thy comfort day & night  
    he is appointed and brought,  
Whose love and liking is most constant, sure, and right :  
    then love ye him as ye ought. 22

Now you have your heart's desire,  
And the thing you did require.  
    God almighty send you happy ioy,  
In health and wealth to keepe you still ;  
And, if it be his blessed will,  
    God keepe you safe from sorrow and annoy ! 28

There is no treasure the which may be compared  
    unto a faithfull friend ;

---

It was reprinted by him in *A Book of Roxburghe Ballads*—but we are not to infer, from that title, that all the ballads in the Book were taken from the Roxburghe collection. The meaning is that they are ballads of the same class.

Mr. Collier points to the two lines about the use of rosemary at weddings as explaining a passage in *Pericles* Act IV. Sc. 2 : also to the salutation, " Good morrow, Mistris Bride !" as quoted by more than one dramatist of Shakespeare's time. Again he cites other allusions to the ballad.

It has still a further interest as illustrating manners and customs of the latter part of the sixteenth century. The morning-music under the bride's window—the hunt's-up, as it was called—is still observed in the case of our Princesses on their birthdays, and perhaps on other occasions. Such music, judiciously subdued, has, to the hearer, a cheering and happiness-breathing effect.

- Gold soone decayeth and worldly [wealth] consumeth,  
 and wasteth in the winde : 32  
 But love, once planted in a perfect & pure minde,  
 indureth weale and woe :
- The frownes of fortune, come they never so unkinde,  
 cannot the same overthrowe. 36  
 A bit of bread is better cheare,  
 Where loue and friendship doth appeare,  
 then dainty dishes stuffed full of strife :  
 For where the heart is cloyd with care,  
 Sower is the sweetest fare,  
 and death far better then so bad a life. 42
- Sweet Brid[e], then may you full well contented stay you,  
 and in your heart reioyce :  
 Sith God was guider both of your hea[r]t and fancy  
 and maker of your choice ; 46  
 And he that preferd you to this happie state  
 will not behold you decay,  
 Nor see you lack reliefe or help in any rate,  
 if you his precep[t]s obey. 50  
 To those that ask it faithfully  
 The Lord will no good thing deny ;  
 this comfort in the Scriptures may you finde :  
 Then let no worldly grieffe and care  
 Vexe your heart with foule dispaire,  
 which doth declare the unbeleeuing minde. 56
- All things are ready and euery whit prepared :  
 to beare you company  
 Your friends and parents do give their due attendance  
 together courtously : 60  
 The house is drest and garnisht for your sake  
 with flowers gallant and green ;  
 A solem[n] feast your comely cooks do ready make,  
 where all your friends will be seen : 64  
 Young men and maids do ready stand,  
 With sweet rosemary in their hand,  
 a perfect token of your virgin's life :  
 To wait upon you they intend,  
 Vnto the Church to make an end :  
 and God make thee a ioyfull wedded wife. 70

Finis.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 16, 113.]

**Friendly Counsaile.**<sup>1</sup>

Or,

Here's an answer to all demanders,  
 The which E'le declare to all by-standers,  
 Thereby to teach them how to know  
 A perfect Friend from a flattering Foe.

TO THE TUNE OF, *I could fancy pretty Nancy.*



It was my chance, not long time since,  
 To be where was much conference ;  
 And amongst their questions all,  
 One did me to answer call,  
 Thus demanding how to know  
 A *faithfull friend from a flattering foe.*

3

6

<sup>1</sup> There are two copies of this ballad in the Roxburghe Collection, and perhaps no others may be extant. The second part of the first copy is misplaced in the volume, being at p. 113, while the first part is pasted down on p. 16. The name of the printer, Richard Harper, gives it the date of Charles the First's time. The initials of the author are subscribed, "C. R."



- Being much amazed in my minde  
 How this theame might be defin'd,  
 Yet I answer'd thus againe, 9  
 That I would resolue them plaine  
     In what kinde they well might know  
     *A faithfull friend from a flattering foe.* 12
- If that thou haue a friend, be kinde—  
 Here in true loue thou soone may finde  
 Hee'l not leaue thee in distresse, 15  
 But will helpe thee more or lesse ;  
     Hereby you may plainely know  
     *A faithfull, &c.* 18
- On the contrary, marke my words,  
 Flattering tongues are worse than swords,  
 They'l speake you fair while you them feed, 21  
 But quite forsake thee in thy need :  
     These are perfect signes to know  
     *A faithfull, &c.* 24
- If you want meanes, and haue a friend,  
 Hee'l something giue, and something lend,  
 He will not see thee for to perish, 27  
 But will thee relieue and cherish :  
     Hereby you may finde and know  
     *A faithfull, &c.* 30
- The flatterer, whilst thou hast [a] chinke,  
 Will proffer meate and giue thee drinke,  
 But for it thou shalt dearely pay, 33  
 For he will bring thee to decay :  
     Then I advise thee how to know  
     *A faithfull, &c.* 36
- Thy friend will griue to see thee lacke,  
 Hee'le speake thee faire behind thy backe,  
 In words and deeds hee'l still agree, 39  
 Hee'l griue to see thy misery :  
     Hereby you may plainely know  
     *A faithfull, &c.* 42
- Thy foe indeed is nothing so,  
 For hee'l reioyce still at thy woe,  
 And if thou once grow poore and bare, 45

Then for thee he no more will care :  
 Thus thou plainly here maist know  
*A faithfull, &c.* 48

Thy friend will wish thee keep thy meanes,  
 And not to waste it on lewd queanes,  
 Hee'l bid thee for to haue a care,  
 Cards, dice and whores, are dangerous ware : 51  
 Hereby you may plainly know  
*A faithfull, &c.* 54

The other he will thee intice  
 To drunkennesse, cards, whores and dice ;  
 Hee'l advise thee for to roare, 57  
 To spend thy meanes, and so be poore :  
 Thus thou here maist plainly know  
*A faithfull, &c.* 60

---

The second Part,

TO THE SAME TUNE.



Thy friend such lewdnesse soon will check  
 And tell thee thou art like to lacke,

Hee'l bid thee alwaies haue a care 63  
 Of that which thou dost little feare,  
 And that is, pouerty will grow,  
 Which thy true friend would not haue so. 66

The false and fained flatterer  
 Will seeke to trap thee in his snare,  
 His words most sweet shall still appeare 69  
 To get thy money, wine, and beere ;  
 These are certaine signes to know  
*A faithfull friend from a flattering foe.* 72

If that thy friend be true indeed,  
 Hee'l not forsake thee in thy need ;  
 Hee'l take thy part in weale and woe, 75  
 Thy flattering friend will not doe so :  
 These are certaine signes to know  
*A faithfull, &c.* 78

Now some perchance may this obiect,  
 And say they are of the true sect,  
 But such I'le neuer trust, till I 81  
 Their inward thoughts doe proue and try :  
 Then I certaine am to know  
*A faithfull, &c.* 84

If that you want, then, needs of force,  
 For your reliefe you'l take some course ;  
 Need stands behind, and bids you goe 87  
 The kindnesse of men's hearts to knowe ;  
 And where once you haue try'd it so,  
 You'l know your *friend, &c.* 90

Thy friend will wondrous sorry be  
 To see thee fall to misery,  
 And, to his power, hee'l giue reliefe, 93  
 To ease thy dolour, woe and grieffe :  
 These are certaine signes to know  
*A faithfull, &c.* 96

Your faire tongu'd fawning hypocrite  
 Will say that you were void of wit

To spend your meanes so foolishly,  
And lacke so long before you dye. 99

These are certaine signes to know  
*A faithfull, &c.* 102

Then this aduice take th[ou] of me,—  
Before need comes, goe thou and see ;  
Try whilst thou hast of thine owne, 105  
And see where fauour may be showne :

Then thou soone shalt finde and know  
*A faithfull, &c.* 108

And looke, where thou didst fauour finde,  
There be not wauering like the winde ;  
If that thy friend proue just and true, 111  
Then doe not change him for a new :

Thus to all men I doe show  
The difference 'twix a friend and foe. 114

For my part, I may plainly say,  
That friends are apt for to decay ;  
In wealth a man shall haue great store, 117  
But very few, if once growne poore :

This I write for men to know  
*A faithfull friend, &c.* 120

When I had meanes, then I had friends,  
But now I want, their friendship ends ;  
Now but few will take my part, 123  
Nor helpe release me of my smart :

This I have writ for men to know  
*A faithfull, &c.* 126

Thus to conclude and end my song,  
Let me aduise both old and young,—  
If thou doe wish for many friends, 129  
Then haue a care and get some meanes ;

Then you need not care to know  
*A faithfull friend from a flattering foe.* 132

Finis.

C. R.



[Roxb. Coll. I. 18, 19.]

## A Bill of Fare:<sup>1</sup>

For A Saturday night's Supper, A Sunday morning  
Breakfast, and A Munday Dinner, Described in a  
pleasant new merry Dittie.

TO THE TUNE OF *Cooke Laurell*, OR, *Michaelmas Terme*.



I'le tell you a Iest which you'l hardly beleue—  
No matter for that, you shall hear't, right or wrong—  
A hungry appetite may perhaps grieue  
To heare such a Banquet set forth in a Song : 4  
He rather would haue it then heare on't, hee'l say,  
But I cannot promise him such a faire sight ;  
All that I can doe, is with words to display  
What we had to Supper on Saturday night. 8

Imprimis, foure Fancies, two boyld, and two roast,  
A large dish of Endimions (good for one's drinke),  
Six Pelican Chickens, as hote as a toast,  
And six Birds of Paradise—braue meate I thinke. 12

<sup>1</sup> This is a ballad by Martin Parker, of which no other copy is known. The printer, who has the same initials as the author, was probably M. Parsons, who printed *English Villanies* in 1640. The tune of Cook Laurell (alias Cock Lorrell) will be found in *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, I. 161.

A couple of Phenix, a Cocke and a Hen,  
That late from Arabia had tane their flight ;  
I thinke such a Banquet was ne're made for men,  
As we had to Supper on Saturday night. 16

Two paire of Elephants Pettitoes boyld,  
A greene Dragon Spitchcock (an excellent dish),  
One messe by the Cooke was like to be spoil'd,  
And yet, by good hap, 'twas to euery one's wish : 20  
It was a Rhenoceros boyld in Alegant,  
To all who did taste it gaue great delight :  
Iudge whether we haue not occasion to vaunt  
Of this our rare Supper on Saturday night. 24

A Calues head was roast with a pudding i'th' belly  
(Of which all the women did heartily feed),  
A dish of Irish Harts' hornes boyld to a Jelly  
(Which most men esteem'd as a good dish indeed). 28  
I had almost forgotten to name sowc'd Owle  
Brought vp to the Master o'th' Feast, as his right ;  
He lou'd it, he said, aboue all other Fowle,  
And this was our Supper on Saturday night. 32

The next in due course was foure golden Horshooes,  
Exactly dissolued through a Woodcock's bill,  
Six Camelions in greene-sawce (Maids commonly chuse  
This dish euery day, if they may haue their will). 36  
The chine of a Lyon, the haunch of a Beare,  
Well larded with Brimstone and Quicksiluer bright :  
Iudge, Gentlemen, was not this excellent cheere  
That wee had to Supper on Saturday night ? 40

A whole Horse sowst after the Russian manner,  
Twelue Pigs of a strange Capadocian Bitch,  
Six dozen of Estridges rost (which a Tanner  
Did send out of Asia by an old Witch). 44  
A Leg of an Eagle carbonadoed (in Snow)  
The Pluck of a Grampoise stew'd till it was white ;  
And thus in particular I let you know  
What we had to Supper on Saturday night. 48

Then came in an Ell of a Jackanapes taile,  
Seru'd in vpon Sippets as dainty as may be ;  
O that is a dainty, which rather then faile,  
Might well serue to feast an Vtopian Lady ! 52

Twelve Maids were stew'd in the shell of a Shrimp,  
 And cause it was meat that was held very light,  
 They had for their Sawce a salt-pickled Pimpe,  
 And this was our Supper on Saturday night. 56

---

### The second Part.

TO THE SAME TUNE.

Two Beares sowst pig fashion, sent whole to the board,  
 And 4 black swans seru'd by 2 in a dish,  
 With a Lobster fried in steaks—take my word,  
 I know not well whether it was flesh or fish. 60  
 Two Cockatrices, and three Baboones boyld,  
 Two dry Salamanders, a very strange sight;  
 A Ioale of a Whale soundly butter'd and oyl'd;  
 And this was our Supper on Saturday night. 64

A good dish of Modicums, I know not what,  
 In Barbary Vinegar boyld very soft;  
 I mus'd how my Hostis became so huge fat,  
 I find 'tis with eating these Modicums oft: 68  
 A Grosse of Canary birds, roasted aliue,  
 That out of the dishes (for sport) tooke their flight,  
 And euery one present to catch them did striue:  
 This was our rare Supper on Saturday night. 72

A shoale of Red-herrings with bels 'bout their neckes,  
 Which made such rare sport that I neuer saw such;  
 They leaped and danced, with other fine tricks;  
 A man may admire how they could doe so much. 76  
 Two Porposes, parboil'd in May-dew and Roses,  
 That vnto the smell yeilded so much delighte,  
 Some (fearing to lose them) laid hold on their noses:  
 All this was at Supper on Saturday night. 80

Three dozen of Welsh Embassadors bakt,  
 Which made such a nois[e] it was heard through the town;  
 Some, hearing the eccho, their foreheads so akt,  
 That many a smile was orecome with a frowne; 84

A dish of Bonitoes, or fish that can flie,  
That out of the Indies came hither by flight;  
To close vp our stomacks, a Gridiron Pye  
We had to our Supper on Saturday night. 88

But what commeth after must not be forgotten,  
The Fruit and the Cheese, as they follow by course,  
A West Indian Cheese (not a bit of it rotten),  
That's made of no worse then the milke of a Horse; 92  
A dish of Pine-apples, two bushels at least,  
An hundred of Cokernuts for our delight:  
The world may admire at this wonderful feast  
Which we had at Supper on Saturday night. 96

Six Pumpians, codled with exquisite art,  
To pleasure the palate of euery one there;  
Then we at the last had a great Cabbage Tart;  
Thus haue I exactly described our Cheere: 100  
What all this amounted to, I cannot tell,  
It cost me nothing,—no, faith, not a mite;  
The Master o'th' Feast (whom I know very well)  
Did pay for this Supper on Saturday night. 104

Wee rose from our mirth with the 12 a clock chimes,  
Went euery one home as his way did direct,  
And I, for my part, on the morning betimes,  
Had a Breakfast prepar'd, which I did not expect: 108  
My wife, because she was not bidden to Supper,  
(It seemes by the story) she bare me a spight;  
The Breakfast she gaue me, to you I will vtter—  
It passed our Supper on Saturday night. 112

## SUNDAY MORNING BREAKFAST.

First, had I a dish of maundering broath,  
So scolding hote that I could not abide it,  
But I, like a patient man, (though I was loath)  
Must swallow all down, 'cause my wife did prouide it: 116  
A many small Reasons she put in the same;  
Her nose yeelded Pepper that keenly did bite:  
Thought I, here's a Breakfast (I thank my good dame)  
That passes our Supper on Saturday night. 120



A great Carpe Pye, and a dish of sad Pouts,  
 With Crocodile Vinegar,—sawce very tart;  
 Quoth she, thou last night wast among thy sound trouts,  
 Now fall to thy Breakfast, and comfort thy heart; 124  
 Then had I a cup full of stout Wormwood Beere,  
 (It seemes that in Physicke she has good insight,)  
 This shew'd me the difference 'twixt the homely cheere  
 And our dainty Supper on Saturday night. 128

## MUNDAY DINNER.

On this sorry fare all that day I did feed,  
 And on Munday morning, on purpose to win her,  
 I went and got money to furnish her need,  
 And now you shall heare what I had to my Dinner. 132  
 A Pye made of Conies, with Ducks and Pigs eyes,  
 With a deale of sweet Hony, my taste to delight,  
 With sweet Lambe and Chicken my mind to suffice:  
 These passed my Supper on Saturday night. 136

Another Pye made with a many Sheepes eyes,  
 With sweet Sugar Candy, that pleased my pallet;  
 These seuerall Banquets my Muse did aduise,  
 And with her assistance I made this mad Ballett: 140  
 There's no man that's wise will my paines reprehend,  
 For most married men will confesse I say right;  
 Yet on no occasion this Ditie was pen'd,  
 But to shew our rare Supper on Saturday night. 144

Finis.

M. P.

London, Printed by M. P. for Fr. Grove, neere the Sarazen's  
 head, without Newgate.

**Blue Cap for me.**

The copy of this ballad in the Roxburghe Collection is of some years' earlier date than the one included in the *Antidote against Melancholy* of 1661, Thomas Lambert published during the reign of Charles 1st and in the time of the Commonwealth. Perhaps the reference to "when our good King was in Falkland town," (line 18) may supply an approximate date to the composition. No other broadside copy is to be found in such of the great public Collections as the Pepys, the Bagford, the Wood, the Rawlinson, or the Douce. The ballad is curious from the various dialects and costumes assigned to the suitors. The tune, "Blue Cap for me," is included in the various editions of *The Dancing Master* from 1650 to 1690.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 20, 21.]

## Blew Cap for me,

Or,

A Scottish Lasse her resolute chusing,  
Shee'l have bonny blew-cap, all other refusing.

TO A CURIOUS NEW SCOTTISH TUNE CALLED *Blew-cap*.



Come hither, the merri'st of all the nine,  
 come, sit thee down by me, and let vs be iolly,  
 And in a full cup of Apollo's wine  
 wee'll drowne our old enemy, mad melancholy : 4  
 Which when wee haue done,  
 wee'll betweene vs deuise  
 A dainty new ditty  
 with art to comprise ; 8  
 And of this new ditty,  
 the matter shall be—  
*Gif ever I have a man,*  
*Blew-cap for me.* 12

There liues a blithe Lasse in Faukeland towne,  
 and shee had some suitors, I wot not how many ;  
 But her resolution she had set downe,  
 that shee'd haue a Blew-cap gif e're she had any : 16  
     An English man,  
     when our good king was there,  
 Came often vnto her,  
     and loued her deere : 20  
 But still she replide, " Sir,  
     I pray let me be,  
*Gif ever I haue a man,*  
*Blew-cap for me."* 24

A Welchman, that had a long sword by her side,  
 red pitches, red Tublet, red Coat, & red Peard,  
 Was make a creat shew with a creat deal of pride,  
 and tell her strange tale that the like was nere heard ; 28  
     Was reckon her pedigree  
     long before Prute ;  
 No body was by her  
     that can her confute : 32  
 But still she replide, " Sir,  
     I pray let me be ;  
*Gif ever I haue a man,*  
*Blew-cap for me."* 36

A Frenchman, that largely was booted and spur'd,  
 long lock't, with a Ribon, long points and breeches,  
 Hee's ready to kisse her at euery word,  
 and for further exercise his fingers itches : 40  
     " You be pritty wench,  
     Mistris, par ma'foy ;  
 Be gar, me doe loue you,  
     then be not you coy." 44  
 But still she replide, " Sir,  
     I pray let me be ;  
*Gif ever I haue a man,*  
*Blew-cap for me."* 48

An Irishman, with a long skeane in his hose,  
 did tinke to obtaine her it was no great matter ;  
 Vp stayres to her chamber so lightly he goes,  
 that she ne're heard him vntil he came at her. 52

Quoth he, "I doe loue you,  
by fate and by trote,  
And if you will haue me,  
experience shall shote." 56  
But still she replide, "Sir,  
I pray let me be ;  
*Gif ever I haue a man,*  
*Blew-cap for me."* 60

The second Part.

TO THE SAME TUNE.



A Dainty spruce Spanyard, with haire black as jett,  
long cloak with round cape, a long Rapier and Ponyard ;  
Hee told her if that shee could Scotland forget,  
hee'd shew her the Vines as they grow in the Vineyard. 64



- “ If thou wilt abandon  
     this Country so cold,  
 He shew thee faire Spaine,  
     and much Indian gold.” 68  
 But stil she replide, “ Sir,  
     I pray let me be ;  
*Gif ever I have a man,*  
     *Blew-cap for me.”* 72
- A haughty high German of Hamborough towne,  
     a proper tall gallant, with mighty mustachoes ;  
 He weepes if the Lasse vpon him doe but frowne,  
     yet he’s a great Fencer that comes to ore-match vs. 76  
     But yet all his fine fencing  
     could not get the Lasse ;  
 She deny’d him so oft,  
     that he wearyed was ; 80  
 For still she replide, “ Sir,  
     I pray let me be ;  
*Gif ever I have a man,*  
     *Blew-cap for me.”* 84
- A Netherland Mariner there came by chance,  
     whose cheekes did resemble two roosting Pomwaters ;  
 To this cany Lasse he his sute did aduance,  
     and, as taught by nature, he cunningly flatters :— 88  
     “ Isk will make thee,” said he,  
     “ sole Lady o’ th’ Sea,  
 Both Spanirds and Englishman  
     shall thee obey.” 92  
 But stil she replide, “ Sir,  
     I pray let me be ;  
*Gif ever I have a man,*  
     *Blew-cap for mee.”* 96
- These sundry Sutors, of seuerall Lands,  
     did daily sollicite this Lasse for her fauour ;  
 And euery one of them alike vnderstands  
     that to win the prize they in vaine did endeauour : 100  
     For she had resolved  
     (as I before said)  
 To haue bonny Blew-cap,  
     or else bee a maid. 104

Vnto all her suppliants  
still replyde she,  
“*Gif ever I have a man,  
Blew-cap for mee.*” 108

At last came a Scottish-man (with a blew-cap),  
and he was the party for whom she had tarry'd ;  
To get this blithe bonny Lasse 'twas his gude hap,—  
they gang'd to the Kirk, & were presently marry'd. 112  
I ken not weele whether  
it were Lord or Leard ;  
They caude him some sike  
a like name as I heard ; 116  
To chuse him from au  
she did gladly agree,—  
And still she cride, “*Blew-cap,  
th'art welcome to mee.*” 120

Finis.

Printed at London for Thomas Lambert.

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### A Pleasant new Court Song.

A second copy of this Court Song will be found in the Pepys Collection (I. 300) printed for Edward Wright, but this, published by the assigns of Symcock, is, in all probability, of a few years' earlier date. Edward Wright assigned his stock to William Gilbertson in April, 1655. The tune of the ballad will be found in *Popular Music*, I. 254.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 22, 23.]

## A pleasant new Court Song.

Betweene a yong Courtier and a Countrey Lasse.

TO A NEW COURT TUNE.



Vpon a Summer's time,  
 in the middle of the morne,  
 A bonny Lasse I spide,  
 the fairest ere was borne ;  
 Fast by a standing poole,  
 within a meddow greene,  
 She laide herselfe to coole,  
 not thinking to be seene.

4

8

She gathered louely flowers,  
 and spent her time in sport,  
 As if to Cupid's bowers  
 she daily did resort.  
 The fields afford content  
 vnto this maiden kinde,  
 Much time and paines she spent  
 to satisfie her minde.

12

11

The Cowslip there she cropt,  
the Daffadill and Dazie ;  
The Primrose lookt so trim,  
she scorned to be lazie : 20  
And euer as [s]he did  
these pretty posies pull,  
She rose and fetcht a sigh,  
and wisht her apron full. 24

I, hearing of her wish,  
made bold to step vnto her ;  
Thinking her loue to winne,  
I thus began to wooe her :— 28  
“ Faire maide, be not so coy,  
to kisse thee I am bent.”  
“ O fie,” she cride, “ away !”  
yet, smiling, gaue consent. 32

Then did I helpe to plucke  
of euery flower that grew ;  
No herbe nor flower I mist,  
but onely Time and Rue. 36  
Both she and I tooke paines  
to gather flowers store,  
Vntill this maiden said,  
“ kinde sir, Ile haue no more.” 40

Yet still my louing heart  
did proffer more to pull ;  
“ No, sir,” quoth she, “ ile part,  
because mine apron’s full. 44  
So, sir, ile take my leaue,  
till next we meet againe :”  
Rewards me with a kisse,  
and thankes me for my paine. 48



**The second Part.**

TO THE SAME TUNE.



It was my chance of late  
 to walke the pleasant fields,  
 Where sweet tun'd chirping birds  
 harmonious musicke yeelds. 52

I lent a listening eare  
 vnto their musicke rare ;  
 at last mine eye did glance  
 vpon a Damsell faire. 56

I stept me close aside,  
 vnder a Hawthorne bryer ;  
 Her passions laid her downe,  
 ore-rul'd with fond desire. 60

“ Alacke, fond maide,” she cride,—  
 and straight[way] fell a weeping,—  
 “ Why sufferest thou thy heart  
 within a false ones keeping ? 64

Wherefore is Venus Queene,  
whom maids adore in mind,  
Obdurate to our prayers,  
or, like her fondling, blinde, 68  
When we doe spend our loues,  
whose fond expence is vaine?  
For men are growne so false,  
the[y] cannot loue againe. 72

The Queene of loue doth know  
best how the matter stands;  
And, Hymen knowes, I long  
to come within her bands. 76  
My loue best knowes my loue,  
and loue repaies with hate;  
Was euer virgin's loue  
so much vnfortunate? 80

Did my loue fickle proue,  
then had he cause to flye;  
But Ile be indg'd by loue,—  
I lou'd him constantly." 84  
I, hearing of her vowes,  
set bashfulnesse apart,  
And striu'd, with all my skill,  
to cheere this maiden's heart. 88

I did instruct her loue  
where loue might be repaid:  
"Could I," quoth she, "find loue,  
I were an happy maid." 92  
I straight, in loue, replide,  
"in me thou Loue shalt finde;"  
So made the bargaine sure,  
and eas'd the Maiden's minde. 96

Finis.

Printed by the Assignes of Thomas Smycocke.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 24, 25.]

# A pleasant Countrey new Ditty :

Merrily shewing how  
To driue the cold Winter away.

To THE TUNE OF *When Phæbus did rest, etc.*



All hayle to the dayes  
That merite more praise  
    then all the rest of the yeare ;  
And welcome the nights, 4  
That double delights  
    as well [for] the poore as the peere :  
Good fortune attend  
Each merry man's friend 8  
    that doth but the best that he may,  
Forgetting old wrongs,  
With Carrols and Songs  
    *to driue the cold winter away.* 12

Let misery packe,  
With a whip at his backe,  
    to the deep Tantalian flood : 15

<sup>1</sup> This is a ballad of the sixteenth century, reprinted in the seventeenth. The copy in the Pepys Collection was, like this, printed by H[enry] G[osson], and there is a third copy, included in the fourth volume of the Roxburghe. Some account of the ballad, and of its spirited tune, will be found in *Popular Music*, I. 193-5. The popularity of both has been great and enduring.

<i>A pleasant Countrey new Ditty.</i>	85
In the Lethe profound	16
Let enuy be drown'd that pines at another man's good ;	
Let sorrowes expence Be banded from hence,	20
all payments of grieffe delay :	
And wholly consort With mirth and with sport,	
<i>to driue the cold winter away.</i>	24
'Tis ill for a mind To anger inclin'd	
to ruminare iniuries now ;	
If wrath be to seeke,	28
Do not let her thy cheeke, nor yet inhabite thy brow.	
Crosse out of those bookes Maleuolent lookes,	32
both beauty and youthes decay :	
And spend the long night In honest delight,	
<i>To driue the cold winter away.</i>	36
The Court in all state Now opens her gate,	
and bids a free welcome to most ;	
The City likewise,	40
Though somewhat precise, doth willingly part with her cost ;	
And yet, by report From City and Court,	44
the Countrey gets the day :	
More Liquor is spent, And better content,	
<i>to driue the cold winter away.</i>	48
The Gentry there For cost do not spare,	
the Yeomanry fast [but] in Lent ;	
The Farmers, and such,	52
Thinks nothing too much, if they keep but to pay their Rent.	
The poorest of all Do merrily call	56



(Want beares but a little sway,  
 For a Song or a Tale  
 Ore a Pot of good Ale,  
*to drive the cold winter away.* 60

Thus none will allow  
 Of solitude now,  
 but merrily greets the time,  
 To make it appeare, 64  
 Of all the whole yeare,  
 that this is accounted the Prime.

December is seene  
 Apparel'd in greene, 68  
 and Ianuary, fresh as May,  
 Comes dancing along,  
 With a cup or a Song,  
*To drive the cold winter away.* 72

### The second Part.

TO THE SAME TUNE.



This time of the yeare  
 Is spent in good Cheare ;  
 kind neighbours together meet

<i>A pleasant Countrey new Ditty.</i>	87
To sit by the fire, With friendly desire each other in loue to greet :	76
Old grudges forgot Are put in the pot, all sorrowes aside they lay ;	80
The old and the yong Doth carroll his Song, <i>to driue the cold winter away.</i>	84
Sisley and Nanny More iocund then any, (as blithe as the Month of Iune)	
Do caroll and sing Like birds of the spring, no Nightingale sweeter in tune :	88
To bring in content, When summer is spent, In pleasant delight and play ;	92
With mirth and good cheere To end the old yeere, <i>And driue the cold winter away.</i>	96
The Shepheard, the Swaine, Do highly disdain to waste out his time in care ;	
And Clim of the Clough Hath plenty enough, if but a penny he spare	100
To spend at the night, In ioy and delight, now after his labours all day :	104
For better then Lands Is helpe of his hands, <i>to driue the cold winter away.</i>	108
To Maske and to Mum Kind neighbours will come with Wassels of nut-browne Ale,	
To drinke and carouse To all in this house, as merry as bucks in the pale ;	112
Where Cake, Bread and Cheese, Is brought for your fees,	116

*A pleasant Countrey new Ditty.*

to make you the longer stay ;  
 At the fire to warme  
 Will do you no harme,  
*to driue the cold winter away.* 120

When Christmas tide  
 Comes in like a Bride,  
     with Holly and Iuy clad,—  
 Twelue dayes in the yeare 124  
 Much mirth and good cheare  
     in euery houshold is had :  
 The Countrey guise  
 Is then to deuise 128  
     some gambole of Christmas play ;  
 Whereas the yong men  
 Do best that they can  
*to driue the cold winter away.* 132

When white-bearded Frost  
 Hath threatned his worst,  
     and fallen from Branch and Bryer,—  
 Then time away cals 136  
 From Husbandry Hals,  
     & from the good Countryman's fire,  
 Together to go  
 To Plow and to sow, 140  
     to get vs both food and array :  
 And thus, with content,  
 The time we haue spent,  
*to driue the cold winter away.* 144

Finis.

Printed at London for H. G.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 26, 27.]

## The Catholick Ballad,<sup>1</sup>

Or an Invitation to Popery upon Considerable  
Grounds and Reasons.

TO THE TUNE OF *Eighty eight.*

Since Pop'ry of late is so much in debate,  
And great strivings have been to restore it,  
I cannot forbear openly to declare  
That the Ballad-makers are for it. 4

We'll dispute no more then, these heretical men  
Have exposed our books unto laughter;  
So that many do say, 'twill be the best way  
To sing for the cause hereafter. 8

O, the Catholic Cause! now assist me, my Muse,  
How earnestly do I desire thee!  
Neither will I pray to St. Bridget to day,  
But only to thee to inspire me. 12

Whence should Purity come, but from Catholic Rome?  
I wonder much at your folly!  
For St. Peter was there, and left an old chair,  
Enough to make all the world holy. 16

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<sup>1</sup> This is a ballad of an exceptional kind. It is not the production of an ordinary ballad writer, but was written by Walter Pope, M.D., one of the original Fellows of the Royal Society, (1663,) and who, after having been Dean of Wadham College, became Gresham Professor of Astronomy, on the retirement of Sir Christopher Wren and Mr. Rooke. Some account of Dr. Pope will be found in Ward's *Lives of the Gresham Professors* and in Wood's *Athenæ Oxonienses*. He was the author of two other controversial ballads, "Rome," and "The Geneva Ballad;" but the work by which he has been best, and most deservedly, known, is "The Old Man's Wish," beginning

"If I live to grow old,  
(As I find I go down)."

"The Catholic Ballad" and "The Geneva Ballad" bear the date of 1674; "The Old Man's Wish," of 1684. For the tune of *Eighty eight* see *Popular Music*, I. 212.



For this sacred old wood is so excellent good,  
 If our doctors may be believed,  
 That whoever sits there, needs never more fear  
 The danger of being deceived. 20

If the Devil himself should (God bless us) get up,—  
 Though his nature we know to be evil,—  
 Yet whilst he sat there, as divers will swear,  
 He would be an infallible Devil. 24

Now who sits in the seat but our father the Pope?  
 Which is a plain demonstration,  
 As clear as noon-day, we are in a right way,  
 And all others are doom'd to Damnation. 28

If this will not suffice, yet, to open your eyes,  
 Which are blinded with bad education,  
 We have arguments plenty, and miracles twenty,  
 Enough to convince a whole nation. 32

If you give but good heed, you shall see the Host bleed,  
 And, if any thing can persuade ye,  
 An image shall speak, or at least it shall squeak  
 In the honour of our Lady. 36

You shall see, without doubt, the Devil cast out,  
 As of old, by Erra Pater;  
 He shall skip about and tear, like a dancing bear,  
 When he feels the Holy Water. 40

If yet doubtful you are, we have reliques most rare,—  
 We can shew you the sacred manger;  
 Several loads of the cross, as good as e're was,  
 To preserve your souls from danger. 44

Should I tell you of all, it would move a stone-wall,  
 But I spare you a little for pity,  
 That each one may prepare, and rub up his ear,  
 For the Second Part of my Ditty. 48

**The Second Part.**

TO THE SAME TUNE.

Now listen again, to those things that remain,  
They are matters of weight, I assure you ;  
And the first thing I say, throw your bibles away,  
'Tis impossible else for to cure you. 52

O that pestilent book ! never on it more look,—  
I wish I could sing it out louder,—  
It has done men more harm, I dare boldly affirm,  
Than th' invention of guns and [gun]powder. 56

As for matters of faith, believe what the church saith,  
But for Scripture, leave that to the learned ;  
For these are edge-tools, and you laymen are fools,—  
If you touch them, y'are sure to be harmed. 60

But pray what is it for, that you make all this stir ?  
You must read, you must hear, and be learned :  
If you'l be on our part, we will teach you an art,  
That you need not be so much concerned. 64

Be the churches good son, and your work is half done,  
After that you may do your own pleasure :  
If your beads you can tell, and say Ave Mary well,  
Never doubt of the heavenly treasure. 68

For the Pope keeps the keys, and can do what he please,  
And without all, peradventure,  
If you cannot at the fore, yet at the back-door  
Of Indulgence you may enter. 72

But first, by the way, you must make a short stay  
At a place called Purgatory,  
Which, the learned us tell, in the buil[d]ings of Hell,  
Is about the middlemost story. 76

'Tis a monstrous hot place, and a mark of disgrace,  
In the torment on't long to endure ;  
None are kept there but fools, and poor pitiful souls  
Who can no ready money procure. 80

[For] a handsom round sum you may quickly be gon,  
 So the Church has wisely ordein'd,  
 And they who build crosses and pay well for masses,  
 Would not there be too long detein'd. 84

And that 'tis a plain case, as the nose on one's face,  
 They are in the surest condition,  
 Since none but poor fools, & some niggardly owls,  
 Can fall into utter perdition. 88

[If] they fail you then, O ye great and rich men,  
 ['Tis] that you will not hearken to reason;  
 [For] as long as y' have pence, y' need scruple no offence,  
 For murther, adultery, treason. 92

And ye sweet-natur'd women, who hold all things common,  
 My addresses to you are most hearty;  
 And to give you your due, you are to us most true,  
 And we hope we shall gain the whole party. 96

If you happen to fall, your pennance is small,  
 And although you cannot forgo it,  
 We have for you a cure, if of this you be sure,  
 To confess before you go to it. 100

There is one reason yet, which I cannot omit,  
 To those who affect the French nation,—  
 Hereby we advance the religion of France,  
 The religion that's only in fashion. 104

If these reasons prevail (as how can they fail?)  
 To have Popery entertain'd,  
 You cannot conceive, and will hardly believe,  
 What benefits hence may be gain'd. 108

For the Pope shall us bless (that's no small happiness),  
 And again we shall see restored  
 The Italian trade, which formerly made  
 This land to be so much adored. 112

O the pictures and rings, the beads and fine things,  
 The good words as sweet as honey,  
 All this and much more shall be brought to our door,  
 For a little dull English money. 116

Then shall iustice and love, and whatever can move,  
Be restored again to our Britain ;  
And learning so common, that every old woman  
Shall say her prayers in Latin. 120

Then the church shall bear sway, and the state shall obey,  
Which is now lookt upon as a wonder ;  
And the proudest of kings, with all temporal things,  
Shall submit and [shall all] trickle under. 124

And the parliament too, who have tak'n us to do,  
And have handled us with so much terror,  
May chance on that score ('tis no time to say more),  
They may chance to acknowledge their error. 128

If any man, yet, shall have so little wit  
As still to be refractory,  
I swear by the mass, he is a meer ass,  
And so there's an end of the Story. 132

Finis

[London, printed for Henry Brome at the Gun, the west end of  
St. Paul's Church-yard, MDCLXXVIII.

Written by Walter Pope, A.M., of the Royal Society, and  
sometime Fellow of Wadham College.]

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### **The Cruel Shrew ; or, The Patient Man's Woe.**

The Roxburghe Copy of this ballad is probably unique, and the name of the author, Arthur Halliarg, is known only through this ballad. The tune to which it was sung will be found in *Pop. Music*, I. 341.



[Roxb. Coll. I. 28, 29.]

# The Cruell Shrow :

Or,

## The Patient Man's Woe.

Declaring the misery, and the great paine,  
By his vnquiet wife he doth dayly sustaine.

TO THE TUNE OF *Cuckolds all arowe.*



Come, Batchelers and Married men,  
and listen to my song,  
And I will shew you plainely, then,  
the iniury and wrong  
That constantly I doe sustaine  
by the vnhappy life,  
The which does put me to great paine,  
by my vnquiet wife.

4

8

- She neuer lannes<sup>1</sup> her bauling,  
 her tongue it is so loud ;  
 But alwaies shee'le be railing,  
 and will not be contrould : 12  
 For shee the briches still will weare,  
 although it breedes my strife :—  
 If I were now a batcheler,  
 I'de neuer haue a wife. 16
- Sometime I goe i' the morning  
 about my dayly worke,—  
 My wife she will be snorting,  
 and in her bed she'le lurke 20  
 Vntill the chimes doe goe at eight,  
 then she'le beginne to wake ;  
 Her morning's draught, well spiced straight,  
 to cleare her eyes, she'le take. 24
- As soone as shee is out of bed  
 her looking-glasse shee takes,  
 (So vainely is she dayly led) ;  
 her morning's worke shee makes 28  
 In putting on her braue atyre,  
 that fine and costly be,  
 Whilst I worke hard in durt and mire,—  
 alacke ! what remedy ? 32
- Then she goes foorth a gossiping  
 amongst her owne comrades ;  
 And then she falls a bowsing  
 with [all] her merry blades. 36  
 When I come home from my labour hard,  
 then shee'le begin to scould,  
 And calls me rogue, without regard,  
 which makes my heart full cold. 40
- When I come home into my house,  
 thinking to take my reste,  
 Then she'le begin me to abuse  
 (before she did but iest), 44  
 With “out, you raskall ! you have beene  
 abroad to meet your whoore !”—  
 Then shee takes vp a cudgel's end,  
 and breaks my head full sore. 48

<sup>1</sup> Ang.-Sax. *linnan* = to cease.

When I, for quietnesse-sake, desire  
 my wife for to be still,  
 She will not grant what I require,  
 but swears she'le haue her will. 52  
 'Then if I chance to heaue my hand,  
 straight-way she'le "murder!" cry :  
 Then iudge all men that here doe stand,  
 in what a case am I. 56

The second Part,

TO THE SAME TUNE.



And if a friend by chance me call  
 to drinke a pot of Beere,  
 Then she'le begin to curse and brall,  
 and fight, and scratch, and teare, 60

And swears vnto my worke she'le send  
me straight, without delay,  
Or else, with the same cudgel's end,  
shee will me soundly pay. 64

And if I chance to sit at meat  
vpon some holy day,  
She is so sullen, she will not eate,  
but vexe me euer and aye : 68  
She'le pout, and loure, and curse, & bann—  
this is the weary life  
That I doe leade, poore harmelesse man,  
with my most dogged wife. 72

Then is not this a pitteous cause ?  
let all men now it trie,  
And giue their verdicts, by the lawes,  
betweene my wife and I ; 76  
And judge the cause, who is to blame,—  
Ile to their judgement stand,  
And be contented with the same,  
and put thereto my hand. 80

If I abroad goe any where,  
my businesse for to doe,  
Then will my wife anone be there,  
for to encrease my woe : 84  
Straight way she such a noise wil make  
with her most wicked tongue,  
That all her mates, her part to take,  
about me soone will thronge. 88

Thus am I now tormented still  
with my most cruell wifè ;  
All through her wicked tongue so ill,  
I am weary of my life : 92  
I know not truely what to doe,  
nor how my selfe to mend ;  
This lingring life doth breede my woe,  
I would 'twere at an ende. 96



O that some harmelesse honest man,  
 whom death did so befriend,  
 To take his wife from of [f] his hand,  
 his sorrowes for to end, 100  
 Would change with me, to rid my care,  
 and take my wife aliue  
 For his dead wife vnto his share,  
 then I would hope to thriue. 104

But so it likely will not be,  
 (that is the worst of all !)  
 For, to encrease my dayly woe,  
 and for to breed my fall, 108  
 My wife is still most froward bent—  
 such is my lucklesse fate !—  
 There is no man will be content  
 with my vnhappy state. 112

Thus to conclude and make an ende  
 of these my verses rude,  
 I pray all wiues for to amende,  
 and with peace to be endude. 116  
 Take warning, all men, by the life  
 that I sustained long,—  
 Be carefull how you'le chuse a wife,  
 and so I'le ende my Song. 120

Finis.

Arthur Halliarg.

London, Printed by M. P. for Henry Gosson, on London Bridge,  
 neere the Gate.

### **The Cooper of Norfolk.**

A very popular ballad by Martin Parker. There are two extant copies in the Roxburghe Collection, two in the Pepys, and two in the Douce. An earlier ballad upon the same subject is in Mr. Huth's Collection. It has been reprinted by Mr. Huth, in 'Ancient Ballads and Broad-sides' for the Philobiblon Society (4to, 1867, p. 88). The earlier ballad is in four-line stanzas, and begins, "If that you list, now merry be."

[Roxb. Coll. I. 30, 31.]

# The Cooper of Norfolkke :

or

A pretty Jest of a Brewer and the Cooper's Wife : And  
how the Cooper served the Brewer in his kind.

TO THE TUNE OF *The Wiving age.*



Attend, my Masters, and listen well  
Vnto this my Ditty, which briefly doth tell  
Of a fine merry Jest which in Norfolkke befell. 3  
A braue lusty Cooper in that Countie did dwell,  
And there he cry'd, Worke for a Cooper ;  
Maids, ha' ye any worke for a Cooper ? 6

This Cooper he had a faire creature to's wife,  
Which a Brewer i'th Towne lou'd as deare as his life ;  
And she had a tricke which in some wiues is rife, 9  
She still kept a sheath for another man's knife,  
And often cornuted the Cooper,  
While he cry'd, More worke for a Cooper. 12

It hapned one morning the Cooper out went,  
 To worke for his liuing it was his intent ;  
 He trusted his house to his wiues gouernment, 15  
 And left her in bed to her owne heart's content,  
     While he cry'd, What worke for a Cooper,  
     Maids, ha' ye any worke for a Cooper ? 18

And as the Cooper was passing along,  
 Still crying and calling his old wonted song,  
 The Brewer, his riuall, both lustie and yong, 21  
 Did thinke now or neuer to doe him some wrong,  
     And lie with the wife of the Cooper,  
     Who better lov'd him than the Cooper. 24

So, calling the Cooper, hee to him did say,  
 " Goe home to my house, and make no delay,  
 I haue so much worke as thou canst doe to-day ; 27  
 What euer thou earnest, Ile bountifully pay."  
     These tidings well pleased the Cooper :  
     Oh, this was brave newes for the Cooper. 30

Away went the Cooper to th' house of the Brewer,  
 Who, seeing him safe at his worke to indure,  
 Thought he, now for this day the Cooper is sure ; 33  
 Ile goe to his wife, her green-sickness to cure ;  
     Take heed of your forehead, good Cooper,  
     For now I must worke for the Cooper. 36

So straightwaies he went to the Cooper's dwelling ;  
 The goodwife to giue entertainment was willing ;  
 The Brewer & she like two pigeons were billing ; 39  
 And what they did else they haue bound mee from telling.  
     He pleased the wife of the Cooper,  
     Who better lov'd him than the Cooper. 42

But marke how it happened now at the last :  
 The sunshine of pleasure was soone ouer-past ;  
 The Cooper did lacke one of 's tooles, and in haste, 45  
 He came home to fetch it, and found the doore fast.  
     " Wife, open the doore," quoth the Cooper,  
     " And let in thy husband the Cooper." 48

Now when the good wife and the Brewer did heare  
 The Cooper at doore, affrighted they were :  
 The Brewer was in such a bodily feare, 51  
 That for to hide himselfe he knew not where,  
 To shun the fierce rage of the Cooper :  
 He thought he should die by the Cooper. 54

The good wife perceiuing his wofull estate,  
 She hauing a subtill and politicke pate,  
 She suddenly whelm'd downe a great brewing Fat, 57  
 And closely she couer'd the Brewer with that.  
 Then after shee let in the Cooper.  
 "What's under this Tub?" quoth the Cooper. 60

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## The Second Part.

TO THE SAME TUNE.

She hearing her husband that question demand,  
 She thought it was time to her tackling to stand :  
 "Take heed how you moue it," quod she, "with your hand, 63  
 For there's a liue Pig, was sent by a friend :  
 Oh, let it alone, good Cooper."  
 Thus she thought to couzen the Cooper. 66

"Is it a sow pig?" the Cooper did say ;  
 "Let me hau't to my Supper—" the good wife said, "nay,  
 It is, sir, a bore pig," quo she, "by my fay ; 69  
 'Tis for my owne diet, 'twas giu'n me to-day.  
 It is not for you, Iohn Cooper ;  
 Then let it alone, Iohn Cooper." 72

"I would it were in thy belly," quoth John.  
 "Indeed," quoth the good wife, "so it shall be anon ;  
 What ere I do with it, faith, thou shalt haue none : 75  
 Why stand'st thou here prating? I prethee be gone :  
 Make haste to thy worke, Iohn Cooper ;  
 Worse meat's good enough for a Cooper. 78



“ Cannot a good wife haue a bit now and than,  
 But there must be notice tane by the good man ?  
 Ile hau’t to my dinner, sir, doe what you can ; 81  
 It may be I long to haue all or [else] none.  
     Then prethee content thyselfe, Cooper ;  
     Oh, goe to thy worke, Iohn Cooper.” 84

The Cooper mistrusted some knauerie to be  
 Hid vnder the brewing Fat, and therefore hee  
 Was fully resolu’d for his mind-sake to see. 87  
 Alas ! thought the Brewer, now woe be to me ;  
     Oh, what shall I say to the Cooper ?  
     I would I were gone from the Cooper. 90

“ You whore,” q[uo]d the Cooper ; “ is this your Bore-pig ?  
 He has beene well fed, for hee’s growne very big :  
 Ile either of him haue an arme or a leg ; 93  
 Ile make him vnable his taile for to wrig ;  
     Before he gets hence from Iohn Cooper  
     Ile make him remember the Cooper.” 96

“ Oh, pardon me, neighbour,” the Brewer did say,  
 “ And for the offence I haue done thee this day  
 I am well contented thy wrath to allay, 99  
 And make restitution for this my foule play ;  
     O prethee forgive me, Iohn Cooper,  
     And Ile be a friend to Iohn Cooper. 102

“ If from this offence thou wilt set me cleere,  
 My bounty and loue to thee shall appeare :  
 Ile freely allow thee and thine all the yeare, 105  
 As much as yee’l drink, either strong Ale or Beere.  
     Then prethee forgive me, Iohn Cooper,  
     Accept of my proffer, Iohn Cooper.” 108

“ Oh, no” quoth the Cooper, “ I’de haue thee to thinke,  
 That I with my labour can buy myselfe drinke ;  
 Ile geld thee, or lame thee, ere from me thou shrink.” 111  
 These words made the Brewer with feare for to stink.  
     He feared the rage of the Cooper,  
     Yet still he intreated the Cooper. 114

- The Cooper by no meanes would let goe his hold ;  
The Brewer cry'd out to the Cooper, and told  
Him, there was the key of his siluer and gold, 117  
And gaue him free leaue to fetch what he would.  
Oh, then he contented the Cooper ;  
These tidings well pleased the Cooper. 120
- “ If thou,” quoth the Cooper, “ wilt sweare with an oath,  
To doe all thou tell'st me, although I am loath,  
I will be contented to pardon you both.” 123  
“ Content,” quoth the Brewer, “ I will, by my troth.  
Here, take thou my key, Iohn Cooper.”  
“ Yea, with a good will,” quoth the Cooper. 126
- On this condition they both went their way,  
Both Iohn and the Brewer, but Iohn kept the key  
Which open'd the Coffer, where more money lay 129  
Than Iohn the Cooper had seene many a day.  
This is a brave sight, thought the Cooper.  
He furnish myselfe, thought the Cooper. 132
- Iohn was so farre in affection with that,  
That he tooke up handfuls and filled his Hat.  
“ I will haue my bargaine,” quoth Iohn, “ that is flat ; 135  
The Brewer shall pay well for vsing my Fat ;  
He cry no more Worke for a Cooper ;  
Farewell to the trade of a Cooper.” 138
- Thus money can pacifie the greatest strife ;  
For Iohn neuer after found fault with his wife.  
Hee left off his adz, his saw, and his knife, 141  
And after liu'd richly all daies of his life.  
Hee cry'd no more, “ Work for a Cooper ;”  
Oh, he left off the trade of a Cooper. 144
- And in his merry mood [then] oft he would say,  
“ If that I had hoop't twenty tubs in one day,  
I should not haue got so much wealth, by my fay ; 147  
Gramercie, kind wife, for thy wit found the way  
To make a rich man of Iohn Cooper.  
Oh, what a good wife has Iohn Cooper.” 150

Let no marry'd couple, that heare this tale told,  
 Be of the opinion this couple did hold,  
 (To sell reputation for siluer or gold) 153  
 For credit and honesty should not be sold.  
 Thus ended the song of the Cooper,  
 That cry'd, Ha' ye any worke for a Cooper? 156

M. P.

Finis.

Printed at London, for Francis Grove, on Snow-hill.

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### Choice of Indentions.

In the first stanza of the following ballad we have one of the many tales that are told against the men of Gotham. There are two villages of that name in England, the one in Nottinghamshire and the other in Sussex, and it has been disputed as to which of them has the greater claim to have been thus distinguished. The fame of the men of Gotham is of early date. Dr. Andrew Bordes, a physician in the reign of Henry VIII., "gathered together" and published "The merry Tales of the Mad-Men of Gottam," and his book was kept in print, through repeated editions, down to the end of the eighteenth century. Lastly, it was reprinted, some twenty years ago, by the Percy Society.

The copy of the ballad is perhaps unique, and the story against the men of Gotham told therein, is not included in Dr. Andrew Bordes' book.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 32, 33.]

## Choice of Inventions,

or

Seuerall sorts of the figure of thre,  
 That are newly compos'd, as here you may see ;  
 Then lend your attention, you shall heare anon :  
 It goes to the tune of "Rock the Cradle, sweet John."



There were three men of Gotam,  
 as I haue heard men say,  
 That needs would ride a hunting  
 vpon Saint Dauid's day. 4  
 Though all the day they hunting were,  
 yet no sport could they see,  
 Vntill they spide an Owle,  
 as she sate in a tree. 8



- The first man said it was a Goose,  
 the second man said nay,  
 The third man said it was a Hawke,  
 but his Bels were falne away : 12  
*There was an Ewe had three Lambes,*  
*and one of them was blacke ;*  
*There was a man had three sonnes,*  
*Jeffery, Iames, and Lacke ;* 16  
*The one was hang'd, the other drown'd,*  
*The third was lost and never found,*  
*The old man he fell in a sownd :<sup>1</sup>*  
*come, fill vs a cup of Sacke.* 20
- There were three London Lasses  
 did loue a bonney Lad,  
 And either of these Wench[e]s thought  
 this young man to haue had. 24  
 These Damsels all together met,  
 and wrought a strange deuice,  
 That she should haue the man that could  
 throw most vpon three Dice ; 28  
 Their maiden-heads must be the stake.  
 now marke what did befall,—  
 The young man threw the greatest cast,  
 and brauely wonne them all.  
*There was an Ewe, &c.* 33
- There were three good old women  
 that would not be contrould,  
 And each of them must take her cup,  
 to keepe them from the cold. 37  
 The one of them a Taylor's wife,  
 the other was a Weauer,  
 The third a merry Cobler's wife,  
 that praid for dirty weather ; 41  
 To sit and chat of this and that,  
 it was then their hearts' desire ;  
 So long they staid till two were drunk,  
 the third fell in the fire.  
*There was an Ewe, &c.* 46
- The Piper pip't his wife a daunce,  
 and there sprung vp a Rose ;

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<sup>1</sup> sownd = "sbound" = "swoon."

- The Cobler drunke strong Ale so long  
till he had wrong'd his Hose ; 50  
His wife came with a Broomstaffe,  
and strooke him on the head,  
That euery one did surely thinke  
the Cobler had beene dead : 54  
But being to his senses come,  
“sweet wife,” said he, “be quiet,  
This tweluemonth's day Ile take small Beere  
or water for my diet.”  
*There was an Ewe, &c.* 59
- A man that hath a sluttish wife  
is in a beastly taking,  
And he that hath a cleanly wife  
is of another making : 63  
He that hath a dogged wife  
my fancy cannot brooke,  
But he that hath a vertuous wife  
hath farre more better lucke : 67  
He that hath a drunken wife,  
that spends all at the Alehouse,  
Were better take a Cord in hand,  
and hang himselfe at the Gallowes. 71  
*There was a Ewe had three Lambs,  
the one of them was blacke ;  
There was a man had three sonnes,  
Ieffery, Iames, and Iacke ;* 75  
*The one was hang'd, the other drown'd,  
The third was lost and neuer found,  
The old man he fell in a sownd :  
come, fill vs a cup of Sacke.* 79
-

**The Second Part.**

TO THE SAME TUNE.



There was a Lasse had three Louers,  
 the one of them a Taylor,  
 The second was a monied man,  
 the third a Iouiall Saylor : 83  
 The Taylor gaue his Loue a Gowne,  
 in loue and kinde good will ;  
 The Vsurer, with his money-bags,  
 her purse did often fill ; 87  
 The Saylor in the Euening came  
 vnto his heart's delight,  
 And brauely carried the wench away,  
 the childe and all, by night. 91

There was a Ewe had three Lambes,  
 and one of them was blacke ;  
 There was a man had three sonnes,  
 Jeffery, Iames, and Iacke ; 95  
 The one was hang'd, the other drown'd,  
 The third was lost and neuer found,  
 The old man he fell in a sownd :  
 come, fill vs a cup of Sacke. 99

There were three roaring Fidlers  
 came lately out of France,  
 That light[ly] and [that] nimbly can  
 teach maidens how to daunce. 103  
 In Turnbull-street and Clarkenwell,  
 Picket-hatch, and faire Bloomsberry,  
 These fidders taught their scholler[s] there  
 to sing, daunce, and be merry : 107  
 Yet bid all Fidders haue a care  
 of dauncing in this kinde,  
 Lest they from Tiburne chance to fall,  
 and leaue their Crowd<sup>1</sup> behinde.  
 There was, &c. 112

A man that hath a signe at his doore,  
 and keeps good Ale to sell,  
 A comely wife to please his guests,  
 may thriue exceeding well ; 116  
 But he that hath a scolding wife,  
 his fortune is the worse,  
 For shee'll not onely brawle and chide,  
 but picke her husband's purse : 120  
 And he that hath a foole to his wife,  
 her neighbours oft will flout her ;  
 But he that hath a Whore to his wife,  
 were better be without her.  
 There was, &c. 125

There were three lusty souldiers  
 went through a towne of late,  
 The one lou'd Besse, the other Sisse,  
 the third lou'd bouncing Kate. 129

<sup>1</sup> Crowd = fiddle.



- These maidens were three Landresses,  
 to wash men['s] shirts and bands,  
 And for their pains these souldiers gaue  
 them wages in their hands. 133
- The Gallants are to Sweathland<sup>1</sup> gone—  
 all this is truth I tell yee—  
 And left these Lasses for to cry,  
 “woe and alas ! my belly !”  
*There was, &c.* 138
- Three Gallants in a Tauerne  
 did brauely call for Wine ;  
 But he that loues those dainty Cates<sup>2</sup>  
 is sure no friend of mine ; 142
- Giue me a cup of Barley broth,  
 for this of truth is spoke,  
 These Gallants drunke so hard that each  
 was forct to pawne his Cloake : 146
- The oyle of Barley neuer did  
 such iniury doe to none,  
 So that they drinke what may suffice,  
 and afterwards be gone. 150
- There was a Ewe had three Lambes,  
 and one of them was blacke ;  
 There was a man had three sonnes,  
 Ieffery, Iames, and Lacke ; 154  
 The one was hang'd, the other drown'd,  
 The third was lost and never found,  
 The old man he fell in a sownd :  
 come, fill vs a cup of Sacke. 158*

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Printed at London for F. Coles.

<sup>1</sup> Swede-land, Sweden ?

<sup>2</sup> cates = provisions.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 34, 35.]

## The Country-man's new Care away!

TO THE TUNE OF *Love will find out the way.*



If there were employments  
for men, as haue beene,  
And drummes, pikes, and muskets  
in th' field to be seene,

4

<sup>1</sup> The Roxburghe copy of this ballad has neither date nor printer's name, and we know of no other copy that might supply them. The only clue to the date is from the last stanza, which includes a prayer for the King, Queen, and Prince. This prayer, coupled with the "no employment for soldiers," complained of in the first stanza, seems to point to the reign of James 1st, after the death of Prince Henry. Such a date would coincide with the great popularity of the tune to which the ballad was sung—"Love will find out the way;" for which, see *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, I. 304.

And euery worthy Souldier had truely their pay, Then might they be bolder to sing "Care, away!"	8
If there were no rooking, but plaine dealing vsed, If honest religion were no wayes abused ;	12
If pride in the country did not beare sway, The poore and the gentry might sing "Care, away!"	16
If farmers consider'd the dearenesse of graine, How honest poore tradesmen their charge should maintaine,	20
And would bate the price on't of what we did pay, <sup>1</sup> We should not be nice on't to sing "Care, away!" <sup>1</sup>	24
If poore tenants' landlords would not racke their rents, Which oft is the cause of their great discontents ;	28
If, againe, good house-keeping in th' land did beare sway, The poore that sits weeping might sing "Care, away!"	32
If to liue vprightly all men were concurring, If lawyers with clients would vse no demurring,	36
But kindly would vse them, for what they did pay, They need not sit musing, but sing "Care, away!"	40

---

<sup>1</sup> In the original these lines are transposed.

If spendthrifts were carefull,  
and would leaue their follies,  
Ebriety hating,  
Cards, Dice, Bowling-Alleyes, 44  
Or with wantons to dally  
by night or by day,  
Their wiuies might be merry,  
and sing "Care, away!" 48

The Second Part.

TO THE SAME TUNE.



If children to parents  
would dutifull be,  
If seruants with masters  
would deale faithfully,



If gallants poore tradesmen  
 would honestly pay,  
 Then might they haue comfort  
 to sing "Care, away!" 56

There is [new]<sup>1</sup> contentment  
 to a conscience that's cleare;  
 That man is most wretched  
 [who] a bad mind doth beare 60  
 To wrong his poore neighbour  
 by night or by day;  
 He wants the true comfort  
 to sing "Care, away!" 64

But he that is ready  
 by goodnesse to labour  
 In what he is able  
 to helpe [h]is poore neighbour, 68  
 The Lord will euer blesse him  
 by night and by day;  
 All ioyes shall possesse him  
 to sing "Care, away!" 72

[If]<sup>2</sup> wiues with their husbands,  
 and husbands with wiue[s],  
 In loue and true friendship  
 would so lead their liues 76  
 As best might be pleasing  
 to God night and day,  
 Then they, with hearts' easing,  
 might sing "Care, away!" 80

No crosse can be greater  
 vnto a good mind  
 Than a man to be matched  
 with a woman vnkind, 84  
 Whose tongue is never quiet,  
 but scolds night and day,  
 That man wants the comfort  
 to sing "Care, away!" 88

<sup>1</sup> "no contentment" in printed copy.

<sup>2</sup> "Would wives" in printed copy.

A vertuous woman a husband that hath That's giuen vnto lewdnesse, to eny and wrath,	92
Who after wicked women does hunt, for his prey, That woman wants comfort to sing "Care, away!"	96
Were there no resorting to houses of vice, Or were there no courting a wench that is nice,	100
Yet, ere she will refuse it, the wanton will play, Poore men might be merry, and sing "Care, away!"	104
Like true subiects loyall, to God let vs pray, Our good King so royall to preserue night and day :	108
With the Queen, Prince, and Nobles, the Lord blesse them aye : Then may we all haue comfort to sing "Care, away!"	112

[The Printer's name is cut off.]

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### I know what I know.

This ballad seems to have been chiefly aimed at the Court-favourites of James the First, although the follies and vices of others are also touched upon, to give it a less pointed appearance. The Roxburghe copy was printed in, or soon after, 1620, and no other is to be found in the great public collections. These ballads, formerly pasted upon ale-house and cottage walls, have so generally perished, that it is far from improbable that the Roxburghe copy may be unique.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 36, 37.]

**Come, buy this new Ballad, before  
you doe goe:**

**If you ralle at the Author, I know what I know.**

TO THE TUNE OF *Ile tell you but so.*



It is an old saying,  
that few words are best,  
And he that sayes little  
shall liue most at rest ;  
And I, by experience,  
doe finde it right so,  
Therefore ile spare speech,  
*but I know what I know.*

4

8

- Yet shall you perceiue well,  
    though little I say,  
That many enormities  
    I will display. 12
- You may gu[e]sse my meaning  
    by that which I show ;  
I will not tell all,  
    *but I know, &c.* 16
- There be some great climbers,  
    compos'd of ambition,  
To whom better-borne men  
    doe bend, with submission : 20
- Proud Lucifer, climbing,  
    was cast very low ;  
He not stay [for] these men,  
    *but I know, &c.* 24
- There be many Foxes  
    that goe on two legges ;  
They steale greater matters  
    then Cocks, Hennes, and Egges ; 28
- To catch many Guls  
    in Sheepes cloathing they goe ;  
They might be destroy'd,  
    *but I know, &c.* 32
- There be many men  
    that Deuotion pretend,  
And make vs beleue  
    that true Faith they'le defend : 36
- Three times in one day  
    to Church they will goe ;  
They cozen the world,  
    *but I know, &c.* 40
- There be many rich men,  
    both Yeomen and Gentry,  
That, for their owne priuate gaine,  
    hurt a whole countrey 44
- By closing free Commons ;  
    yet they'le make as though  
'lwere for common good,  
    *but I know, &c.* 48



- There be diuers Papists  
 that, to saue their Fine,  
 Come to Church once a Moneth  
 to heare Seruice Diuine. 52
- The Pope giues them power,  
 as they say, to doe so ;  
 They saue money by't too,  
*but I know, &c.* 56
- There be many Vpstarts,  
 That spring from the Cart,  
 Who, gotten to th' Court,  
 Play the Gentleman's part : 60
- Their fathers were plaine men ;  
 they scorne to be so ;  
 They thinke themselues braue,  
*but I know, &c.* 64
- There be many Officers,  
 men of great place,  
 To whom, if one sue  
 for their fauour and grace, 68
- He must bribe their seruants,  
 while they make as though  
 They know no such thing,  
*but I know, &c.* 72
-

**The Second Part.**

TO THE SAME TUNE.



There be many women  
that seeme very pure ;  
A kisse from a stranger  
they'le hardly endure. 76  
They are like Lucretia—  
modest in show ;  
I will accuse none,  
*but I know, &c.* 80

Likewise there be many  
dissembling men  
That seeme to hate drinking  
and whoring, yet when 84  
They meet with a wench,  
to the tauerne they'le goe,  
They are ciuill all day,  
*but I know, &c.* 88

- There be many batchelors  
 that, to beguile  
 Beleeuing kind lasses,  
 vse many a wile ; 92  
 They all sweare that they loue  
 when they meane nothing so,  
 And boast of these trickes,  
*but I know, &c.* 96
- There's many an Vsurer  
 that, like a Drone,  
 Doth idly liue  
 vpon his money's Lone ; 100  
 From Tens vnto Hundreds  
 his money doth grow ;  
 He sayes he doth good,  
*but I know, &c.* 104
- There be many Gallants  
 that goe in gay Rayment  
 For which the Taylor  
 did neuer receiue payment ; 108  
 They ruffle it out  
 with a gorgeous show ;  
 Some take them for Knights,  
*but I know, &c.* 112
- There be many Rorers,  
 that swagger and rore  
 As though they in th' warres had b[een]  
 seuen yeeres and more ; 116  
 And yet they neuer lookt  
 in the face of a foe ;  
 They seeme gallant sparkes,  
*but I know, &c.* 120
- There's many, both Women  
 and Men, that appeare  
 With beautifull Out-sides,  
 the World's eyes to bleare ; 124  
 But all is not Gold  
 that doth glister in show ;  
 They are fine with a Pox,  
*but I know, &c.* 128

There's many rich Trades-men  
who live by deceit,  
And in Weight and Measure  
the poore they doe cheat ; 132  
They'le not swear an Oath,  
but indeed, " I " and " No ;"  
They " truely protest,"  
*but I know, &c.* 136

There be many people  
so giuen to strife,  
That they'le goe to law  
for a two-penny knife : 140  
The Lawyers nere aske them  
why they doe so ;  
(He gets by their hate,)  
*but I know, &c.* 144

I know there be many  
Will carpe at this Ballet,  
Because it is like  
sovre Sawce to their Pallet ; 148  
But he, shee, or they,  
let me tell ere I goe,  
If they speake against this Song,  
*I know what I know.* 152

Finis.

Printed by the Assignes of Thomas Symcocke.

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[Roxb. Coll. I. 38, 39.]

## A new Ballad,

Containing a communication between the carefull Wife  
and the comfortable Hus[band,] touching the common  
cares and charges of House-hold.<sup>1</sup>



THE CAREFUL WIFE.

How shall we, good husband, now live, this hard yeare,  
This world is so queasie, and all things so deare,  
And so little taking of money for ware,  
Makes me lye waking with no little care :

4

<sup>1</sup> This ballad and "The Householder's New Year's Gift," which follows it, were printed on one sheet, by Francis Coules, "dwelling in the Old Bayly." The date is probably from 1620 to 1640, but it may be a little later, for there is an assignment to "Mr. Coules" on the registers of the Stationers' Company in 1652. It seems, however, more probable that the entry should relate to

Then had you need, Husband, to looke to the foxe,  
Whose crafty conveyance will empty your boxe,  
With faire fawning speeches some credit to crave,  
Or else to bee surety for more then you have. 8

Then, husband, bee carefull and not over large,  
For unto hous-keeping there 'longeth a charge :  
In wiving and thriving, it is an old song,  
More then the bare legs to bed doe belong. 12  
What you spend on mee, I take for my paine  
For doing such duties as you would disdain ;  
For dressing your dyet, in washing and wringing,  
And much paines I take, man, with faire babies bringing. 16

And what you doe get, Sir, that will I save ;  
What better good will in a wife can you have ?  
Be sure of my promise "for better, for worse,"—  
I will be a huswife, to husband your purse. 20  
I must provide, man, for many an odde thing  
That you neuer looke to buy or to bring ;  
To welcome your neighbours, your nurse, and your friend,—  
To furnish a household 'longs many an odde end. 24

What need, man, such odding betwixt you and me ?  
All shall bee even, man, if wee two agree ;  
Even you, my good husband, and I, your good wife,  
Will passe this hard yeere, man, without any strife ; 28  
And I, for my part, will doe what I may,  
With spinning and reeling, to passe time away ;  
Providing, and getting to pay for my flaxe,  
That none shall come chatting to you for such lacks. 32

---

the younger man, who printed from about 1640 to 1672—chiefly in Charles the Second's time—and who spelled his name "Francis Coles," dropping the letter "u" in the name. He may have been, and probably was, a son of the former, as he was in the same trade.

Garters, ribbons, and ballads were usual new year's gifts among the lower classes, and as "the carefull wife" asks for such a gift at the end of her song, and promises another to her husband, the ballad printer has added "The Householder's New Year's Gift" to tempt buyers, his title making it suitable for either sex. The subject is a dreary one, and the ballad had probably but little sale. This may account for its scarcity at the present time, no other copy being known.

[And]<sup>1</sup> just as you will, man, I will be content,  
 Pay you the brewer and the landlord his rent,  
 The butcher, the baker, and the collier his score,  
 And then the woodmonger, and I aske no more ; 36  
 Then a good Newyeers gift, good husband, give mee,  
 And a good Newyeers gift I doe give [unto] thee :  
 Thou hast a good wife, that a huswife will bee,  
 Both this yeare and many to bee merry with thee. 40

## THE COMFORTABLE HUSBAND.

Wife, as wee get little, so temper our dyet  
 With any small morsell to live and be quiet ;  
 Though home be but homely, and never so poore,  
 Yet let us keepe, warily, the Wolfe from the doore. 44  
 Nay, there lay a straw—Wife, I am not so mad ;  
 Well payd is well sold, wife ; a man may be glad  
 With any light gaine to fill up the purse,  
 Meane state to maintaine, but not make it [the] worse. 48

I know it is true, good wife, that you say,  
 He that doth marry, must cast much away ;  
 For looke, whatsoever I spend upon you,  
 Comes never againe, wife,—I thinke this is true. 52  
 Looke what you would haue, Wife, [& then] let mee know,  
 I grutch not anything that you bestow ;  
 Be content and pleased, lacke shall bee no let ;  
 Ile see your cares eased as fast as I get. 56

But looke no more in, wife, then I looke without ;  
 You looke in my purse, wife, too often, I doubt ;  
 But when you looke in, would you bring in as fast ?  
 Then, though you still look'd, the longer 'twould last. 60  
 Vpon the odds, wife, I perceive still you goe ;  
 With the oddes I have gotten a verry odde shrow ;  
 The oddes may sometimès, wife, make a faire lay,  
 And the oddes [too] may hazard to make all away. 64

A merry new life makes a merry beginning ;  
 Let goe ; this is past, wife ; be it losing or winning,  
 I will play the good husband the best that I can,  
 To live with good credit and pay every man. 68

<sup>1</sup> "As" in the printed copy.

Then shall wee lacke nothing, wife, I doe beleeve,  
Nor no man shall take you or me by the sleeve  
For scoring, or tallying, or taking on trust,  
But cleare quittance making is ioyfull and iust. 72

That I shall doe, wife, with a very good will,  
To pay that I owe, my meaning is still,  
And shall have to pay, I hope, while I live,  
What old yeare affords not, the new yeere will give. 76

God grant it bee true all this that you say,  
To His onely glory, to whom let us pray,  
That wee in his feare may seeme to amend  
Our former sinnes passed unto our lives' end. 80

---

[The following Ballad is printed on the same sheet.]

**The Housholder's New-Yeere's Gift,**  
containing a pleasant Dialogue betwixt the Husband  
and Wife, pleasant to be regarded.

TO THE TUNE OF *Where is my true love?*

W. Grieve no more, sweet Husband,  
to grieve it is in vaine;  
Little it availeth  
to grieve or else complaine; 4  
Then shew thy need to no man,  
for it doth breed disdain:  
Now comes a good new yeare. 7

H. Alacke, and alas for woe!  
how can I chuse?  
The world is growne so cruell,  
that friendship few doe vse; 11  
Flattery gets credit,  
plaine troth is overthrowne:  
O Lord, send a good new yeere! 14



- W. The world it is deceitfull,  
 then trust it not, my deare,  
 But take this comfort to thee,  
 thy saddest thoughts to cheare,— 18  
 The Lord will never leave them  
 where true love doth appeare :  
 And God send a merry new yeare ! 21
- H. What comfort can I take, Wife,  
 when sorrow is so great ?  
 Misery on all sides  
 doth us alwayes threat, 25  
 When labour is too little  
 to finde us bread and meat :  
 O Lord, send a good new yeare ! 28
- Scarcitie is planted  
 in village and in towne ;  
 We see our neighbours' children  
 goe begging up and downe ; 32  
 Few persons doe relieve them,  
 but all at them doe frowne :  
 O Lord, send a good new yeare ! 35
- W. Greedinesse is causer,  
 good husband, of this ill ;  
 Pride, that madding monster,  
 kind charitie doth kill : 39  
 Lord Iesus, soone amend it,  
 according to thy will,  
 And send us a merry new yeare ! 42
- H. Corne, in every market,  
 so deare we dayly see,  
 Wee pay more for a bushell  
 then we were wont for three : 46  
 This cuts the hearts of poore men,  
 and this undoeth me :  
 O Lord, send a good new yeare ! 49
- W. Why, husband, this hath caused  
 so many, at this day,  
 To pinch their pretty bellies  
 within their garments gay, 53

- And all (they thinke too little)  
upon themselves to lay :  
Good Lord, send a merry new yeere ! 56
- H. Sweet wife, a thousand sorrowes  
doe yet torment my minde,  
To thinke for all my labour  
how I am still behinde, 60  
And for the same no remedy,  
alacke ! that I can finde :  
Good Lord, send a merry new yeere ! 63
- W. Take courage, gentle husband,  
and hearken what I say :—  
After freezing Ianuary  
commeth pleasant May ; 67  
There is no storme so cruell,  
but comes as faire a day :  
Good Lord, send a merry new yeere ! 70
- H. Gentle Wife, I tell thee,  
my very heart is done ;  
The world's great calamitie  
no way can I shunne ; 74  
For still in debt and danger  
more and more I runne :  
Good Lord, send a merry new yeere ! 77
- W. Be content, sweet Husband,  
and hearken unto mee :—  
The Lord is still as mercifull  
as he was wont to bee : 81  
Goe thou and ply thy labour,  
and I will worke with thee :  
Good Lord, send a merry new yeere ! 84
- I will not be idle,  
but I will card and spin ;  
I will save together  
that thou bringest in : 88  
No man for debt is hanged,  
then passe thou not a pin :  
And God send a merry new yeere ! 91

- H. Deare Wife, thy gentle speeches  
 revive me at the heart,  
 To see thee take my poverty  
 in such a gentle part : 95  
 If God doe ever raise me,  
 thou shalt have thy desert :  
 And God send a merry new yeere ! 98
- W. Poverty, sweet Husband,  
 oft time hath been blamed,  
 But poverty with honesty  
 never yet was shamed : 102  
 The rich man discontented  
 may bee a poore man call'd :  
 But God send a merry new yeere ! 105
- What thou want'st in riches  
 I will supply in love ;  
 Thou shalt be my honey,  
 and I thy turtle dove : 109  
 Thou art my beloved,  
 no sorrow shall remove :  
 And God send a merry new yeere ! 112

Finis.

London, Printed for F. Coules, dwelling in the Old-Bayly.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 40, 41.]

[**The usurer and the Spendthrift.**<sup>2</sup>]

Come, worldlings, see what paines I here do take,  
To gather gold while here on earth I rake.<sup>1</sup>

What the Father gathereth by the Rake, the Sonne doth scatter with the Forke.

TO THE TUNE OF *To drive the cold winter away.*



Come, come, my brave gold,  
Which I love to behold,  
come to me, and Ile give you rest ;

<sup>1</sup> The initials of N. P. attached to this ballad are assumed to be a misprint for M. P., as no ballad-writer is known to whom

<sup>2</sup> This is Mr. Chappell's title; that of the Ballad has been cut off, as probably on p. 142, below.



Where as you may sleepe,	4
And I safely will keepe	
you lock't in my yron-bound chest ;	
No thieves you shall feare	
You in pieces to teare,	8
such care of you still I will take ;	
Come to me, and flye,	
Gold Angels, I cry,	
And Ile gather you all with my Rake.	12
Come, silver and all,	
When as I doe call,	
your beauties to me are so bright,	
I love you so deare,	16
I pray you come neere,	
and be you not wavering or light ;	
Your weight so you have—	
Come, glistering and brave,	20
then you I will never forsake,	
But heape you together	
Against rainy weather,	
And gather you all with my Rake.	24
Rich jewels and plate	
By no meanes I hate,	
with diamonds, saphirs, or rings ;	
The carbuncle red	28
Stands me in like stead,	
or any other rich things ;	

the former letters could apply. Such mistakes were by no means rare, especially when a ballad was successful, and was consequently often reprinted. The probability that Martin Parker was intended is the stronger because he was Henry Gosson's contemporary throughout the whole of Gosson's publishing career. There were two publishers of that name, Thomas and Henry. Thomas Gosson died in 1614, when his widow, Alice, assigned to Edward Allde. Henry Gosson published ballads which bear dates from 1607 to 1631, and, among the undated, are many which seem to be of later growth,—some perhaps ten years after 1631.

No other copy of this ballad has been found in the great public collections. The tune, *To drive the cold winter away*, has been already referred to.

The emerald, greene,  
Like the spring that is seene, 32  
    gold chains or the like, I wil take :  
I have a kind heart,  
With my coyne I will part,  
    so I may get all with my Rake. 36

But yet, he[a]re me, friend,  
No money Ile lend  
    without a good pawn you do bring ;  
But Ile tell to thee 40  
How a knave cheated me  
    one time with a base copper Ring.  
With me it bred strife,  
It neere cost me my life, 44  
    halfe a crowne on the same he did take,  
But Ile have more care  
Of such knaves, to beware  
    how such copper together I rake. 48

On leases or lands,  
On very good bands,  
    good security likewise provide ;  
If we can agree, 52  
Then my coyne it flyes free ;  
    if not, your could suit is deny'd.  
To foe or to friend  
No money Ile lend ; 56  
    as they brew, so [will I] let them bake ;  
This rule I observe,  
Let them hang, [let them] starve,<sup>1</sup>  
    if I cannot get with my Rake. 60

And those that doe lacke,  
To the highth I doe racke,  
    I know that they money must have ;  
Some morgage their lands 64  
(Which fall in my hands)  
    to domineere and to goe brave.

---

<sup>1</sup> This line stands, "Let them hang or starve" in printed copy.

- If they faile of their day,  
 And have not to pay, 68  
     a seisure on all I doe make ;  
 Although I goe bare,  
 Yet I have a care  
     my gold and my silver to rake. 72
- Let the poore widdowes cry,  
 Let their children dye,  
     let their Father in prison goe rot ;  
 What is that to me ? 76  
 Their wealth is my fee,  
     for I have their livings now got.  
 Whole Lordships and Lands  
 Are falne to my hands, 80  
     and use of them all I will make ;  
 My bags full of coyne,  
 And my purse I doe lyne  
     with that which together I rake. 84
- Thus rich usury,  
 Ne're thinking to dye,  
     nor on his poore soule have a care,  
 With one foot in the grave, 88  
 Yet more wealth he doth crave,  
     and his backe and his belly doth spare ;  
 At whose cost he dine,  
 With good cheere and wine, 92  
     he cares not at whose hands he take ;  
 Not a penny hee'l spend,  
 Nor without a pawne lend,  
     The Divell and all he will rake. 96
- But now comes grim Death,  
 And ceaseth his breath,  
     his tree of life is wetherèd ;  
 This wretch, so unkind, 100  
 His wealth leaves behind,  
     and is a poore worme, being dead.  
 But now pray give eare  
 To that you shall heare, 104  
     his heire what a course he will take :  
 That day he did dye,  
 In his grave he did lye,  
     And the Sexton the earth on him rake. 108

## [Second Part.]

Come, Prodigals, your selves that lobes to flatter,  
Behold my fall, that with the Forke doth scatter.



Roome, roome for a friend  
That his money will spend,  
    old Flatcap is laid in his grave ;  
Hee kept me full poore,

112

But now I will roare,—  
    his lands and his livings I have.  
The tide of gold flowes,  
And wealth on me growes,

116

hee's dead, and for that 'tis no matter;



Great use he did take,  
 And for me did rake,  
     which now with the forke I will scatter. 120

I now must turne gallant,  
 That have such a talent,—  
     what need I to take any care?  
 I tell thee, good friend, 124  
 'Tis mine owne which I spend,  
     for I was my Father's owne heire.  
 No Blade here shall lacke;  
 Give us claret and sacke; 128  
     hang pinching! it is against nature;  
 Let's have all good cheere,  
 Cost it never so deare,  
     for I with my forke will scatter. 132

Let me have a Lasse  
 That faire Venus doth passe;  
     give me all delights that I may;  
 Ile make my gold fly 136  
 Aloft in the skie,  
     I thinke it will never be day:  
 Let the welkin roare,  
 Ile never give o're 140  
     Tobacco, and, with it, strong water;  
 I meane for to drinke  
 Vntill I doe sinke,  
     for I with my forke will scatter. 144

And let musicke play  
 To me night and day,—  
     I scorne both my silver and gold;  
 Braue gentlemen all, 148  
 Ile pay what you call,  
     with me I beseech you be bold:  
 Dice run low or high,  
 My gold it shall fly, 152  
     I meane for to keep a brave quarter;  
 Let the cards goe and come,  
 I have a great sum  
     that I with my forke will scatter. 156

- Let carouses goe round  
Till some fall to the ground,  
    and here's to my mistresse her health ;  
Then let's take no care, 160  
For no cost wee'l spare,—  
    hang money ! I have store of wealth.  
My Father it got,  
And, now false to my lot, 164  
    I scorne it as I doe [water]<sup>1</sup> ;  
For coyne was made round,  
To stand on no ground,  
    And I with my forke will it scatter. 168
- My Lordships to sell  
I thinke would doe well,—  
    ill gotten goods never doe thrive :  
Let's spend while we may ; 172  
Each dog hath his day ;  
    Ile want not while I am alive.  
Come, Drawers, more sacke,  
And see what we lacke, 176  
    for money Ile send a porter ;  
Brave gallants, ne're feare,  
For wee'l domineere,  
    For I with my forke will scatter. 180
- Come, drinke to my friend,  
And let the health end,  
    my coffers and pockets are empty ;  
I now have no more, 184  
That had wont to have store,—  
    ther's scarcity where there was plenty.  
My friends are all gone,  
And left me alone, 188  
    I think I must now drink cold water :  
There's nought but sad woe  
Vpon me doth grow,  
    Because with my forke I did scatter. 192
- Now this is the story  
Of prodigall glory,  
    who thought that he never should lack !

---

<sup>1</sup> "morter" in the printed copy.

No drinke nor no meat	196
Now he hath to eate, nor cloathes for to put on his back :	
His friends they forsake him, And woe doth o're take him,	200
because he was too free of nature, That never did mind How Time comes behind,	
who mows, though with forke he did scatter.	204
His leaves they grew greene, But they were not seene, for Autumne them quickly did kill :	
Then let youth beware,	208
And have a great care, and trust not too much to their will, Least a prison them catch, Or a house without thatch,	212
and glad of brown bread & cold water. To God thanks let's give, And in a meane live,	
having a care how we doe scatter.	216

London, Printed for Henry Gosson, dwelling on London Bridge.

Finis.

N. P.

### The cunning Northern Beggar.

This ballad contains a curious picture of the tricks formerly resorted to by roguish beggars for the purpose of imposing upon the charitable. Another copy of the same edition of the ballad is included in Mr. Walter Ewing's collection (No. 55 of the printed Catalogue). For the spirited tune to which it was sung, see *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, I. 335.

(For a fuller account of rogues' tricks, the reader is referred to Awdeley's *Fraternitie of Vacabondes* and Harman's *Collect*, just issued in the Extra Series of the Early English Text Society. For our Saylor of l. 49, see Harman's 'Fresh Water Mariner,' p. 48; for our 'feistered flesh,' l. 80, see Harman, p. 44; and for our 'blood-daubed face,' l. 84, see Harman, p. 50-52, 90, etc.)

[Roxb. Coll. I. 42, 43.]

**The cunning Northerne Begger,  
Who all the By-standers doth earnestly pray  
To bestow a penny upon him to day.**

TO THE TUNE OF *Tom of Bedlam.*

I am a lusty begger,  
and live by others giving ;  
I scorne to worke,  
But by the highway lurke, 4  
And beg to get my living :  
P'le i'th wind and weather,  
And weare all ragged garments ;  
Yet, though I'm bare, 8  
I'm free from care,—  
A fig for high preferments !  
For still will I cry "Good your worship, good sir,  
Bestow one poore denier, sir, 12  
Which, when I've got,  
At the Pipe and Pot  
I soone will it casheere, sir. 15



- I have my shifts about me,  
 (Like Proteus often changing,)  
 My shape, when I will,  
 I alter still, 19  
 About the Country ranging :  
 As soone as I a coatch<sup>1</sup> see,  
 Or gallants by come riding,<sup>2</sup>  
 I take my crutch, 23  
 And rouse from my couch,  
 Whereas I lay abiding.  
*And still doe I cry, &c.* 26
- Now, like a wandring souldier,  
 (That has i'th warres bin maymed  
 With the shot of a gunne,)  
 To Gallants I runne, 30  
 And begg, "Sir, helpe the lamed !  
 I am a poore old Souldier,  
 And better times once viewed,  
 Though bare now I goe, 34  
 Yet many a foe  
 By me hath bin subdued."  
*And therefore I cry, &c.* 37
- Although I nere was further  
 Then Kentish street in Southwarke,  
 Nor ere did see  
 A battery 41  
 Made against any bulwarke ;  
 But, with my Trulls and Dox[i]es,  
 Lay in some corner lurking,  
 And nere went abroad 45  
 But to beg on the road,  
 To keepe my selfe from working.  
*And alwaies to cry, &c.* 48
- Anon I'm like a saylor,  
 And weare old canvas cloathing ;  
 And then I say  
 "The Dunkerks away 52  
 Tooke all, and left me nothing ;

I would appear, from this, that the word "coach" was popularly pronounced "co-atch." The older word is "caroach" or "caroch."

<sup>2</sup> "riging" in the original.

Sixe ships set all upon us,  
'Gainst which wee bravely ventur'd,  
And long withstood, 56  
Yet could doe no good,  
Our ship at length they enter'd."  
And therefore I cry, "Good your worship, good sir,  
Bestow one poore denier, sir ; 60  
which when I've got,  
at the pipe and pot  
[I soone will it casheere, Sir.] 63

---

**The Second Part.**

TO THE SAME TUNE.



Sometime I, like a criple,  
Vpon the ground lye crawling,  
for money I begge,  
as wanting a legge  
To beare my corps from falling.

- Then seeme I weake of body,  
 And long t' have been diseased,  
 And make complaint, 71  
 As ready to faint,  
 And of my griefes increased ;  
*And faintly I cry, " Good your worship, good sir,*  
*Bestow one poore denier,<sup>1</sup> sir,* 75  
*which when I've got,*  
*at the pipe and pot*  
*I soone will it casheere, sir."* 78
- My flesh I so can temper  
 That it shall seeme to feister,  
 And looke all or'e  
 Like a raw sore, 82  
 Whereon I sticke a plaister.  
 With blood I daub my face then,  
 to faine the falling sicknesse,  
 That in every place 86  
 They pittie my case,  
 As if it came through weakenesse.  
*And then I doe cry, &c.* 89
- Then, as if my sight I wanted,  
 A boy doth walke beside me,  
 Or else I doe  
 Grope as I goe, 93  
 Or have a dog to guide me :  
 And when I'm thus accounted,  
 To th' highway side I hye me,  
 and there I stand, 97  
 with cords in my hand,  
 And beg of all comes nye me.  
*And earnestly cry, " Good your worship, good sir,*  
*Bestow one poore denier," &c.* 101
- Next, to some country fellow  
 I presently am turned,  
 And cry " Alacke !"  
 (With a childe at my backe,) 105  
 " My house and goods were burned."

<sup>1</sup> " desire " in the original.

*The cunning Northerne Begger.* 141

Then me my Doxy<sup>1</sup> followes,  
 Who for my wife's believed,  
 and along wee two 109  
 together goe,  
 With such mischances grieved.  
*And still we doe cry, "good your worship," &c.* 112

What, though I cannot labour,  
 Shall I therefore pine with hunger?  
 No, rather, then I 116  
 Will starve where I lye!  
 I'le beg of the money monger;  
 No other care shall trouble  
 My minde, nor grieffe disease me;  
 Though sometimes the slash 120  
 I get, or the lash,  
 'Twill but a while displease me:  
*And still I will cry, "good your worship, good sir,  
 Bestow one," &c.* 124

No tricks at all shall 'scape me,  
 But I will, by my maunding,  
 Get some reliefe  
 To ease my grieffe 128  
 When by the highway standing:  
 'Tis better be a Begger,  
 And aske of kinde good fellowes,  
 And honestly have 132  
 What we doe crave,  
 then steale and goe to th' gallowes.  
*Therefore I'le cry, "good your worship, good sir,  
 Bestowe one poore denier, sir,  
 Which, when I've got,  
 At the Pipe and Pot  
 I soone will it casheere, sir."* 139

Finis.

Printed at London for F. Coules.

---

<sup>1</sup> "doxes" in printed copy.



[Roxb. Coll. I. 44, 45.]

[The Life of Man.<sup>2</sup>]

A comparison of the life of man,  
 Concerning how fickle his estate doth stand,  
 Flourishing like a tree, or vine, or dainty flower,  
 Or like a ship, or raine, that's turn'd each houre.<sup>1</sup>

TO THE TUNE OF *Sir Andrew Barton.*



As I lay musing all alone,  
 Great store of things I thought vpon,

<sup>1</sup> No other copy of this ballad is included in any of the great collections. The initials R. C. may be ascribed to Richard Crimsal, author of *Cupid's Soliciter of Love*, a little Garland that contains six of his ballads, written to popular tunes. This Gar-

<sup>2</sup> The top of this ballad is cut, so that the title of it may have been pared off, as on p. 129, above.

And specially of man's estate,  
And how hee's subject vnto Fate. 4

First Ile compare him to a tree,  
Which you sometimes all greene may see ;  
But suddenly his leafes doe fall  
That he was beautify'd withall. 8

The tree likewise is knowne by's fruit  
Better then by his fine greene sute ;  
He may show comely to the eye,  
Yet his fruit may tast bitterly. 12

So men sometimes make a faire showe ;  
All fresh and greene they seeme to growe ;  
But when the winter of grieffe and thrall  
Doth on them seize, their greene leaues fall. 16

But for the difference of men's fruit,  
I must indeed be something mute ;  
But those that grow like Cedars tall,  
Yield little fruit, or none at all.<sup>1</sup> 20

Yet doe they flourish fresh and greene,  
Much like the pleasant sommer Queene ;  
They are bedect with fragrant flowers,  
And they doe dwell in stately Towers. 24

But as the Tree is great and tall,  
The great and mightier is his fall :  
And as he falls, so doth he lye,  
Vntill the builder him apply. 28

What though a man haue store of wealth,  
It cannot him assure of health ;  
By his fruits he must sure be try'd,—  
Either condemn'd or justify'd. 32

---

land was printed by J. M. for W. Thackeray, and "are to be sold by J. Back, at the sign of the Black Boy on London Bridge." The name of the author has escaped the researches of Mr. Payne Collier and of Mr. Hazlitt.

<sup>1</sup> This is evidently applied to those who climb high, and not to those who are tall of stature.

Againe, a man is like a Vine,  
That from the earth doth flourish fine,  
Adorn'd with nature's ornament,  
With store of Grapes to giue content. 36

But with a knife, or such a thing,  
The Vine is soone set a bleeding,  
And then those Grapes will soone decay  
And, piningly, will wast away. 40

Euen so stands the life of man ;  
If that his blood from him be drawne,  
Then suddenly his life doth yield,  
And vnto death he is compell'd. 44

Man flourisheth euen like a flower  
Which liues and dyes within an houre ;  
He growes, perhaps, vntill his prime,  
Or he may dye in's budding time. 48

He may chance liue till hee is old,  
And bide the brunt of Winter's cold ;  
But then hee'l lose the smell and shew,  
And will no more be worth the view. 52

So many men dye in their prime,  
And some dye in their budding time ;  
But he that liues the longest life  
Shall find but sorrow, care, and strife. 56

Man's life is like a ship o' th' Seas,  
Which is sometimes as Fortune please,  
Sometimes in safety ; yet not still so  
Euen as proud Boreas' blasts doe blow. 60

When winds are still and weather's faire,  
Then Mariners are free from care ;  
But when as stormes make dark the skye,  
Then must each man his labour plye. 64

The Second Part.

TO THE SAME TUNE.



So is't with man the selfe same case ;  
His life 's a ship that seas doth trace,  
And oft is like to goe to wracke  
When winds and storms doe tacklings crack. 68

We men, when sicknesse doth assaile  
Our bodyes, and makes vs looke pale,  
Then would we doe all things we may,  
So that our health we might enjoy. 72

But when the Fates on vs doe smile,  
Like Saylers, we forget our toyle ;



- We hang out colours for a show,  
But take them in when stormes doe grow. 76
- I may compare a man againe  
Euen like vnto a turning vaine,<sup>1</sup>  
That changeth euen as doth the wind,—  
Indeed so is man's fickle mind. 80
- The mind of man doth often change ;  
Hee's apt with euey gale to range ;  
He standeth tottering to and fro,  
Euen as his foolish fancies goe. 84
- Againe, I may man's life compare  
Like to a bird that flies i' th' aire,  
And suddenly she sees a bayt,  
Which is to take her with deceit. 88
- The bird no sooner is betray'd,  
But comes me him that the bait lay'd,  
And, hauing taken her in his net,  
She dyes, and he for more doth bait. 92
- Euen so is man by cunning caught  
When as thereof he hath no thought ;  
He soareth high, and feares no fall,  
Yet then hee's in most danger of all. 96
- Make tryall of this, any one,  
And you shall find that I haue showne  
A prospect where you may behold  
The difference in this earthy mold. 100
- This life is fickle, fraile, and vaine ;  
Seeke euerlasting life to gaine :  
All worldly treasures soone decay,  
And mortall man returns to clay. 104
- Before thou dyest bid pride adieu,  
Which doth so often shape thee new ;  
Call out for mercy with loud voice,  
And let her be thy onely choice. 108

---

<sup>1</sup> Printed "vaine" in the original.

If thou have liu'd in gluttony,  
Forgetting quite that thou shalt dye,  
Then quickly charity imbrace,  
That she may plead well in thy case. 112

If thou by couetousnesse haue liu'd,  
And hast thy neighbours poore deceiu'd,  
Then suddenly restor't againe,  
For feare thou feele hell's burning paine. 116

Perchance in wrath thou hast shed blood,  
Which wrath should alwayes be withstood ;  
Yet arme thee with a patient heart,  
And neuer more act such a part. 120

If thou hast enuy'd at thy brother,  
Repent with speed (that blacke sinne smother),  
And let true loue be thy delight,—  
Thou mayst depart with life this night. 124

If thou hast slothfull beene, and lewd,  
Neglecting God's most holy word,  
Apply thy selfe most speedily,  
Redeeme thy time spent idly. 128

If thou lasciuious hast beene giuen,  
Doe so no more, but pray to heauen ;  
That hateful sinne God may forgiue !  
Chastise thy selfe, repent, and grieuē. 132

Thus to conclude, let me intreat  
All those that heare what I relate,  
That they seeke heauen's grace to find,  
And alwayes beare an vpright mind. 136

Finis.

R. C.

Printed at London for Francis Coules.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 46, 47.]

## Cuckold's Haven,<sup>1</sup>

Or,

The marry'd man's miserie, who must abide  
 The penaltie of being hornify'd :  
 Hee unto his neighbours doth make his case knowne,  
 And tels them all plainly, The case is their owne.

TO THE TUNE OF *The Spanish Gipsie.*



Come, neighbours, follow me,  
 that cuckollized be,  
 That all the towne may see  
 our slauish miserie :

3

<sup>1</sup> Plain speaking was more used in the reigns of James I. and Charles I., than now, but we see by occasional reports that the

- Let every man who keepe a bride  
take heed hee be not hornify'd. 6
- Though narrowly I doe watch,  
and vse lock, bolt, and latch,  
My wife will me o'rematch, 9  
my forehead I may scratch :  
For though I wait both time and tide,  
I oftentimes am hornify'd. 12
- For now the time's so growne,  
men cannot keepe their owne,  
But euery slaue, vnknowne, 15  
will reape what we haue sowne :  
Yea, though we keep them by our side,  
we now and then are hornify'd. 18
- They haue so many wayes  
by nights or else by dayes,  
That though our wealth decayes, 21  
yet they our hornes will raise :  
And many of them take a pride  
to keepe their husbands hornify'd. 24
- O what a case is this !  
O what a griefe it is !  
My wife hath learn'd to kisse, 27  
and thinkes 'tis not amisse :  
Shee oftentimes doth me deride,  
and tels me I am hornify'd. 30
- What euer I doe say,  
shee will haue her owne way ;  
Shee scorneth to obey ; 33  
Shee'll take time while she may ;  
And if I beate her backe and side,  
In spight I shall be hornify'd. 36

---

present age is far from being free from the vices of the past. The Roxburghe copy of this ballad is perhaps unique. The tune of *The Spanish Gipsie* will be found in *Popular Music*, I. 273.



- Nay, you would little thinke  
 how they will friendly link,  
 And how they'l sit and drink 39  
 till they begin to wink :  
 And then, if Vulcan will but ride,  
 some cuckold shall be hornify'd. 42
- A woman that will be drunk,  
 will eas'ly play the punck ;  
 For when her wits are sunk 45  
 all keyes will fit her trunk :  
 Then by experience oft is tride,  
 poore men that way are hornify'd. 48
- Thus honest men must beare,  
 and 'tis in vaine to feare,  
 For we are ne're the neare 51  
 our hearts with grieffe to teare :  
 For, while we mourne, it is their pride  
 the more to keepe vs hornify'd. 54
- And be we great or small,  
 we must be at their call ;  
 How e're the cards doe fall, 57  
 we men must suffer all :  
 Doe what we can, we must abide  
 the paine of being hornify'd. 60
-

The second Part.

TO THE SAME TUNE.



If they once bid vs goe,  
wee dare not twice say "no,"  
Although too well we know

63

'Tis to our griefe and woe :  
Nay, we are glad their faults to hide,  
though often we are hornify'd.

66

If I my wife prouoke  
with words in anger spoke,  
Shee swears shee'll make all smoke,  
and I must be her cloake :  
Her basenesse and my wrongs I hide,  
and patiently am hornify'd.

69

72

- When these good gossips meet  
 In alley, lane, or street,  
 (Poore men, we doe not see't!) 75  
 with wine and sugar sweet  
 They arme themselues, and then, beside,  
 their husbands must be hornify'd. 78
- Not your Italian locks  
 (which seemes a paradox)  
 Can keepe these Hens from Cocks, 81  
 till they are paid with a P— :  
 So long as they can goe or ride,  
 They'l haue their husbands hornify'd. 84
- The more you haue intent  
 the busines to preuent,  
 The more her mind is bent 87  
 your will to circumuent :  
 Such secret meanes they can provide  
 to get their husbands hornify'd. 90
- For if we them doe blame,  
 or tell them of their shame,—  
 Although the men we name 93  
 with whom they did the same,—  
 They'l sweare who euer spake it ly'd :  
 thus still poore men are hornify'd. 96
- All you that single be  
 avoid this slauery :  
 Much danger is, you see, 99  
 in women's company ;  
 For he who to a wife is ty'd,  
 may looke still to be hornify'd. 102
- Yet must I needs confesse  
 (though many doe transgresse)  
 A number numberlesse 105  
 which vertue doe possesse.  
 And to their husbands are a guide,—  
 by such no man is hornify'd. 108

*The Married Man's Miserie.* 153

They who are of that race,  
this Ditie, in any case,  
Is not to their disgrace; 111  
they are not for this place :  
To such this onely is apply'd  
by whom good men are hornify'd. 114

Finis.

Printed at London by M. P. for Francis Grove, neere the  
Sarazen's head without Newgate.



[Roxb. Coll. I. 48, 49.]

## Christmas Lamentation<sup>1</sup>

For the losse of his Acquaintance, showing how he is forst  
to leaue the Country, and come to London.

TO THE TUNE OF *Now the spring is come.*



Christmas is my name, farre haue I gone,  
Haue I gone, haue I gone, haue I gone  
without regard,  
Whereas great men, by flockes, there be flowne, 4  
There be flown, there be flown, there be flowne,  
to London-ward.

<sup>1</sup> The second and third, the fifth and the sixth, lines of every stanza in this ballad are wrongly divided. The tune proves that they ought to stand thus :

“Have I gone, have I gone,  
Have I gone without regard.”

Where they in pomp and pleasure doe waste That which Christmas was wonted to feast,	8
Welladay!	
Houses where musicke was wont for to ring, Nothing but batts and howlets doe sing;	
Welladay!	12
Welladay!	
Welladay!	
where should I stay?	15

and

“There be flown, there be flown,  
There be flown to London-ward.”

The tune is a very peculiar one, being in alternate phrases of two and three bars—such as this odd metre requires. It will be found in *Popular Music* (I. 464), where this ballad is printed to it. The yellow starch mentioned in the sixth stanza, went out of fashion in November, 1615, when Lord Chief Justice Coke sentenced Mrs. Turner, who had participated in the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury, to be hanged in a dress with yellow starched ruffs, in order that the fashion she had introduced “might end in shame and detestation.” “Even the hangman was decorated with yellow ruffs on this occasion.” (Rimbault’s *Life of Overbury*.) On these grounds, we assume the ballad to have been written before the end of 1615. The subject is also another proof of its age. So long as landlords received their rents in kind, their barns and stores were full, and they were lavish of hospitality at Christmas. But when rents began to be paid in the less bulky form of money, luxury increased,—the ladies began to draw more for their dress and the men for their pleasures. Many shut up their houses at Christmas, and came to London to spend their money. The dissatisfaction in the country was great, and at last it produced a proclamation from James 1st, which is thus noticed in a letter from Mr. Chamberlain to Sir Dudley Carleton, dated 21st December, 1622. “Divers Lords and personages of quality have made means to be dispensed withall for going into the country this Christmas according to the proclamation; but it will not be granted, so that they pack away on all sides for fear of the worst.” (Nichols’ *Progresses of James I*, quoted from Birch’s MSS. Brit. Mus. No. 4174.) This state of public feeling produced many other ballads, such as “The Queen’s Old Courtier,” contrasted with “The King’s New Courtier,” “Mock-Beggar’s Hall lies empty,” and many more of the same stamp. Some of the old houses that acquired the name of Mock-Beggar’s-Hall have not lost it to the present day, and the same name has been reassigned to some others of later date.

- Christmas beefe and bread is turn'd into stones,  
 Into stones, into stones, into stones  
   and silken rags ;  
 And Ladie Money sleepes, and makes moanes,                   19  
 And makes moanes, and makes moanes, and &c.  
   in misers' bags.
- Houses where pleasures once did abound,  
 Nought but a dogge and a shepheard is found ;               23  
   Welladay !
- Places where Christmas reuells did keepe,  
 Is now become habitations for sheepe ;  
   *Welladay ! &c.*<sup>1</sup>   27
- Pan, the shepheard's god, doth deface,  
 Doth deface, doth deface, doth deface  
   Lady Ceres' crowne,  
 And tillage that doth goe to decay,                               31  
 To decay, to decay, to decay  
   in euery towne.
- Landlords their rents so highly inhance  
 That Pierce the Plowman bare foot may dance ;               35  
   Welladay !
- And farmers that Christmas would entertain,  
 Haue scarce wherewith themselves to maintain.  
   *Welladay ! &c.*   39
- Come to the Countryman, he will protest,  
 Will protest, will protest, will protest,  
   and of bull-beefe lost ;  
 And for the Citizen, hee is so hot,                               43  
 Is so hot, is so hot, is so hot  
   he will burne the rost.
- The Courtier he good deeds will not scorne,  
 Nor will he see poore Christmas forlorne ;                   47  
   Welladay !
- Since none of these good deeds will doe,  
 Christmas had best turne Courtier too.  
   *Welladay ! &c.*   51

---

<sup>1</sup> The burden is printed at full length, as in the first stanza, throughout the ballad.

The second Part.

TO THE SAME TUNE.



Pride and luxury they doe deuoure,  
Doe deuoure, doe deuoure, doe deuoure  
house-keeping quite,

And beggery that doth beget,  
Doth beget, doth beget, doth beget  
in many a Knight.

55

Madam, forsooth, in her Coach she must wheell,  
Although she weare her hose out at heele ;  
Welladay !

59

And on her backe weare that, for a weed,  
Which me and all my fellowes would feed ;  
Welladay ! &c.

63



Since pride, that came vp with yellow starch,  
 Yellow starch, yellow starch, yellow starch,  
     poore folkes doe want,  
 And nothing the rich men will to them giue, 67  
 To them giue, to them giue, to them giue,  
     but doe them taunt ;  
 For charity from the country is fled,  
 And in her place hath left nought but need. 71  
     Welladay !  
 And corne is growne to sò high a price,  
 It makes poore men cry with weeping eyes.  
     Welladay ! &c. 75

Briefely for to end, here I doe find,  
 I doe find, I doe find, I doe find  
     so great vacation,  
 That most great houses seeme to attaine 79  
 To attaine, to attaine, to attaine  
     A strong purgation ;  
 Where purging pills, such effects they haue shewed,  
 That forth of doores [they] their owners haue spewed ; 83  
     Welladay !  
 And where as Christmas comes by and calls,  
 Nought but solitary and naked walls :  
     Welladay ! &c. 87

Phelome's cottage was turn'd into gold,  
 Into gold, into gold, into gold,  
     for harboring Ioue ;  
 Rich men their houses for to keepe, 91  
 For to keepe, for to keepe, for to keepe  
     might their greatnesse moue.  
 But in the City they say they doe liue,  
 Where gold by handfulls away they doe giue. 95  
     Ile away !  
 And thither therefore I purpose to passe,  
 Hoping at London to finde the golden Asse.  
     Ile away, 99  
     Ile away,  
     Ile away,  
     for here's no stay. 102

[Roxb. Coll. I. 50, 51.]

.....<sup>1</sup>

Or,

**Cupid's wrongs vindicated :**

Wherein he that Cupid's wiles did discover,  
 Is proved a false dissembling Lover :  
 The Mayd shewes such cause that none can her condemne,  
 But on the contrary the fault's layd on him.

TO THE TUNE OF *Cupid's cruell torments.*



The guilefull Crocodile,  
 when he his prey would gain,  
 That none may spie his wile,  
 A mournfull noyse doth feigne :

4

<sup>1</sup> The first line of the heading of this ballad has been cut off in

So thou, false Hypocrite,  
 Thy foule deceit to couer,  
 Dost act the part aright  
 of a distracted Louer ; 8  
*But raile no more on loue,  
 Nor doe young Cupid wrong,  
 For thou didst neuer proue  
 What doth to Loue belong.* 12

Hienna-like, thou feign'st  
 words of a dying man,  
 But falsely thou complain'st !  
 with woe I proue it can : 16  
 For, like a cheating wretch,  
 thou dost on me exclaime,  
 But this is but a fetch,  
 for thou deseru'st the blame. 20  
*Why dost thou raile on loue ?  
 Or doe, &c.*

Thou knowst I lou'd thee well,  
 and purpos'd thee to haue,— 24  
 Thy conscience this can tell,  
 thou false dissembling knaue !  
 But when I did perceiue  
 thy fickle, wauering mind, 28  
 'Twas time to take my leaue,  
 and serue thee in thy kind.  
*Then raile no more on loue,  
 Nor Cupid's cruell wrong,  
 For thou didst neuer proue  
 What doth to loue belong.* 32

Let any one that will  
 be judge 'twixt thee and mee ; 36  
 Why should I loue thee still,  
 when thou lou'st two or three ?

---

the former binding, and cannot be supplied, owing to the want of a second copy.

Martin Parker wrote ballads of all styles ; and, as a subject like this must have suited the cases of many hearers, it had, in all probability, a fair run of popularity. The printer, F. G., was, no doubt, Francis Grove.

Dost thinke Ile stand at stake  
to helpe at the last cast? 40

When all doe thee forsake,  
then I must serue at last?  
*O raile no more on loue,  
Nor Cupid's cruell wrong, &c.* 44

Thou com'st to me i'th' morne  
and goest to Madge at night;  
Thy mind will quickly turne  
to which comes next in sight. 48

Thou'lt promise and protest  
thou wilt haue none but me;  
But when thou seest the rest,  
those vowes forgotten bee. 52  
*Then raile no more on loue,  
Nor Cupid's, &c.*

Dost thinke I cannot heare  
how thou playst fast and loose? 56

Long Mall gaue thee good cheere,  
both Cony, Hen, and Goose!  
Alas! man, I haue friends  
that note thy actions well; 60

Thou lou'st for thine owne ends,  
but I thy knauery smell.  
*Then raile no more on loue,  
Nor Cupid's cruell wrong;* 64  
*For thou didst neuer proue  
What doth to loue belong.*



**The second Part.**

TO THE SAME TUNE.



I saw, last Thurseday night,  
 when thou wentst to the Swan 68  
 With Kate and Winifrite,  
 and, after you, came Nan ;  
 I know what wine you had,  
 and also what was payd ; 72  
 Alas ! poore harmelesse lad,  
 wilt thou dye for a Mayd ?  
*Fye ! raile no more on loue,*  
*Nor Cupid's cruell wrong ; 76*  
*For thou didst neuer proue*  
*What does to loue belong.*

- I cannot choose but smile  
to thinke how cunningly 80  
Thou wouldst the world beguile  
with foule hypocrisy ;  
For I the wrong sustaine,  
and thou from grieffe art free, 84  
Yet still thou dost complaine  
that I am false to thee.  
*Fye ! neuer raile on love, &c.* 87
- To either man or Mayd  
For censure Ile appeale,  
Which of us may be sayd  
disloyally to deale : 91  
Did euer I seeme nice  
till I was told for truth,  
More oft then once or twice,  
thou was't a faithlesse youth ?  
*Fye ! do not raile, &c.* 96
- Thou mak'st the world beleeeue  
thou for my loue dost pine ;  
Indeed ! thou sore dost grieue—  
with wenches, cakes, and wine. 100  
For my part, 'tis my lot  
to pray for patience still,  
Vntill I have forgot  
thy ouer-reaching skill.  
*Then doe not raile, &c.* 105
- Yet though I suffer wrong,  
I needs must prayse thy art ;  
Sure thou hast study'd long  
to act the Mad-man's part. 109  
Thou canst not sleep nor wake  
for fancies in thy head ;  
Now I doe thee forsake  
I muse thou art not dead.  
*Fye ! doe not raile, &c.* 114
- That Lasse which shall haue thee,  
Who ere has that ill hap,  
Let her learne this of me,—  
shee's caught in follie's trap. 118

He that dissemble can  
 with one, in such a way,  
 Hee'l nere proue honest man,—  
 beleue me what I say.

122

*Then doe not raile on loue,  
 Nor Cupid's cruell wrong ;  
 For thou didst neuer proue  
 What doth to loue belong.*

126

Finis.

M. P.

Printed at London for F. G.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 52, 53. Collated with Pepys I. 268.]

## The Countrey Lasse,<sup>1</sup>

To a dainty new note : Which if you cannot hit,  
There's another tune which doth as well fit.  
That's the Mother beguiles the Daughter.



[In the Pepys copy the woodcuts are, to the left, a woman holding a branch, and, on the right, two shepherds with crooks.]

Although I am a Countrey Lasse,  
a lofty mind I beare a ;  
I thinke my selfe as good as those  
that gay apparrell weare a ;

4

<sup>1</sup> This ballad is ascertained to be one of Martin Parker's, by his initials at the end of a copy included in the Pepys Collection (I. 268). That edition has, unluckily, no printer's name.

The Roxburghe copy is, unquestionably, contemporary with



- My coate is made of homely gray,  
 yet is my skin as soft a  
 As those that with the chiefest wines  
 do bathe their bodies oft a. 8
- Downe, downe, derry, derry downe,*  
*hey downe, a downe, a downe a,*  
*A derry, derry, derry derry downe,*  
*heigh downe, a downe, a derry.* 12
- What though I keepe my Father's sheep?  
 a thing that must be done a;  
 A garland of the fairest flowers  
 shall shrowd me from the sun a: 16

the author, it having been printed by the Assigns of Thomas Symcocke, therefore in, or soon after, 1620. Nevertheless, whenever the name or initials of an author are found to a copy of a ballad, that edition should, if possible, be compared with the one from which it is intended to reprint, because copies, both of books and of ballads, were often obtained surreptitiously, and sold to a publisher, who would issue them in despite of an author. No complaint is more frequent,—no excuse for “rushing into print” more constantly urged by authors of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, than that surreptitious and fraudulent copies were abroad.

In this case the collation has served to correct several errors in the Roxburghe copy,—errors which might perhaps have been guessed, but which could not have been amended in our copy, for want of authority.

It would be difficult to name many ballads which have had a larger share of popularity than *The Country Lasse*. When we listen to “Sally in our alley” in the present day, we hear it sung to the “dainty new note” of this ballad. Carey wrote an equally good tune for his “Sally,” but it was, not long after, rejected by the public for the older favourite. “The Country Lass” was often reprinted in the last, and in the present century. Sometimes the first line was altered to “*What though I am a Country Lass,*” in others to “*Although I be but a Country Lass.*” It is found under both titles in *The Aviary* (pages 59 and 510). The “a,” “*to make a jercke in the end*” of each alternate line,” is an old ballad-maker’s expedient to make his words to fit a particular tune. That habit is amusingly commented on, by Webbe, in his *Discourse of English Poetrie* (1586), for which, and for the tune, see *Pop. Mus.* I. 375–6. For the still older tune, to which the ballad might also be sung, (“The mother beguiles the daughter,”) see the same work, p. 306–8.

And when I see they feeding be  
where grasse and flowers spring a,  
Close by a crystall fountaine side  
I sit me downe, and sing a,  
*Downe, downe, &c.* 21

Dame Nature crownes vs with delight,  
surpassing Court or City ;  
We pleasures take from morne to night  
in sport and pastimes pretty. 25  
Your courtly Dames in coaches ride  
abroad for recreation ;  
We Countrey Lasses hate their pride,  
and keepe the Countrey fashion.  
*Downe, downe, &c.* 30

Your City Wiues lead wanton liues ;  
and if they come i' th' Countrey,  
They are so proud, that each one striues  
for to outbraue our Gentry. 35  
We Countrey Lasses homely be ;  
for seat nor wall we striue not ;  
We are content with our degree ;  
our debtors we depriue not.  
*Downe, downe, &c.* 39

I care not for a Fanne nor Maske  
when Titan's heat reflecteth ;  
A homely Hat is all I aske,  
which well my face protecteth : 43  
Yet am I, in my Countrey guise,  
esteemèd Lasse as pretty  
As those that euery day devise  
new shapes in Court and City.  
*Downe, &c.* 48

In euery season of the yeare  
I vndergoe my labour,—  
No showre nor winde at all I feare,—  
my limbes I do not fauour : 52

If Summer's heat my beauty staine,  
 it makes me nere the sicker,  
 Sith I can wash it off againe  
 with a cup of Christmas liquor. 56  
*Downe, downe derry, derry downe,*  
*heigh downe, a downe, a downe a,*  
*A derry, derry, derry derry downe,*  
*heigh downe, a downe, a derry.* 60

---

**The second Part.**

TO THE SAME TUNE.



[The woodcut in the Pepys copy is of two women dancing.]

At Christmas time, in mirth and glee,  
 I dance with young men neatly ;  
 And who i' th' City, like to me,  
 shall pleasure taste compleatly ?

No sport but pride and luxury  
i' th' City can be found then ;  
But bounteous hospitality  
i' th' Countrey doth abound then.  
*Downe, downe, &c.*

69

I' th' Spring my labour yeelds delight,  
to walke i' th' merry morning  
When Flora is, to please my sight,  
the ground with Flowers adorning.  
With merry Lads to make the hay  
I goe, and do not grumble ;  
My worke doth seeme to me but play,  
when with young men I tumble.  
*Downe, &c.*

73

78

The Larke and Thrush from bryar to bush  
do leape, and skip, and sing a ;  
And all is then to welcome in  
the long and lookt for Spring a.  
We feare not Cupid's arrowes keene—  
Dame Venus we defie a ;—  
Diana is our honoured Queene,  
and her we magnifie a.  
*Downe, &c.*

82

87

That which your City Damsels scorne,  
we hold our chiefest Jewell ;  
Without, to worke at Hay and corne ;  
within, to bake and brew well :  
To keepe the Dayry decently,  
and all things cleane and neatly,  
Your city minions doe defie,—  
their scorne we weigh not greatly.  
*Downe, &c.*

91

96

Then we together a milking go  
with payles vpon our heads a,  
And walking ouer woods and fields  
where grasse and flowers spreads a ;

100



In honest pleasure we delight,  
 which makes our labour sweet a,  
 And mirth exceeds on euery side  
 when Lads and Lasses meete a.  
*Downe, &c.* 105

Then do not scorne a countrey Lasse,  
 though she be plaine and meanelly :  
 Who takes the countrey wench to wife  
 (that goeth neat and cleanly) 109  
 Is better sped then if he wed  
 a fine one from the city ;  
 For there they are so nicely bred,  
 they must not worke for pitie.  
*Downe, &c.* 114

I speake not this to that intent  
 (as some may well coniecture),  
 As though to wooing I were bent,—  
 no, I nere learn'd Loue's lecture ; 118  
 But what I sing is in defence  
 of all plaine Countrey Lasses,  
 Whose modest, honest innocence  
 all city Girles' surpasses. 122

*Downe, downe derry, derry downe,  
 heigh downe, a downe, a downe a,  
 A derry, derry, derry derry downe,  
 heigh downe, a downe, a derry.* 126

Finis.

M. P.

Printed by the Assignes of Thomas Symcocke.<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> The Pepys copy has no printer's colophon, but it supplies the initials of the author, which are deficient in the Roxburghe copy.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 54, 55.]

# The Complaint of a Lover forsaken of his Love.<sup>1</sup>

TO A PLEASANT NEW TUNE.



A poore soule sate sighing by a sicamore tree,  
*O willow, willow, willow ;*  
 His hand on his bosome, his head on his knee,  
*O willow, willow, willow ;*  
*O willow, willow, willow ;*  
 Sing, *O the greene willow shall be my garland.*<sup>2</sup>

4

<sup>1</sup> This old ballad has been made famous by Shakespeare's having introduced it into the fourth act of *Othello*, where Desdemona prefaces it by the following well-known lines :

“ My mother had a maid call'd Barbara ;  
 She was in love ; and he she lov'd prov'd mad,

He sigh'd in his singing, and, after each groane,  
 "Aduē to all pleasure, my true loue is gone. 8

Oh, false she is turned; vntrue she doth proue;  
 She renders me nothing but hate for my loue.

Oh, pittie me" (cride he), "you louers each one,  
 Her heart's hard as marble, she rues not my moane." 12

The cold streames ran by him, his eyes wept apace,  
 The salt teares fell from him, which drowned his face;

The mute birds sate by him, made tame by his moane,  
 The salt teares fell from him, which soft'ned the stone. 16

"Let no body blame me,—her scornes I doe proue,—  
 She was borne to be false, and I dye for her loue.

O that beauty should harbour a heart that's so hard,—  
 My true loue rejecting without all regard! 20

Let Loue no more boast him, in pallace or bowre,  
 For women are trothlesse and fleet in an houre.

And did forsake her: she had a song of *Willow*:  
 An *old thing* 't was, but it express'd her fortune,  
 And she died singing it. That song to-night  
 Will not go from my mind; I have much to do,  
 But to go hang my head all at one side,  
 And sing it like poor Barbara."

Percy printed the ballad in his *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, from the copy in the Pepys library (I. 358). It is here given from the Roxburghe copy. Each is of the first half of the seventeenth century, but the second is rather to be preferred. An earlier copy than either will be found in *Popular Music*, I. 207-8, but there are two misprints in it. On page 208, line 2, read "she" for "he," and line 9, read "Thou" for "Though." That version is taken from the manuscript that contains the wild strains of music that so aptly characterize the words.

<sup>2</sup> The four lines in italics, in the first stanza, are printed throughout the ballad, thus extending every two lines to six. As they are always the same, it seems useless to repeat them.

But what helps complaining? in vaine I complaine;  
I must patiently suffer her scorne and disdaine. 24

Come, all you forsaken, and sit downe by me,  
He that plaineth of his false loue, mine 's falsel then she.

The willow wreath weare I since my loue did fleet;  
A garland for louers forsaken most meet." 28

Finis.

---

The second Part.

TO THE SAME TUNE.



“Low layde by my sorrow, begot by disdaine,  
Against her, too cruell, still, still I complaine :



O Loue too injurious ! to wound my poore heart,  
To suffer her triumph, and ioy in my smart. 32

O willow, willow, willow, the willow garland,  
A signe of her falsenesse, before me doth stand ;

As heere lying, payned, it stands in mine eye,  
So hang it, friends, ore me in graue where I lye : 36

In graue when I rest me, hang this to the view  
Of all that doe know her, to blaze her vntrue :

With these words ingrauen, as epitaph meete,  
' Heere lyes one drunke poyson for potion most sweete.' 40

Though she thus vnkindly haue scorned my loue,  
And carelesly smiles at the sorrowes I proue ;

I cannot against her vnkindly exclaime,  
Cause once well I loude her and honourde her name : 44

The name of her sounded so sweet in mine eare,  
It raisde my heart lightly—the name of my deare.

As then 'twas my comfort, it now is my grieffe,  
It now brings me anguish ; then, brought me reliefe. 48

Farewel, faire false-hearted, plaints end with my breath,  
Thou dost loth me,—I loue thee, though cause of my death."

Finis.

London, Printed by M. P. for Edward Wright at his Shop,  
neere Christ-Church-gate.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 56, 57.]

The Constancy of True Loue,  
Or,  
An Excellent Relation of the Vntimely Death of Two  
Faithfull Louers.<sup>1</sup>

TO THE TUNE OF *Downe by a Forrest.*

In that faire, fragrant month of May,  
When earth her curtaines doth display,  
I did by chance my corps repose  
Vpon a banke, which woods did close 4  
With greene and leauy bowres about—  
A place to shunne the teadious rout  
Of Tibs and Toms—for this intent,  
This flowrie seat I did frequent. 8

Nature had stroue to shew her feate  
In the composure of this seat;  
For in a Valley-plaine was found  
This place by hills incircled round. 12

<sup>1</sup> The sympathies of many a milkmaid must have been deeply moved by the melancholy end of the two lovers in this old story. It was sung to the tune of an earlier ballad, beginning "Down by a Forrest as I did pass," a copy of which is included in the second volume of the Roxburghe Collection, (p. 524) but the "pleasant new tune" appropriated to it has not been recovered. No other copy of either of the ballads is known.

Both lofty Beech and Cedars tall  
 Did shelter this rich Siluan hall ;  
 Heere Satires and the Naiades,  
 Heere Siluans and the Driades ; 16

Here rurall gods and tripping Nymphs  
 Did bath their corps in the pure lymphs  
 And christal streams, which made a noise  
 Incompassing this place of ioyes : 20  
 No fairer place nor Fountaine found  
 Dian' with golden tresses crown'd,  
 And, Lady, guarded in this seate,  
 The whistling wind cool'd summer's heat. 24

Here the Nine Muses usde to dance ;  
 Here the kind Graces usde to prance ;  
 Here Phœb[us]<sup>1</sup> his warbling harpe did tune  
 The lifesome monthes of May and Iune ; 28  
 Here Philomel tun'd melody ;  
 Hither the chirping birds did fly ;  
 Here thrush & blackbird from their throats  
 Strain'd diuers sundry pleasant notes. 32

Here the Nymph Eccho, in hollow ground,  
 Did the last syllable resound ;  
 What harbour could the world [then] spare  
 More trim, more neat, more sweet, more rare ? 36  
 Here, as I sate musing alone,  
 Me thought I heard one grieue and groane,  
 " Ah me, poore wretch !" this creature said,  
 Whereat my senses grew afraid. 40

I started, looking here and there,  
 To viewe the subject of this feare ;  
 A Lady, obiect to mine eyes,  
 I found the effect of all these cryes. 44  
 I hasted to enquire the cause  
 Which did her weeping eyes amaze :  
 " Behold," quoth she, " my Loue (alas !)  
 Whose crimson blood here dyes the grasse." 48

" The sweetest creature here lyeth dead  
 That famous Europe euer bred ;

---

<sup>1</sup> " Phœbe " here, in the original ; " Phœbus " at p. 178.

I haue my wronged Louer slaine,  
His death shall be the death of twaine.” 52

I praid her then for to relate  
The cause of his vntimely fate :  
She then, scarce fetching of her breath,  
Beginnes the Story of his death. 56

“ Blinde Cupid,” (quoth she) “ with his dart,  
In tender yeares did wound his heart,  
Made subiect to the loue of me,  
An actor of this tragedie. 60

His heart and mind together tried,  
His loue and mine together tied ;  
Our parents sought to crosse our will,  
But we continued constant still. 64

Though time the disadvantage gaue,  
And we no place for loue could haue,  
Yet still we sought to recompence  
Loue with true loue, without offence. 68

We dwelt in neighbouring houses nie,  
And, getting conference thereby,  
We did appoint vnder this tree  
To meet, but disapointed bee.” 72



**The Second Part.**

TO THE SAME TUNE.



" When bright Aurora peepèd out,  
 And Phœbus newly look'd about,  
 I first (according to my vow)  
 made haste vnto this plighted bough :  
 Heere as I stayèd for my Loue,  
 Whose comming over-late did proue,  
 A Lyon with inhumane pawes,  
 Came to that well to coole his jawes.

76

80

His mouth was all with blood besmear'd;  
This instrument of Death I fear'd:  
I fled to hide myselfe, for feare,  
And left behind my mantle there. 84  
The Lyon, hauing slak'd his thirst,  
Ran where I left my garment first;  
But when he saw no place for prey,  
He foul'd with blood my Liuerie. 88

And having musled<sup>1</sup> thus the same,  
Thither he went whence first he came;  
But I knew not that hee was gone,  
And therefore stayd—I hid alone. 92  
In the meane time (oh grieffe!) came hee  
Who promis'd had to meet with mee,  
And vnder this our plighted bough,  
He sought performance of our vow. 96

Hee found not mee, but found my coat  
All bloudied by the Lyon's throat;  
Which when he saw with blood belay'd,  
My absence made him sore afraid: 100  
What should he thinke, but that some beast  
Vpon my carkasse made his Feast?  
He thought that the grim Lyon's whelpe  
Devoured mee, being voyd of helpe. 104

While hee these events thus<sup>2</sup> did brooke,  
The instrument of death he tooke,  
A naked sword, which by his side,  
Ready for combats, hee had tyed: 108  
'I haue,' quoth hee, 'wrought my Loue's death;  
The end of her shall end my breath.'  
And thereupon thrust to the hilt  
His sword, and thus his blood he spilt. 112

That the first Passenger might know  
The dismall euent of this woe,  
He wrote, and pinn'd a note thereof  
Vpon his Hatt to shew the prooffe: 116

<sup>1</sup> muzzled—mouthed.

<sup>2</sup> The word "thus" is superfluous to the line.

Which I, being voyd of feare at last,  
 And thinking all the danger past,  
 Returning from that hideous bed  
 Whereto I from the Lyon fled, 120

I found this copie of his death,  
 And his dead carkasse, voyd of breath.  
 No sobs, no sighes, no griefes, no groanes,  
 No trickling teares, no mournfull moanes, 124  
 No ejaculations, [and] no cries,  
 No dolefull dittie or elagies,  
 Shall serue for to bewaile his end,  
 Which for my loue his life did spend. 128

In life his loue did mee pursue,  
 But by his death hee prou'd it true ;  
 If he then for my sake did die,  
 As much for him why should not I ? 132  
 Since death hath vs denied our right,  
 Then friendly death shall vs vnite,  
 And I will follow him in haste,  
 Who thought he followed me, being past." 136

These words as soone as shee had spoke,  
 Shee gaue her selfe a deadly stroke ;  
 Shee drew the sword out of his breast,  
 And in her owne the same shee thrust : 140  
 And as in life their hearts were one,  
 So are their liues together gone.  
 In spight of parents, time, or place,  
 Fond loue will runne his wished race ! 144

Thus have you heard a Tragedy  
 Acted by louers' constancy ;  
 God send such louers better speed,  
 Where feruency true Loue doth breed. 148

Finis.

Imprinted at London for Francis Coules, and are to be sould at  
 his shop in the Old-Bayley.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 58.]

## A Courtly new Ballad of the Princely wooing of the faire Maid of London by King Edward.<sup>1</sup>

TO THE TUNE OF *Bonny sweet Robbin.*

Faire Angell of England! thy beauty most bright  
Is all my heart's treasure, my ioy and delight;  
Then grant me, sweet Lady, thy true Love to be,  
That I may say "welcome, good fortune, to me." 4

The Turtle, so true and chaste in her love,  
By gentle perswasions her fancy will move;  
Then be not intreated, sweet Lady, in vaine,  
For Nature requireth what I would obtaine. 8

---

<sup>1</sup> After many of exceeding rarity, we come at last to a ballad of which many editions are extant. Besides the Roxburghe copy, there are others, by various printers, in the Pepys, the Bagford, and the Rawlinson collections, two in the Douce, and two in Mr. Walter Ewing's collection. It appeared also, in small form, in *The Crown Garland of Golden Roses* (1659) and in *Cupid's Garland*. (n. d.)

If we ask why this, which is rather below than above the average of ballad-writing, should have been so popular, or so well preserved, the reply seems to be, "because the class to whom it was addressed, learnt all their history, (like Aubrey's nurse) from ballads." When collected into Garlands, these ballads, whether wholly fabulous or partly true, became the people's History of England.

The tune to which the ballad was sung is also that of one of the snatches of old songs sung by Ophelia in *Hamlet*. It is printed in *Popular Music* (I. 234), but the ballad itself is unknown. If hereafter it should be recovered it will probably be found to commence with the line:

"Now Robin is to the greenwood gone,"

and that

"For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy"

is the burden. This may be almost assumed, because the tune exists in manuscripts, sometimes under the one name and sometimes under the other.



The Phenix<sup>1</sup> so famous, that liveth alone,  
 Is vowèd to chastity, being but one ;  
 But be not, my Darling, so chaste in desire,  
 Lest thou, like the Phenix, do penance in fire. 12

But alas ! (gallant Lady) I pittie thy state,  
 In being resolved to live without mate ;  
 For if of our courting the pleasure you knew  
 You would<sup>2</sup> have a liking the same to ensue. 16

Long time I have sued the same to obtaine,  
 Yet am I requited with scornfull disdainè ;  
 But if you will grant your good favour<sup>3</sup> to me,  
 You shall be advancèd to Princely degree. 20

Promotions and honours may often entice  
 The chastest that liveth, though never so nice :  
 What woman so worthy but will be content  
 To live in a<sup>4</sup> Palace where Princes frequent ? 24

Two Brides, young & princely, to Church have I led ;  
 Two Ladies most lovely have deckèd my bed ;  
 Yet hath thy love taken more root in my heart  
 Than all their contentment whereof I had part. 28

Your gentle hearts cannot men's tears much abide,  
 And women least angry when most they do chide ;  
 Then yeeld to me kindly, and say that at length  
 Men doe want mercy, and poore women strength. 32

I grant that faire Ladies may poore men resist,  
 But Princes will conquer and love whom they list ;  
 A King may command her to lie by his side,  
 Whose feature deserveth to be a King's Bride. 36

In granting your love you shall purchase renowne,  
 Your head shall be deckèd<sup>5</sup> with England's fair crown,  
 Thy garments most gallant with gold shall be wrought,  
 If true love, for treasure, of thee may be bought. 40

<sup>1</sup> "What Phenix so faire" in the ballad (corrected throughout by *Crown Garland of Golden Roses*).

<sup>2</sup> "shall" in the broadside copy.

<sup>4</sup> "the" in broadside.

<sup>3</sup> "will" in broadside.

<sup>5</sup> "deckt" in broadside.

Great Ladies of honour shall 'tend on thy traine,  
Most richly attired with scarlet in graine :  
My chamber most princely thy person shall keepe,  
Where Virgins with musicke shall rocke thee asleep. 44

If any more pleasures thy heart can invent,  
Command them, sweet Lady, thy mind to content ;  
For Kings' gallant Courts, where Princes do dwel,  
Afford such sweet pastimes as Ladies love wel. 48

Then be not resolved to dye a true Maid,  
But print in thy bosome the words I have said ;  
And grant a King favour thy true love to be,  
That I may say " welcome, sweet virgin, to me." 52

---

## The faire Maid of London's answer to King Edward's wanton Love.

TO THE SAME TUNE.

Oh, wanton King Edward ! thy labour is vaine  
To follow the pleasure thou canst not attaine,  
Which getting, thou locest, and having, dost wast[e] it,  
The which if thou purchase, is spoil'd if thou hast it. 56

But if thou obtainst it, thou nothing hast won ;  
And I, losing nothing, yet quite am undone ;  
But if of that Jewell a King doe deceive me,  
No King can restore, though a Kingdom he give me. 60

My colour is changed since you saw me last ;  
My favour is vanisht, my beauty is past ;  
The Rose's red blushes that sate on my cheekes  
To palenesse are turned, which all men mislikes. 64

I passe not what Princes for love do protest,  
The name of a Virgin contenteth me best ;  
I have not deserved to sleepe by thy side,  
Nor to be accounted for King Edward's bride. 68

The name of a Princesse I never did crave,  
 No such type of honour thy hand-maid will have ;  
 My brest shall not harbour so lofty a thought,  
 Nor be with rich proffers to wantonnesse brought. 72

If wild wanton Rosamond, one of our<sup>1</sup> sort,  
 Had never frequented King Henrie's brave Court,  
 Such heapes of deepe sorrow she never had seene,  
 Nor tasted the rage of a [harsh] jealous Queene. 76

All men have their freedome to shew their intent,  
 They win not a woman except she consent ;  
 Who, then, can impute to a man any fault,  
 Who still goes uprightly while<sup>2</sup> women doe halt. 80

'Tis counted [a] kindnesse in men for to try,  
 And vertue in women the same to deny ;  
 For women inconstant can never be prov'd,  
 Untill by their betters therein they be mov'd. 84

If women and modesty once doe but sever,  
 Then farewell good name and credit for ever !  
 And, royall King Edward, let me be exilde  
 Ere any man knowes [that] my body's defil'd. 88

No, no, my old Father's reverent teares  
 Too deepe an impression within my soul beares ;  
 Nor shall his bright honour that blot, by me, have  
 To bring his gray haire with grieffe to the grave. 92

The heavens forbid that when I should dye,  
 That any such sinne upon my soule lye ;  
 If I have [yet] kept me from doing this sinne,  
 My heart shall not yeeld with a Prince to beginne. 96

Come rather with pittie to weepe on my Tombe,  
 Then, for my birth, curse my deare mother's Womb,  
 That brought forth a blossome that stained the tree  
 With wanton desires to shame her and me. 100

<sup>1</sup> "your" in *Crown Garland*.

<sup>2</sup> "till women" in *Crown Garland*.

Leave me (most noble King), tempt not, in vaine,  
My milk-white affections with lewdnesse to stain :  
Though England will give me no comfort at all,  
Yet England shall yeeld me a sad buriall.

104

Finis.

London Printed for Henry Gosson.

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### **The Bride's Buriall.**

This is indeed a dismal ditty ; but as there are still many of the young who think but little of seeing the wax-work without the "Chamber of Horrors," so, formerly, many seem to have admired such tragic subjects as the sudden death of a bride upon her wedding day. "De gustibus non est disputandum," as the Latin Grammar says.

The ballad was published by at least a dozen stationers or printers, and has been kept in print from the time of James 1st down to the present century, when it was republished in ballad form at Newcastle-on-Tyne. Perhaps it may be even now in print at Seven Dials, for many old ballads are, or were so, but a few years ago. Dr. Percy selected it as one of the specimens for his *Reliques of ancient Poetry*, and published a polished version "from a copy in the Pepys Collection and one in the British Museum." There are three copies in the Roxburghe Collection, two in the Bagford, two in the Douce, and two in Mr. Walter Ewing's. Again, it was published in the collection of *Old Ballads*, attributed to Ambrose Phillips (I, 231) in 1723.

Among all these, the present copy, printed by Henry Gosson, is the oldest.

For the tune, see *Popular Music*, I, 197, 8.



[Roxb. Coll. I. 59.]

**The Bride's Buriall.**TO THE TUNE OF *the Ladies Fall.*

Come, mourn, come, mourn with me,  
 you loyall lovers all ;  
 Lament my losse in weedes of woe,  
 whom griping griefe doth thrall. 4  
 Like to the dropping vine  
 cut downe by gardner's knife,  
 Even so my heart, with sorrow slaine,  
 doth bleed for my sweet wife. 8  
 By Death (that grisly Ghost)  
 my turtle Dove is slaine,  
 And I am left,<sup>1</sup> unhappy man !  
 to spend my daies in paine. 12  
 Her beauty, late so bright,  
 like Roses in their prime,  
 Is wasted, like the mountaine's snow,  
 by force of Phœbus' shine. 16  
 Her faire red-coloured lips  
 now pale and wan ; her eyes,  
 That late did shine like christall stars,  
 alas ! her light it dies : 20

<sup>1</sup> *lost* in orig.

- Her pretty lilly hands,  
with fingers long and small,  
In colour lie like earthly clay,  
yea, cold and stiffe withall. 24
- When as the morning gray  
her golden gate had spred,  
And that the glistering sunne arose  
forth from faire Thetis' bed, 28  
Then did my loue awake,  
most like a lilly flower,  
And, as the louely Queene of heauen,  
so shin'd she in her bower. 32
- Attirèd she was then  
like Flora in her pride,  
As faire as braue Dianae's Nimphs—  
so lookt my louely Bride. 36  
And as faire Hellen's face  
gaue Grecian Dames the lurch,  
So did my deare exceed in sight  
all Virgins in the Church. 40
- When we had knit the knot  
of holy wedlock's band,  
Like Alabaster ioyn'd to iett,  
so stood we hand in hand : 44  
Then loe ! a chilling cold  
struk every vitall part,  
And griping grieffe, like pangs of death,  
seaz'd on my true Love's heart. 48
- Downe in a s[w]ound she fell,  
as cold as any stone.  
Like Venus' picture, lacking life,  
so was my Love brought home. 52  
At length arose a red  
throughout her comely face,  
As Phœbus' beames with wat'ry clouds  
ore coverèd her face. 56
- Then, with a grievous groane  
and voyce most hoarse and dry,  
“ Farewell ! ” quoth shee, “ my loving friends,  
for I this day must die : 60

- The messenger of God  
 with Golden Trumpe I see,  
 With many other Angels more,  
 doth sound and call for me. 64
- Instead of musicke sweet,  
 goe tole my passing-bell,  
 And with these flowers strow my grave,  
 that in my chamber smell : 68  
 Strip off my Bride's array,  
 my Corke-shooes from my feet ;  
 And, gentle mother, be not coy  
 to bring my winding-sheet. 72
- My Wedding-dinner drest  
 bestow upon the poore,  
 And on the hungry, needy, maim'd,  
 that craveth at the doore. 76  
 Instead of Virgins young  
 my Bride-bed for to see,  
 Goe cause some cunning Carpenter  
 to make a chest for mee. 80
- My bride-laces of silke,  
 bestow'd on maidens meete,  
 May fitly serve, when I am dead,  
 to tie my hands and feete : 84  
 And thou, my Lover true,  
 my husband and my friend,  
 Let me intreate thee here to stay  
 untill my life doth end. 88
- Now leave to talke of love,  
 and, humbly on your knee,  
 Direct your prayer unto God,  
 but mourne no more for me. 92  
 In love as we have lived,  
 in love let us depart ;  
 And I, in token of my love,  
 doe kisse thee with my heart. 96
- O stanch thy bootlesse teares,  
 thy weeping is in vaine ;  
 I am not lost, for we in heaven  
 shall one day meet againe." 100

With that she turn'd her head,  
as one dispos'd to sleepe,  
And like a Lambe departed life  
while friends full sore did weepe. 104

Her true Love, seeing this,  
did fetch a grievous groane,  
As though his heart did burst in two,  
and thus he made his moane :— 108

“ O dismall, heavy day,  
a day of grieffe and care,  
That hath bereft the sun so high,  
whose beames refresht the ayre. 112

Now woe unto the world,  
and all that therein dwell !  
O that I were with her in heaven,  
for here I live in hell !” 116

And now this Lover lives  
a discontented life,  
Whose Bride was brought unto the grave  
a Maiden and a Wife. 120

A garland, fresh and faire  
of Lillies there was made,  
In signe of her Virginity,  
and on her Coffin laid : 124

Six maidens, all in white,  
did beare her to the ground ;  
The Bells did ring in solemne sort,  
and made a solemne sound. 128

In earth they laid her then,  
for hungry wormes a prey :  
So shall the fairest face alive  
at length be brought to clay. 132

Finis.



[Roxb. Coll. I. 60. 61.]

# An excellent Ballad

Intituled :

## The Constancy of Susanna.<sup>1</sup>

TO AN EXCELLENT NEW TUNE.



There dwelt a man in Babylon,  
of reputation great by fame ;  
He tooke to wife a faire woman,  
Susanna she was call'd by name ; 4  
A woman faire and vertuous :  
Lady, lady,  
Why should wee not of her learne thus  
to liue godly ? 8

---

<sup>1</sup> The first line of this ballad is quoted by Sir Toby Belch, in *Twelfth Night*. There can be little doubt but that it is one of Will. Elderton's early productions, not only from the burden :

“Lady, Lady,  
Most deare Lady.”

which he alone seems to have used, but also from another ballad of his, of the same class :

“And was not good King Salomon”

which was entered upon the Registers of the Stationers' Com-



- Ioachim had an Orchard by,  
 fast ioyning to his house or place,  
 Whereas Susanna commonly  
 her selfe did daily there solace : 28  
 And that these Elders soone espy'd,  
 Lady, Lady ;  
 And priuily themselues did hide  
 for that Lady. 32
- Her chaste and constant life was tride  
 by these two Elders of Babylon ;  
 A time conuenient they espide  
 to haue this Lady all alone. 36  
 In his Orchard it came to passe,  
 Lady, Lady,  
 Where she alone her selfe did wash  
 her faire body. 40
- These Elders came to her anon,  
 & thus they said, " Faire dame, God speed !  
 Thy doors are fast, thy Maids are gone,  
 consent to vs and doe this deed ; 44  
 For we are men of no mistrust,  
 Lady, Lady ;  
 And yet to thee we haue a lust,  
 O faire Lady ! 48
- " If that to us thou dost say ' nay,'  
 a testimoniall we will bring ;  
 Wee will say that one with thee lay,—  
 how canst thou then auoid the thing ? 52  
 'Therefore consent, and to us turne,  
 Lady, Lady ;  
 For we to thee in lust doe burne,  
 O faire Lady !" 56
- Then did she sigh, and said, " Alas !  
 now woe is me on euery side ;  
 Was euer wretch in such a case ?  
 shall I consent and doe this deed ? 60  
 Whether I doe or doe it not,"  
 Lady, Lady,  
 " It is my death, right well I wot."  
 O true Lady ! 64

*The Constancy of Susanna.*

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“Better it were for me to fall  
    into your hands this day guiltlesse,  
Then that I should consent at all  
    to this your shamefull wickednesse.” 68  
And euen with that (whereas she stood),  
    Lady, Lady,  
Unto the Lord she cryed aloud  
    pitifully. 72

These Elders both likewise againe  
    against Susanna aloud they cry'd,  
Their filthy lust could not obtaine,  
    their wickednesse they sought to hide; 76  
Unto her friends they then her brought,  
    Lady, Lady,  
And with all speed the life they sought  
    of that Lady. 80



**The Second part.**

TO THE SAME TUNE.



On the morrow she was brought forth  
 before the people there to stand,  
 That they might heare and know the truth,  
 how these two Elders Susanna found. 84  
 The Elders swore, and thus did say,  
 Lady, Lady,  
 How that they saw a young man lay  
 with that Lady. 88

Iudgement there was for no offence,  
 Susanna causelesse then must dye;—  
 These Elders bore such evidence,  
 against her they did verifie, 92  
 Who were belieu'd then indeed,  
 Lady, Lady,  
 Against Susanna to proceed,  
 that she should dye. 96

Susannae's friends that stood her by,  
 they did lament, and were full woe,  
 When as they saw no remedy,  
 but that to death she then must goe. 100

Then unto him that is so just,<sup>1</sup>  
    Lady, Lady,  
(In God was all her hope and trust)  
    to him did cry. 104

The Lord her voice heard, and beheld  
    the Daughter's cry of Israel ;  
His spirit he raised in a child,  
    whose name was call'd young Daniel, 108  
Who cryed aloud whereas he stood,  
    Lady, Lady,  
"I am cleare of the guiltlesse blood  
    of this Lady." 112

"Are you such fooles?" quoth Daniel then ;  
    "in iudgement you haue not done well,  
Nor yet the right way haue you gone  
    to iudge a daughter of Israel 116  
By this wisse of false disdaine ;  
    Lady, Lady,  
Wherefore to iudgement turne againe,  
    for that Lady." 120

And when to iudgement they were set,  
    he called for those wicked men,  
And soone he did them separate,  
    putting the one from the other, then 124  
He asked the first where he did see  
    that faire Lady ;  
He said "under a Mulberry tree ;"  
    who lyed falsely. 128

"Thou lyst," said Daniel, "on thy head  
    thy sentence is before the Lord !"  
He bad that forth he might be led,  
    and bring the other that bore record, 132  
To see how they two did agree  
    for this Lady ;  
He said, "under a Pomgrannat tree ;"  
    who lyed falsely. 136

---

<sup>1</sup> This line is not in the copy printed from, but is supplied from the copy in the Bagford Collection.

Said Daniel, as he did before,  
 "behold the messenger of the Lord  
 Stands waiting for you at the doore,  
 euen to cut thee with a sword." 140  
 And, euen with that, the multitude  
 aloud did cry,  
 "Giue thanks to God, so to conclude,  
 for this Lady." 144

They dealt like with these wicked men  
 according as the Scripture saith,  
 They did, as with their neighbour, then,  
 by Moses' law were put to death! 148  
 The innocent preserued was,  
 Lady, Lady,  
 As God by Daniel brought to passe  
 for this Lady.

Finis.

Printed at London for Iohn Wright, neere Pye-corner.

### **A Compleate Gentle-woman.**

This ballad has no printer's name. The initials of the author, L. P., are assumed to stand for Laurence Price, a writer of many ballads, some of which will appear hereafter. The copy is possibly unique.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 62, 63.]

## A Compleate Gentle-woman

Described by her feature ;

Her person slender, her beauty admirable, her wit excellent,  
her carriage modest, her behaviour chaste, with her  
constancie in love.

TO THE TUNE OF *Sabina*.



You Muses all, your aide to mee assigne,  
To speake in praise of the true loue of mine,  
    Strike up with ioy, 3  
    Strike up with ioy,  
Strike up with ioy your instruments of mirth,  
Till piercing Ecchoes ring 'twixt heaven and earth. 6

Let Pan with speed prepare himselfe to play,  
And sweetly chaunt my loue a roundelay,  
    While Satyres peepe, 9  
    While Satyres peepe,  
While Satyres peepe to see her louely face,  
Let citterne, harpe, and lute her meeting grace. 12



- Let all the Poets' company combine  
 Their wits in one for my sweet Rosaline,  
     And say that shee, 15  
     And say that shee,  
 And say that shee Queene Venus doth excell,—  
 For beauty, loue, and wit shee beares the bell. 18
- And to recite the substance of her feature,  
 That all may say shee is a comely creature,  
     From head to foot, 21  
     From head to foot,  
 From head to foot I will unfold aright  
 The shape of her which is my heart's delight. 24
- First, is her haire like threds of golden wyre,  
 Upon her head is set a seemly tyre,  
     Which doth protect, 27  
     Which doth protect,  
 Which doth protect her crimson cheeks from wind,  
 From Titan's heate and Boreas' blasts unkinde. 30
- Her glist'ring eyes excell the diamond light:  
 When I behold her countenance by night,  
     I doe admire, 33  
     I doe admire,  
 I doe admire to see her beauteous brow,  
 In whom Diana chastnesse doth allow. 36
-

The second part.

TO THE SAME TUNE.



Her rubie lips which doth inclose the tongue  
From whence rare elegies are sweetly sung,  
    That may amaze, 39  
    That may amaze,  
That may amaze each rurall swaine to heare  
Her Siren songs with voice so shrill and cleare. 42

Her iuorie necke with golden gems compleate,  
Her armes and shoulders framed fine and neate,  
    Her lilly hand, 45  
    Her lilly hand,  
Her lilly hand and fingers long and small,  
With slender wast and person somewhat tall. 48

- And farther to devulge some other parts  
Wherein dame Nature shewes her chiefest arts,  
    I purpose to, 51  
    I purpose to,  
I purpose to stoope downe unto the toe,  
And so speake of the rest as up I goe. 54
- Her pretty foot and nimble dapper heele,  
Her shaking legge, haue showne such actiue skill,  
    Both Coridon, 57  
    Both Coridon,  
Both Coridon and Phillis blush't to see  
Her amorous cariage when shee bends the knee. 60
- Not only this which Nature in her plac't,  
But, Ladie, Vertue hath her further grac't.  
    In all respects, 63  
    In all respects,  
In all respects each creature doth her finde  
To passe the Pellican, shee is so kinde. 66
- So constant in her actions still is shee,  
Shee may compare with chast Penelope ;  
    Her minde once fix't, 69  
    Her minde once fix't,  
Her minde once fix't, it neuer will remoue,  
Shee'l rather die, like to the Turtle-doue. 72
- Her will to chastitie is so appli'd,  
Shee scornes ambition, lust, and hatefull pride,  
    Whereby shee gaines, 75  
    Whereby shee gaines,  
Whereby she gaines good wil of great and smal,  
Strong, weak, high, low, rich, poore, they loue her al. 78
- But since my trembling hand and pen wants skill,  
To write her fame compleate unto my will,  
    I here conclude, 81  
    I here conclude,  
I here conclude, wishing each honest lad  
May haue so true a choice as I haue had. 84

[Roxb. Coll. I. 64, 65.]

## Clod's Carroll;

or,

A proper new Jigg, to be sung Dialogue wise, of a man  
and a woman that would needs be married.<sup>1</sup>

TO A PLEASANT NEW TUNE.



- MAN. Now in the Garden  
are we well met,  
To craue our promise,  
for promise is a debt. 4
- WOM. Come, sit thee down all by my side,  
and when that thou art set,  
say what thou wilt unto mee. 7
- M. Shew me unfainedly,  
and tell me thy mind,  
For one may haue a yong wench  
that is not ouer-kind. 11
- W. Seeke all the world for such a one,  
then hardly shall you find  
a Loue of such perfection. 14

<sup>1</sup> This grossest of libels upon women is perhaps unique.



- M. This single life is wearisome :  
 faine would I marry,  
 But feare of ill chusing  
 makes me to tarry : 18  
 Some sayes that flesh is flexible,  
 and quickly it will vary.
- W. It's very true,—God mend them. 21
- M. Why speak'st thou ill of women,  
 sith thou thyselfe art one ?
- W. Would all the rest were constant  
 saue I myselfe alone ! 25
- M. Faith, good or bad, or howsoe're,  
 I cannot live alone,  
 but needs I must bee married. 28
- W. To marry with a yong wench—  
 shee'l make thee poore with pride ;  
 To marry with one of middle age—  
 perhaps she hath beene try'd : 32  
 To marry with an old one—  
 to freeze by fire side :  
 both old and young are faulty. 35
- M. Ile marry with a yong wench  
 of beauty and of wit.
- W. It is better tame a yong Colt  
 without a curbing bit. 39
- M. But she will throw her rider downe.
- W. I,<sup>1</sup> true, he cannot sit,  
 when Fillies fall a wighing.<sup>2</sup> 42
- M. Ile marry one of middle age,  
 for she will love me well.
- W. But if her middle much be us'd,  
 by heauen and by hell ! 46  
 Thou shalt find more griefes  
 than thousand tongues can tell :  
 Ah, silly man, God helpe thee ! 49

<sup>1</sup> "I," for "aye."

<sup>2</sup> *Wihie*, to neigh: *Lily*; in Halliwell's *Glossary*. Compare too *The Vision of Piers Ploughman*, i. 144. ed. T. Wright, speaking of beggars' lawless lives: Manye of yow ne wedde nought the womman that ye with deele, But as wilde bestes with 'wehee!' worthen uppe, and werchen, And bryngen forth barnes that bastardes men calleth.

- M. Ile marry with an old wench  
that knowes not good from bad.
- W. But once within a fortnight  
shee'l make her husband mad. 53
- M. Beshrew thee for thy counsell,  
for thou hast made me sad ;  
but needs I must be married. 56
- W. To marry with a young wench  
me thinkes it were a blisse :  
To marry one of middle age  
it were not much amisse : 60
- I'de marry one of old age,  
and match where money is ;  
there's none are bad in chusing. 63
- M. Then thou, for all thy saying,  
commendst the single life.
- W. I, freedome is a popish  
banishment of strife. 67
- M. Hold thy tongue, fond woman,  
for I must haue a wife.
- W. A Cuckold in reuersion. 70
- When you are once married  
all one whole yeare,  
Tell me of your fortune,  
and meet with mee here ; 74
- To thinke upon my counsell  
thou wilt shed many a teare ;  
till which time I will leave thee. 77
- M. Were I but assured,  
and of a Beggar's lot,  
Still to live in misery  
and never worth a groat, 81
- To haue my head well furnished  
as any horned goat :  
for all this would I marry. 84

Farewell, you lusty Batchelors,  
 to marriage I am bent;  
 When I haue try'd what marriage is,  
 Ile tell you the event,  
 And tell the cause, if cause there be,  
 wherein I doe repent  
 that ever I did marry.

88

91

Finis.

---

The second part.

TO THE SAME TUNE.



W. Good-morrow to thee, new-married man,  
 how doest thou fare?

M. As one quite marr'd with marriage,  
 consum'd and kill'd with care:

95

Would I had tane thy counsell.

W. But thou wouldst not beware.

M. Alas! it was my fortune.

98

- W. What griefe doth most oppresse thee  
may I request to know?
- M. That I haue got a wanton.
- W. But is she not a shrow? 102
- M. Shee's anything that euill is,  
but I must not say so.
- W. For feare that I should flout thee. 105
- M. Indeed, to mocke at misery  
would adde vnto my griefe.
- W. But I will not torment thee,  
but rather lend reliefe : 109  
And therefore in thy marriage  
tell me what woes are chiefe ;  
good counsell yet may cure thee. 112
- W. Is not thy huswife testy,  
too churlish and too sowre ?
- M. The deuill is not so waspish,—  
shee's neuer pleas'd an hower. 116
- W. Canst thou not tame a deuill ?  
lies not it in thy power ?
- M. Alas ! I cannot coniure. 119
- W. What ! goeth she not a gossiping,  
to spend away thy store ?
- M. Doe what I can, I promise you,  
shee's euer out of dore ; 123  
That were I nere so thrifty,  
yet she would make me poore ;  
woe's me ! I cannot mend it. 126
- W. How goeth shee in apparell ?  
delights she not in pride ?
- M. No more than Birds doe bushes,  
or harts the riuier side,— 130  
Witnesse to that, her looking-glasse,  
where shee hath stood in pride  
a whole fore-noone together. 133
- W. How thinkst thou ? was she honest,  
and loyall to thy bed ?



- M. I thinke her legs doe fall away,  
 for spring-time keeping head ; 137  
 And were not hornes inuisible,  
 I warrant you I were sped  
 with broad browed Panthers ?<sup>1</sup> 140
- W. Thy grieffe is past recouery ;  
 no salue will help but this—  
 To take thy fortune patiently,  
 and brooke her what she is. 144  
 Yet many things amended are  
 that haue beene long amisse,  
 and so in time may she be. 147
- M. I cannot stay here longer,  
 my wife, or this, doth stay ;  
 And he that's bound as I am bound,  
 perforce must needs obey. 151
- W. Then farewell to thee, new-married man,  
 since you will needs away ;  
 I can but grieue thy fortune. 154
- M. All you that be at libertie  
 and would be void of strife,—  
 I speake it on experience,—  
 ne're venture on a wife ; 158  
 For if you match, you will be matcht  
 to such a weary life,  
 that you will all repent you. 161

Finis.

London, Printed by A. M. for Henry Gosson.

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<sup>1</sup> *Panter* (cant) a Hart. *A New Dictionary of the Terms Ancient and Modern of the Canting Crew*, by B. E. gent. [? 1710.]

[Roxb. Coll. I. 66, 67.]

## Constant, faire, and fine Betty.

Being

The Young-man's praise of a curious Creature.<sup>1</sup>

Faire shee was, and faire indeed,  
And constant alwayes did proceed.

TO THE TUNE OF *Peggy went over Sea with a Souldier.*



Now of my sweet Bettie  
I must speake in praise ;  
I never did see  
such a lasse in my days :

4

<sup>1</sup> R[ichard] C[rimson], the writer of this ballad, had evidently "The blind Beggar's daughter of Bethnal Green" as his model when he penned it. To lengthen the ballad for printing (and, perhaps, a little to disguise his appropriation) he has divided

She is kind and loving, and constant to me : Wherefore I will speake of my pretty Betty.	8
Betty is comely, and Betty is kind ; Besides, shee is pretty, and pleaseth my mind : She is a brave bonny Lasse, lovely and free ; The best that ere was is my pretty Betty.	12 16
Her haire it doth glister like to threds of gold ; All those that doe meet her admire to behold : Her they take for Iuno, so glorious seemes shee,— More brighter then Lun[a] is pretty Betty.	20 24

each line, throughout, into two. It recalls the words of an early anonymous writer :

“Your balades of loue, *not worth a beane,*  
*A number there be,* although not all ;”

But the old critic adds :

“Some be pithie, some weake, some leane,  
Some doe runne as round as a ball.”

Richard Crimsal's production will certainly not come under the definition contained in the last line. No other copy of the ballad is known. The tune of “Peggy went over sea with a Souldier,” to which it was to be sung, is included in one of the Skene MSS., and is No. 2 of the collected edition printed under the exceptionable title of “Ancient Melodies of *Scotland*” (4to, Edin. 1838. p. 217). *A new Ballad of The Souldier & Peggy* (printed by F. Coules) is in the Rox. Coll. (I. 370), and two in Mr. Walter Ewing's Collection (Nos. 243 & 244). Of these last, one was printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, and W. Gilbertson, and the other has neither place nor printer's name. The former is entitled, “A new Ballad of the Souldier and Peggy, to a new Northern tune.” It begins :

“It was a brave souldier that long liv'd in wars.”

A ballad entitled *The Gosport Tragedy* was sung to the same tune.

Her eyes they do twinkle  
like starres in the skie ;  
She is without wrinkle ;  
her fore-head is high : 28  
Faire Venus for beauty  
the like canot be ;  
Thus I shew my duty  
to pretty Betty. 32

She hath fine cherry cheekes  
and sweet corral lips :  
There is many one seekes  
love with kisses and clips ; 36  
But she, like Diana,  
flies their company ;  
She is my Tytana,  
my pretty Bettie. 40

Her chinne it is dimpled,  
her visage is faire ;  
She is finely templed ;  
she is neat and rare : 44  
If Hellen were living  
she could not please me ;  
I ioy in praise giving  
my pretty Betty. 48

Her skinne white as snow,  
her brest soft as doune,  
All her parts below  
they are all firme and sound : 52  
Shee's chaste in affection  
as Penelope.  
Thus endes the complexion  
of pretty Bettie. 56



**The Second Part,**

TO THE SAME TUNE.



Now of her conditions  
 something Ile declare,  
 For some have suspicions  
 She's false, being faire :  
 But shee's not false hearted  
 in any degree ;  
 I'm glad I consorted  
 with pretty Betty.

60

64

Her words and her actions  
 they are all as one,  
 And all her affection  
 is on me alone :

68

She hates such as vary  
from true constancy ;  
Long I must not tarry  
from pretty Betty. 72

“ Well met, my sweet hony,  
my ioy and delight !  
O how hath my cony  
done ere since last night ? 76  
Oh what saies my dearest,—  
what saist thou to me ?”  
Of all maids the rarest  
is pretty Betté. 80

Wo. Kind love, thou art welcome  
to me day and night ;  
Why came you not home ?  
I did long for your sight : 84  
My ioy and my pleasure  
is onely in thee ;  
Thou art all the treasure  
of pretty Betté. 88

Hadst thou not come quickly  
I thinke I should dye ;  
For I was growne sickly,  
and did not know why. 92  
Now thou art my doctor  
and physicke to me ;  
In love thou art proctor  
for pretty Betté. 96

Sweet, when shall we marry,  
and lodge in one bed ?  
Long I cannot carry  
not my maiden-head : 100  
And there's none shall have the same,  
but onely thee ;  
'Tis thee that I crave  
to love pretty Betté. 104

MAN. Besse, be thou contented,  
wee'l quickly be wed ;  
Our friends are consented  
to all hath bin sed : 108

Thou shalt be my wife  
 ere much older I be,  
 And Ile lead my life  
 with my pretty Betté. 112

'These lovers were married,  
 and immediately ;  
 And all was well carried ;  
 they liv'd lovingly : 116

Let faire maids prove constant,  
 like pretty Besse,  
 Fine Besse hath the praise [o]n't,  
 and worthy is shee. 120

Finis.

R. C.

London, Printed for Iohn Wright the yonger, dwelling at the  
 upper end of the Old Baily.

### The Constant Lober.

This ballad bears the signature of P. L., who was the author of another ballad, written to the same tune. The latter is included in the Pepys Collection (IV. 40). It is entitled "The valiant Trooper and Pretty Peggy," beginning :

"Heard you not of a valiant Trooper."

The tune of each will be found in *Pop. Mus.* I. 453. The copy of the ballad is supposed to be unique.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 68, 69.]

## The Constant Lover.

Who his affection will not move,  
Though he live not where he love.

TO A NORTHERNE TUNE CALLED *Shall the absence of my  
Mistresse.*



You loyall Lovers that are distant  
from your Sweet-hearts many a mile,  
Pray come helpe me at this instant  
in mirth to spend away the while  
In singing sweetly, and compleately,  
in commendation of my love ;  
Resolving ever to part never,  
*though I live not where I love.*

4

8



- My love shee's faire and also vertuous ;  
 God grant to me she may prove true !  
 Then there is naught but death shall part us,  
     and Ile ne're change her for a new : 12  
 And though the fates my fortunes hates,  
     and me from her doe farre remove,  
 Yet I doe vow still to be true,  
     *though, &c.* 16
- My constancy shall ne're be failing,  
     whatsoe're betide me here :  
 Of her vertue Ile be telling,  
     be my biding farre or neere. 20  
 And though blind fortune prove uncertaine  
     from her presence me to remove,  
 Yet Ile be constant every instant,  
     *though, &c.* 24
- Though our bodies thus are parted,  
     and asunder many a mile,  
 Yet I vow to be true-hearted,  
     and be faithfull all the while : 28  
 Though with mine eye I cannot spye,  
     for distance great, my dearest Love,  
 My heart is with her altogether,  
     *though, &c.* 32
- When I sleepe I doe dreame on her ;  
     when I wake I take no rest ;  
 But every moment thinke upon her ;  
     she's so fixéd in my brest : 36  
 And though farre distance may be assistance  
     from my mind her loue to moue,  
 Yet I will neuer our loue disseuer,  
     *though, &c.* 40
- To thinke upon the am[o]rous glances  
     that haue beene betwixt us twaine,  
 My constancy and love aduances,  
     though from her presence I remaine, 44  
 And makes the teares, with groanes and feares,  
     from watery eyes and heart to moue,  
 And, sighing, say, both night and day,  
     *Alas ! I liue, &c.* 48

The second Part.

TO THE SAME TUNE.



I, to her, will be like Leander  
if Hero-like shee'le prove to me ;  
For her sake through the world Ile wander,  
no desperate danger I will flee ; 52  
And into the seas, with little ease,  
the mountains great themselves shal move,  
Ere faith I breake, let me ne're speake,  
*though, &c.* 56

Penelope shall be unconstant,  
and Diana prove unchaste,  
Venus to Vulcan shall be constant,  
and Mars farre from her shall be plac't,— 60  
The blinded boy no more shall ioy  
with arrowes keene lovers to move,  
Ere false I be, sweet-heart, to thee,  
*though, &c.* 64

The Birds shall leave their airy region ;  
 the fishes in the aire shall fly ;  
 All the world shall be at one religion ;  
 all living things shall cease to dye ; 68  
 Al things shal change to shapes most strange  
 before that I disloyall proue,  
 Or any way my loue decay,  
*though, &c.* 72

If you lines doe come before her,  
 or doe deigne to touch her hand,  
 Tell her that I doe adore her  
 aboute all maidens in the land ; 76  
 Remaining still at her good will,  
 and alwayes to her loyall proue,  
 T[i]ll death with dart doe strike my heart,  
*though, &c.* 80

And tell my mistresse that a louer  
 that Loue's perfect image beares,  
 As true as loue it selfe doe[s] loue her,  
 witnesse his farre-fetcht sighes and teares, 84  
 Which forth he groanes with bitter moanes,  
 and from his troubled breast he moues,  
 And day nor night takes no delight,  
*because, &c.* 88

So with my duty to her commended,  
 her loyall seruant Ile be still,  
 Desiring I may be befriended  
 with loue againe for my good will ; 92  
 And wish that she as true may be,  
 as I to her will constant proue,  
 And night and day I still will pray  
*and wish I may liue where I loue.* 96

Finis.

P. L.

London, Printed for Henry Gosson.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 70, 71.]

## A discourse of Man's life.<sup>1</sup>

Comparing him to things that quickly passe,  
As bubble, shuttle, blossome, streame, and grasse.

TO THE TUNE OF *Ayme not too high.*



Now to discourse of man I take in hand,  
In what estate his fickle life doth stand.  
Hee in this world is as a pilgrimage,  
And maketh hast to trauaile to old age.

4

<sup>1</sup> No other copy is known of this devout ballad but the one in the Roxburghe Collection. The tune to which it is directed to



Man's life compared is unto a flower  
 That grows and withers all within one houre;  
 And like to grasse that groweth in the field;  
 Or like true courage, which is loath to yeeld. 8

The flower's cut, and now can beare no shew;  
 The grasse is withered which was green to view;  
 True courage wronged by o'er many foes,  
 And death doth make a man his life to lose. 12

Man's life is like the damaske Rose you see,  
 Or like the blossome that growes on the tree;  
 Or like unto the dainty flowers in May;  
 Or like the morning that begins the day. 16

The Rose is withered & the blossome blasteth,  
 The flowers fade, & fast the morning hasteth.  
 Euen such is man, whose thred is quickly spun,  
 Drawn out and cut, and suddenly is done. 20

Man's life is like the sun, or like the shade,  
 Or like unto the gourd which Ionas had;  
 Or like an houre, or like unto a span,  
 Or like unto the singing of a swan. 24

The sun doth set, and fast the shaddow flies,  
 The gourd consumes, and man he quickly dies.  
 The houre is short, for and the span not long,  
 The swan neer death, man's life is quickly don. 28

be sung derives its name from another ballad included in the same collection (I. 106). It is entitled:

“An excellent song, wherein you shall finde  
 Great consolation for a troubled minde,”

To the tune of “*Fortune, my Foe.*” This begins:

“Ayme not too hie in things above thy reach.”

We are therefore sent back to *Fortune, my Foe*, for which see *Popular Music*, I. 162. But “Aim not too high” had a second tune, the same as *Death and the Lady*, for which see p. 167 of the same volume.

The ballad itself is of the reign of Charles the First. This will be seen by the concluding stanza, line 97. The printer was H[enry] G[osson].

Man's life is like the grasse that's newly sprung,  
Or like unto a tale that's new begun,  
Or like the bird which wee doe see to-day,  
Or like the pearlie dew that is in May. 32

The grasse is wither'd, and the tale is ended,  
The bird is flowne, and up the dew ascended;  
Euen such is man, who liueth by his breath,  
Is here, now there, still subiect unto death. 36

Man's life is like the bubble in the brook,  
Or like a glasse wherein a man doth look;  
Or like a shuttle in a weauer's hand,  
Or like the writing that is in the sand. 40

The bubble's broke, and soone the looke's forgot;  
The shuttle's flung, for and the writings blot;  
Euen such is man, that liueth on the earth,  
Hee's alwaies subiect for to loose his breath. 44

---

**The Second Part.**

TO THE SAME TUNE.



Man's life is like a thought, or like a dreame,  
 Or like the gliding of a running streame;  
 Or like a race; or like unto a goale;  
 Or like the dealing of a rich man's doale.

48

The thought is past, for and the dreame is gone;  
 The water glides,—euen so man's life is done.  
 The race soon run, so is the goale soon won,  
 The dole soon dealt;—man's life is quickly done.

52

Man's life is like an arrow from the bow,  
Or like sweet course of waters that doth flow,  
Or like the time betwixt the floud and ebbe,  
Or like unto the spider's tender web. 56

The arrowe's shot, for and the floud soon spent ;  
The time's no time, the Spider's web is rent :  
Euen such is man, and of as brittle state,—  
Hee's alwaies subiect unto Enuie's hate. 60

Man's life is like the lightning in the sky,  
Or like a Post that suddenly doth hye ;  
Or like a quauer singing of a song,  
Or like a iourney that's not very long. 64

The Lightning's past, for and the Post must goe ;  
The Note is short, and so's the iourney too :  
Euen such is Man the which doth heap up sorrow,  
That liues to-day, and dyes before to-morrow. 68

Man's like unto the snow when summer's come,  
Or like a peare, or like unto a plum ;  
Or like a tree that groweth fresh and green ;  
Or like the wind which can no waies be seen. 72

The peare doth rot, for and the plum doth fall ;  
The snow dissolues, and so wee must doe all ;  
The tree's consum'd that was so fresh and faire ;  
The wind's uncertaine that blowes in the ayre. 76

Man's like the seed put into the earth's womb,  
Or like dead Lazarus that's in his tombe,  
Or like Tabitha being in a sleep,  
Or like to Ionas that was in the deep. 80

The seed it springeth, Lazarus now standeth ;  
Tabitha wakes, and Ionas he hath landed :  
Thus are wee certain life wee shall obtaine,—  
Though death doth kill, yet shall we liue againe. 84

God, of his mercy, grant to us his grace,  
That we may lead our liues in such a case  
That, when wee are departed hence away,  
Wee then may liue with him in ioy for aye. 88



Grant, Lord, that wee may please thy will divine ;  
 Lord, let thy louing fauour on us shine,  
 And turne from us thy heauy wrath and ire,  
 And grant us mercy, Lord, wee thee require. 92

Lord, make us like [unto] the fruitfull vines,  
 To bring forth fruits in our due tides & times,  
 Unto the honour of thy glorious name.  
 Amen, good Lord, grant wee may doe the same. 96

Now to conclude, God blesse our gracious Charles,  
 With all his worthy Subiects, Lords and Earles ;  
 And grant us, Lord, true faith, with loue & peace,  
 And let thy Gospell more and more encrease. 100

Finis.

London, Printed for H. G.

### The Dead Man's Song.

Of this ballad there are two editions in the Roxburghe Collection, two in Mr. Walter Ewing's collection (72 and 73), one in the Bagford (643. m. 10, p. 45), one in the Pepys (II. 8), and one in Wood's Collection, in the Bodleian Library (401, 83). The tune of *Flying Fame* is printed in *Popular Music*, I. 199.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 72, 73.]

## The Dead Man's Song.

Whose dwelling was neere unto Basing's Hall in London.

TO THE TUNE OF *Flying Flame*.



Sore sick, deare friends, long time I was,  
 and weakely laid in bed ;  
 And for five hours, in all men's sight,  
 at length I lay as dead. 4

The bel rung out, my friends came in,  
 and I key-cold was found ;  
 Then was my carcasse brought from bed,  
 and cast upon the ground. 8

My loving wife did weepe full sore,  
 and children loud did cry ;  
 My friends did mourne, yet thus they said :  
 "all flesh is borne to dye." 12

My winding sheet prepared was,  
 my grave was also made,  
 And five long houres, by just report,  
 in this same case I laid : 16

- During which time my soule did see  
 such strange and fearefull sights,  
 That for to heare the same disclos'd  
 would banish all delights. 20
- Yet, sith the Lord restor'd my life,  
 which from my body fled,  
 I will declare what sights I saw  
 that time that I was dead. 24
- Me thought along a gallant greene,  
 where pleasant flowers sprung,  
 I tooke my way, whereas I thought  
 the Muses sweetly sung. 28
- The grasse was sweet, the trees full fair,  
 and lovely to behold,  
 And full of fruit was every twig,  
 which shin'd like glittering gold. 32
- My cheereful heart desired much  
 to taste the fruit so faire ;  
 But, as I reacht, a faire young man  
 to me did fast repaire. 36
- "Touch not," (qd he) "that's none of thine,  
 but wend and walke with me,  
 And see thou marke each sevarall thing  
 which I shall show to thee." 40
- I wondred greatly at his words,  
 yet went with him away,  
 Till, on a goodly pleasant banke,  
 with him he bad me stay. 44
- With branches then of Lillies white  
 mine eyes there wiped he ;  
 When this was done, he bad me look  
 what I farre off could see. 48
- I looked up, and loe ! at last  
 I did a City see,—  
 So faire a thing did never man  
 behold with mortal eye : 52

- Of Diamonds, pearles, and precious stones  
it seem'd the wals were made ;  
The houses all with beaten gold  
were til'd and overlaid. 56
- More brighter than the morning Sun  
the light thereof did show,  
And every creature in the same  
like crownèd Kings did goe. 60
- The fields about this City faire  
were all with Roses set,  
Gilly-flowers, and Carnation faire,  
which canker could not fret : 64
- And from these fields there did proceed  
the sweet'st and pleasant'st smell  
That ever living creature felt—  
the scent did so excell. 68
- Besides, such sweet triumphant mirth  
did from the City sound,  
That I therewith was ravishèd,  
my ioy did so abound. 72
- With musick, mirth, and melody  
Princes did there embrace ;  
And in my heart I long'd to be  
within that ioyfull place : 76
- The more I gaz'd, the more I might,  
the sight pleas'd me so well ;  
For what I saw in every thing  
my tongue can no way tell. 80
- Then of the man I did demand  
what place the same might be  
Whereas so many Kings do dwell  
In ioy and melody ? 84
- Quoth he, " That blessed place is heaven,  
where yet thou must not rest ;  
And those that do like Princes walke  
are men whom God hath blest." 88



- Then did he turne me round about,  
and on the other side  
He bad me view, and marke as much  
what things are to be spide. 92
- With that I saw a cole-blacke den,  
all tan'd with soot and smoake,  
Where stinking Brimstone burning was,  
which made me like to choake. 96
- An ugly creature there I saw,  
whose face with knives was slasht,  
And in a caldron of poyson'd filth  
his ugly corps were washt. 100
- About his necke were fiery ruffes,  
that flam'd on every side.  
I askt—and lo! the Young man said  
that he was damn'd for pride. 104
- Another sort then did I see,  
whose bowels Vipers tore,  
And grievously, with gaping mouth,  
they did both yell and rore. 108
-

**The second part.**

TO THE SAME TUNE.



A spotted person by each one  
stood gnawing on their hearts,  
And this was Conscience, I was told,  
that plagu'd their envious parts. 112

These were no sooner out of sight  
but straight came, in their place,  
A sort still throwing burning fire,  
which fell against their face. 116

And ladles full of melted gold  
were pourèd downe their throats,  
And these were set (it seem'd to me)  
in midst of burning boats. 120

The foremost of this company  
was Iudas, I was told,  
Who had, for filthy lucre's sake,  
his Lord and Master sold. 124

- For covetousnesse these were condemn'd,  
 so it was told to me :  
 And then methought another rout  
 of Hel-hounds I did see : 128
- Their faces they seem'd fat in sight,  
 yet all their bones were bare ;  
 And dishes full of crawling Toades  
 was made their finest fare. 132
- From armes, from hands, from thighs and feete,  
 with red hot pincers, then  
 The flesh was pluckt, even from the bone,  
 of those vile gluttonous men. 136
- On cole-black beds another sort  
 in grievous sort did lye,  
 And, underneath them, burning brands  
 their flesh did burne and fry. 140
- With brimstone fierce their pillowes eke,  
 whereon their heads were laid,  
 And fiends, with whips of glowing fire,  
 their lecherous skins off flaid. 144
- Then did I see another come,  
 stab'd in with daggers thicke,  
 And filthy fiends with fiery darts  
 their hearts did wound and pricke. 148
- And mighty bowles of corrupt blood  
 was brought for them to drink ;  
 And these men were for murther plagu'd,  
 from which they could not shrinke. 152
- I saw, when these were gone away,  
 the Swearer and the Lier,  
 And these were hung up by the tongues  
 right over a flaming fire. 156
- From eyes, from eares, from navell & nose,  
 and from the lower parts  
 The blood, methought, did gushing runne,  
 and clodded like men's hearts. 160

I askèd why that punishment  
was upon swearers laid :  
“ Because,” quoth one, “ wounds, blood, & heart,  
was still the oath they made.” 164

And there withall from ugly Hell  
such shriekes and cryes I heard  
As though some greater grieffe and plague  
had vext them afterward. 168

So that my soule was sore afraid  
(such terrour on me fell).  
Away then went the young man quite,  
and bad me not farewell. 172

Wherefore unto my body straight  
my spirit return'd againe,  
And lively blood did afterwards  
stretch forth in every veine. 176

My closèd eyes I openèd,  
and, raisèd from my swound,  
I wondred much to see my selfe  
laid so upon the ground : 180

Which when my neighbours did behold,  
great feare upon them fell,  
To whom soone after I did tell  
the newes from heaven and hell. 184



[Roxb. Coll. I. 74, 75.]

# A Dialogue betweene Master Gues- right and poore neighbour Needy,<sup>1</sup>

Or,

A few proofes both reall and true,  
Shewing what men for mony will doe.

TO A PLEASANT NEW TUNE, CALLED *But I know what I know.*



“Well met, neighbour Needy; what! walking alone?  
How comes it, I pray, that you thus sigh and groane?  
The cause by your physiognomie straight I can tell,  
And know by the same that all is not well.”

4

<sup>1</sup> The initials E. F. at the end of this ballad are probably those of Edward Ford, whose name will be found, at full length, to two other ballads in the collection. This is faultily printed, but we have no other copy wherewith to collate it.

“In truth, master Guesright, you speake very true ;  
For money I want, and beleve so do you ;  
And therefore, eene say and do what you please,  
I know you are sicke of my sore disease.” 8

“For me, Neighbour Needy, the world is so hard  
That solely my selfe I now cannot guard ;  
Besides, young and old loves coyne so intire,  
That have it they will, though out of the fire.” 12

“Nay, good Master Guesright,<sup>1</sup> I pray say not so,  
For then you will wrong a many I know :  
Besides, I [in] no way perswaded can be  
That money is loved in the highest degree.” 16

“Indeed,<sup>2</sup> if you thinke so, I instant will prove  
That few [are] or none but [who] money do love ;  
And, when I have done, I know you will say  
’Tis all reall truth : then harken, I pray. 20

Imprimis, your Tailor is loving and kind,—  
Nor doe I with him [for it] any fault find ;  
But rest you assurèd, and take it from mee,  
The most that<sup>3</sup> he doth, he doth for his fee. 24

Your Mercer, in courtesie, seldome forbeares  
To show you the prime and [the] best of his wares ;  
But if that a reason you’d have me to show,  
’Tis cause he would get by the bargaine, I know. 28

Your Barber most nimbly will trimme your fine Patto,  
And, if that you please, turne up your mouchatto ;  
But marke you what followes, my kind loving neighbour,  
He lookes to be gratified well for his labour. 32

Your Vintner will spread you his linnen most fine,  
And bring you both Suger, Tobacco, and Wine ;  
And, having so done, requirès but this,  
To pay him his shot—which you must not misse. 36

Againe, this is true (as I now doe tell yee),  
A Cooke in Pye-Corner will fill up your belly ;  
And when you are satisfied, he, like an Asse,  
Desirès no money but eene for his sawce. 40

<sup>1</sup> “Neighbour Needy” in the broadside.

<sup>2</sup> Money.

<sup>3</sup> That most.

## The second part.

TO THE SAME TUNE.



Your Tapster is growne a right honest man,  
 For he will misreckon no more than he can,  
 Until<sup>1</sup> by his Jug, [by] his Pot, and his Pipe,  
 He has danc't himselfe an officer ripe.

44

Your out-landish Doctour most ready will be  
 To cure you of [all] your infirmity;  
 Which being effected, he, for his skill,  
 Desirès no more but a golden Pill.

48

Nay, what makes your Land-lord let housen by lease?  
 [Not] that you may live in 'em daily [in] peace,  
 But that he imagines, and has an intent,  
 [That] you will not faile for to pay him his rent.

52

What makes your In-keeper to harbour the poore,  
 And unto all comers set open his dore,  
 But that he intends, if [he] possibly can,  
 To have his reward, of every man?

56

<sup>1</sup> "For" in the copy, seemingly repeated from the line above.

What makes your Usurer ever your friend,  
 And be so officious his money to lend,  
 But that he intends to bring you in thrall,  
 And get, if he can, the Devill and all? 60

Nay, what makes your Hang-man (I tell you but so)  
 Such a base office for to undergoe,  
 But that he hopes, and ever presages,  
 To have all their cloathes, as well as his wages? 64

What makes your Broker so often to cry  
 ‘ See what you lacke, friend,—what will you buy?’  
 But that he would, as his neighbours all doe,  
 Get, if he could, for one penny, two? 68

What makes your Carrier to traverse the land;  
 Nay, what makes your souldier fight while he can stand;  
 But that they intend, my owne deerest honey,  
 To gaine this same paulty thing callèd money? 72

What makes your tooth-drawer to cut off your corne?  
 What makes your Sow-gelder to wind up his horne?  
 Nay, what makes the world to do as they doe,  
 But that they would purchase this same mony too? 76

Nay, neighbour, there’s more then all these are [as] yet,  
 [The] which I, for brevitie’s sake, doe omit;  
 But these, I [should] hope, will very well prove  
 That men [will] doe more for money then love.” 80

“ Well, neighbour Guesright, if this same be true,  
 Then home we will straight, without more adoe;  
 And what we intend to none we will tell,  
 But keepe to our selves—and so fare you well.” 84

Finis.

E. F.



[Roxb. Coll. I. 76, 77.]

**Doctor Do-good's Directions,**  
 To cure many diseases both in body and minde, lately  
 written and set forth for the good of infected persons.

TO THE TUNE OF *The Golden Age*.



If any are infected, give audience awhile,  
 Such Physick Ile teach you shal make you to smile,  
 It is wholsome and toothsome, and free from all guile, 3  
 Which shall breed good blood, and bad humors exile.  
*Although it may seeme most strange,*  
*Yet this is most true and strange.* 6

<sup>1</sup> No other copy of this ballad is to be found in the great public Collections, nor can the initials, I. D., be assigned with any degree

If any man be troubled with uncomely long hayre,  
 Which on his fooles forehead unseemly doth stare,  
 I have a medicine will cure him, to prove it I dare, 9  
 Let him take a Razor and shave his head bare,  
*And he shall be cured most strange,*  
*O this is a wonderfull change.* 12

If any be troubled with an idle drouisie head,  
 Whose chiefest delight is to sleepe in his bed,  
 With glutting his stomack this folly first bred, 15  
 Let him fall to his worke, and be slenderly fed,  
*And he shall be cured most strange,*  
*O this is most true and strange.* 18

If any man be troubled with a very shallow brayne,  
 Whose giddy apprehension can no wisdom attaine,  
 If he will be eased of this kinde of paine, 21  
 Strong Beere and hot waters then let him refraine,  
*And he shall be cured most strange,*  
*O this is most true and strange.* 24

If any man be troubled with a fiery hot nose,  
 Which in midst of cold winter is as red as a Rose,  
 It proceeds from drinking old Sack, I suppose; 27  
 Small Beere and fayre water, let him drink none but those,  
*And he shall be cured most strange,*  
*O this is most true and strange.* 30

If any man be troubled with outragious teeth,  
 Which eat up his riches and make him play the theef,  
 If he will be cured of this kinde of grieffe, 33  
 Let him sew up his lips, and he shall finde releefe,  
*And this is a cure most strange,*  
*O this is most true and strange.* 36

If a woman be troubled with a tatling tongue,  
 Whose too much vaine babling her neighbours doth wrong,

---

of certainty. Perhaps this is the J. D. who wrote in rhyme "Solomon's Pest House re-edified, prepared to preserve Londoners from the Plague," etc., "a description of the Prodigious Plague in 1625," published in 1630, 4to. Richard Harper, the printer of this ballad, flourished at that time, and its subject, "If any are infected," suggests identity in the writer.

I iudge for her mouth it's something too long,  
 Therefore she must cut [it] short while she is yong, 39  
*And she shall be cured most strange,*  
*O this is most true and strange.* 42

If a man have light fingers that he cannot charme,  
 Which will pick men's pockets, and do such like harm,  
 He must be let bloud, in a scarfe beare his arme, 45  
 And drink the herbe Grace in a possit luke warme,  
*And he shall be cured most strange,*  
*O this is most true and strange.* 48

---

### The second part.

TO THE SAME TUNE.



If a man with false dealing hath infected his breast,  
 Or hath no good motion in his bosome possest,  
 Two handfull of honesty he must eat at the least, 51  
 And hate all vaine glory, and falshood detest,  
*And he shall be cured most strange,*  
*O this is most true and strange.* 54



If any mayd be sick of the sullen disease,  
 Or grown out of temper that none can her please,  
 She must be kept fasting the space of three dayes, 57  
 And no man speak to her whatsoever she sayes,  
*And she shall be cured most strange,*  
*O this is most true and strange.* 60

If any man be troubled with false hollow heart,  
 To cure such a fellow exceedeth my Art,  
 But yet my good counsell to him Ile impart, 63  
 Let him take heed he rides not to Tyburn in a Cart,  
*For then heele be cured most strange,*  
*O this is most true and strange.* 66

If a mayd be infected with the falling away,  
 Which proceeds from a longing desire, some say,  
 If she will be preserved and kept from decay, 69  
 She must get her a husband without all delay,  
*And she shall be cured most strange,*  
*O this is most true and strange.* 72

If a man have an ach in his bones at any tide,  
 That to do any labour he cannot abide,  
 With the oyle of old Holly annoynt well his side, 75  
 And he shall be cured,—this thing hath been tride,  
*And it is a cure most strange,*  
*O this is most true and strange.* 78

If a man have a conscience that doth him torment,  
 If it be for sinne, then let him repent;  
 He must be right sorry for the time he mispent, 81  
 And drink brinish teares when his heart doth relent,  
*And he shall be cured most strange,*  
*O this is most true and strange.* 84

If any man's knees are grown stiffe and so sore,  
 That he cannot kneele downe to pray any more,  
 His heart is right stony; it is fitting, therefore, 87  
 He get grace and mercy heaven's name to adore,  
*And he shall be cured most strange,*  
*O this is most true and strange.* 90



If a man be troubled with exceeding light toes,  
 Which will run to the Alehouse in spight of his nose,  
 If he spend all his mony his credit to lose, 93  
 He shall in close prison be cast by his foes,  
*And then heele be cured most strange,*  
*O this is most true and strange. 96*

Now you that reap profit by the fruit of my quill,  
 Give thanks to the Doctor that taught you this skill,  
 For sure he deserveth praise for his good will, 99  
 That taught you this Physick your minds to fulfill,  
*For this is a thing most strange,*  
*O this is most true and strange. 102*

Finis.

I. D.

London, Printed for Richard Harper.

### Death's Loud Allarum.

This is, again, a scarce ballad,—no other copy in the great collections. It was probably written at the time of the Great Plague of London, in 1664–5. The printer flourished towards the close of Charles the First's reign and throughout the first half of that of Charles II. The initials R. C. again suggest Richard Crimsal, or Richard Climsell. These are probably but ballad-printers' variations in the spelling of one name. An instance of the first form has been quoted *ante*, p. 142 (and a copy of that work is included in the first volume of Penny Merriments in the Pepys Collection), while the second mode of spelling occurs three times in the course of the Roxburghe Ballads. W. Thackeray was publisher of the book, and John Wright the younger, of the three ballads in question, as well as of the following.

The tune has already been referred to (*ante*, p. 218).



No, nor one houre, or minut, which is lesse,— 9  
 As God doth please, our time is more or lesse.  
 We are all mortall that live here below,  
 And all must dye, that is the death we owe. 12

No strength nor valour can this death prevent,  
 Nor can faire beauty hinder his intent ;  
 Both rich and poore must all prepare to dye ; 15  
 No King nor Subject can proud Death denye :  
 Death feares no friend, nor doth he dread a foe ;  
 We all must dye, that is the debt we owe. 18

Behold and see, all you that smile at death,  
 You plainely see how fickle is your breath,—  
 To-day alive, to-morrow clad in clay,— 21  
 Therefore prepare, repent, weep, fast, and pray.  
 Our sinnes doe cause the Lord to send us woe :  
 We all must die, that is the debt we owe. 24

Thy brother's dead, and buryed in the ground ;  
 Prepare thy self,—the mournfull Bell doth sound ;  
 The grave stands open ready to receive 27  
 Whom death doth strike,—prepare to take thy leave.  
 The day nor houre there is none that doth know ;  
 We all must die, that is the debt we owe. 30

Then why doe we so vainely spend our time,  
 And unto wickednesse so much incline ?  
 We live as though we never meant to die, 33  
 Spending our dayes most lewd and wantonly ;  
 All wickednesse doth daily in us grow,—  
 Yet all must die, that is the debt we owe. 36

In pride and lust we daily doe abound ;  
 What wicked sinnes but in us may be found ?  
 Wrath and revenge, with beastly gluttony, 39  
 With drunkennesse, deceit, and flattery :  
 All this appeares apparantly in show,—  
 Yet all must die, that is the debt we owe. 42

The hearts of men are growne as hard as stone ;  
 They'l not give eare unto the grieffe and mone  
 Which their poore brethren make, being opprest : 45  
 Take heed, hard heart ! for death will thee arrest,  
 And then 'tis doubtfull will begin thy woe,  
 For all must die, that is the debt we owe. 48

The second part.

TO THE SAME TUNE.



It is our sinnes doth cause God's wrath to fall,  
For we offend ev'n generally all,  
Both rich and poore, with yong and old also ; 51  
Let us repent, least God increase our woe :  
If we repent, the Lord will mercy show :  
We all must die, that is the debt we owe. 54

Some seeme to murmur and to make complaint,  
But they are those whose faith is weake and faint ;  
They doe not truly feare nor serve the Lord, 57  
Nor doe they note his blessed holy Word.  
Upon repentance he will mercy show ;  
But all must die, that is the debt we owe. 60

God's mercy goes before his justice still ;  
He's alwayes sure to punish us for ill ;  
He lets us 'scape, in hope we may amend, 63  
Thus he's to us a father and a friend ;  
But we to him ungracelesse children grow ;  
Yet all must die, that is the debt we owe. 66



What can a father doe more for a sonne  
 Then our good F'ather and our God hath done ?  
 He made us from the brittle earth and clay, 69  
 And gave us breath, yet him we disobay :  
 O wretched creatures ! why should we doe so ?  
 We all must die, that is the debt we owe. 72

Over all creatures man a ruler is ;  
 Hath not the Lord done much in doing this ?  
 O thinke on this, and praise him for the same ; 75  
 Give laud and glory to his holy name,  
 All men that's living ought for to doe so :  
 We all must die, that is the debt we owe. 78

But we forget our duties to our God,  
 Wherefore he now doth scourge us with his rod ;  
 His punishment we now are like to feele ; 81  
 He shoots his Arrowes from his Bow of steele,  
 Which Bow doth seeme to strike a deadly blow ;  
 We all must die, that is the debt we owe. 84

What father alwayes will forgive his child  
 That disobays his will and is most vild ?  
 Correction doth befit a wicked son ; 87  
 'Tis true we must confesse the same, each one :  
 Now God corrects us [also] by one blow,  
 In hope thereby that we will better grow. 90

Then let's amend our lives most speedily ;  
 We may live long, or suddenly may die ;  
 Let us prepare ourselves for to repent,— 93  
 It cannot long be ere our glasse be spent :  
 Our time is short, for certaine it is so,—  
 We all must die, that is the debt we owe. 96

Happy's the man that is for death prepar'd ;  
 Although he die, [still] heaven is his reward ;  
 He lives to die, and dies to live againe, 99  
 In joyes eternally for to remaine :  
 Thrice blessed's he that lives and dieth so :  
 We all must die, that is the debt we owe. 102

Then seeing all must die, as that we must,  
 While we live here, in God let's put our trust ;  
 Then we shall die to live with him in joy 105  
 And happinesse which never will decay :  
 Let all true Christians wish it may be so,  
 For all must die, that is the debt we owe. 108

Looke not upon thy pleasures and thy pride,  
 But for thy silly soule doe thou provide ;  
 Minde not this world, 'tis vaine and transitory ; 111  
 Minde heaven on high, which is a place of glory ;  
 Unto which place, Lord, grant that we may goe  
 When we doe die : Amen, let all say so. 114

Finis.

R. [C.]

Printed at London for John Wright the Young[er], and are to  
 be sold at his shop at the upper end of the Old-Bayley.

### **A Delicate new Ditty.**

Of this ballad there are at least three extant copies ; one, by the same printer, is No. 74 in the collection of Mr. William Euing, F.S.A. Scot. (which collection has heretofore been erroneously described as that of Mr. Walter Ewing), and one, printed for Francis Coules, in the Pepys Collection (I. 228). For the tune see *Pop. Mus.* I. 143. The date of the ballad is more probably the reign of James I. than that of Charles I., but it may belong to either.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 80, 81. Collated with Pepys Coll. I. 228-9.]

## A delicate new Ditty

composed upon the Posie of a King: being, 'I fancie none but thee alone:' sent as a New-year's gift by a Lover to his Sweet-heart.

TO THE TUNE OF *Dulcina*.



Thou that art so sweet a creature,  
 that above all earthly joy  
 I thee deeme, for thy rare feature,  
 kill me not by seeming coy ;  
 nor be thou mute  
 when this my suit  
 Into thy eares by love is blowne,  
 but say by me,  
 as I by thee,  
*I fancie none but thee alone.*

5

10

Hadst thou Cupid's mother's beauty,  
and Dianæ's chaste desires,  
Thinke on that which is thy duty,  
to fulfill what love requires;  
    'tis love I aske, 15  
    and 'tis thy taske  
to be propitious to my moane,  
    for still I say,  
    and will for aye,  
*I fancie none but thee alone.* 20

Let not selfe-conceit ore-straine thee;  
    woman was at first ordained  
To serve [the] man, though I obey thee,  
    being by love's law constrayned;  
    my sobes and teares 25  
    true wisse beares  
of my heart's griefe and heavy moan;  
    let not thy frown  
    then me cast downe,  
*Who fancies none but thee alone.* 30

Think what promise thou didst give me  
    when I first did thee behold  
There thou vow'dst thou wouldst not leave me  
    for a masse of Indian gold:  
    but now I find 35  
    thou art unkind,  
all former vowes are past and gone;  
    yet, once againe,  
    him entertaine  
*Who fancies none but thee alone.* 40

Let my true affections move thee  
    to commiserate my paine;  
If thou knew'st how deare I love thee,  
    sure thou wouldst love me againe:  
    I thee affect, 45  
    and more respect  
thy welfare then I doe mine owne;  
    let this move thee  
    to pittie me,  
*Who fancies none but thee alone.* 50



Why should women be obdurate,  
 and men's proffers thus despise?  
 Deare, be rul'd, we have a Curate,  
 nuptiall rites to solemnize:  
 thou Marigold,  
 whose leaves unfold  
 when Tytan's rayes reflect thereon,  
 on thee Ile shine,  
 for thou art mine, —  
*I fancie none but thee alone.*

55

60

The second part, Or, the Maiden's kind Reply.

TO THE SAME TUNE.



Deare, I have receiv'd thy token,  
 and with it thy faithfull love;

Prethee let no more be spoken,  
 I to thee will constant prove;  
 doe not despaire, 65  
 nor live in care  
 for her who vowes to be thine owne;  
 though I seeme strange,  
 I will not change,—  
*I fancie none but thee alone.* 70

Thinke not that I will forgoe thee,  
 though I'm absent from thy sight;  
 When I find my selfe kept from thee,<sup>1</sup>  
 I'd be with thee day and night;  
 but well thou know'st 75  
 how I am crost,  
 else should my love to thee be showne  
 with free accord;  
 yet, take my word,  
*I fancie none but thee alone.* 80

This Pröverbè hath oft beene usèd,  
 "she that's bound must needs obey;"  
 And thou seest how I'm inclusèd  
 from thy presence night and day;  
 I dare not show 85  
 what love I owe  
 to thee, for feare it should be knowne;  
 yet still my minde  
 shall be inclinde  
*To fancie none but thee alone.* 90

Though my body, for a season,  
 absent be<sup>2</sup> from thee perforce,  
 Yet, I pray thee, judge with reason,  
 that I love thee nere the worse.  
 Oh, that I might 95  
 enjoy thy sight!  
 then should my love to thee be showne;  
 then doe not thinke  
 her love to shrinke  
*Who fancies none but thee alone.* 100

<sup>1</sup> This line, in the Pepys copy, is "If I knew how to come to thee,"

<sup>2</sup> "be absent" in copy.

Many times I thinke upon thee  
     in my melancholy fits ;  
 When I find myselfe kept from thee,  
     it deprives me of my wits ;  
         oft-times I weepe 105  
         when others sleepe,  
 producing many a grievous groane ;  
     then thinke on me  
     as I on thee,  
*And fancie none but me alone.* 110

No fastidious motions move me  
     to be from thy sight so long ;  
 Doe not then (my deare) reprove me,  
     nor suspect I doe thee wrong ;  
         for, be thou sure 115  
         I doe indure  
 in constancie, surpast by none :  
     I long to see  
     the time that we  
 shall of two bodies be made one. 120

Finis.

Printed at London for H. Gosson on London Bridge.

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### A merry discourse.

No other copy of this ballad known. The author's name, Ed. Ford, is subscribed. "Printed at London" suggests an earlier date than the usual "London, Printed." This edition may with probability be ascribed to the reign of James I. rather than to that of Charles I.

The tune, *But I know what I know*, is so named from the burden of a ballad already printed in this collection (*ante*, p. 116), and that of *Captain Ward*, from "A famous sea-fight between Captain Ward & the Rainbow," which will appear hereafter. *Gilty Coate Peggy* has not yet been identified.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 82, 83.]

or,

A merry Discourse 'twixt him and his Joane,  
 That sometimes did live as never did none;  
 But now at the last she probes very kinde,  
 And doth what hee'd have her, as here you may finde.

TO THREE SEVERALL TUNES, CALLED *But I know what I know*,  
*Captaine Ward*, AND *Gilty Coate Peggy*.



THE TUNE, *But I know*, &c.

MAN.

[C]ome, Joane, by thy owne deerest husband sit downe,  
 And cast away from thee this impudent frowne;  
 [You] know I doe love thee as deere as I doe,  
 [Forbear]e with a Tinker<sup>1</sup> that's honest and true. 4

<sup>1</sup> "Taylor" in copy, but evidently "Tinker" is the right word. See p. 252.



WOMAN.

[Awa]y! thou dissembling varlot, away!  
 [And] leave this thy prating and cogging, I say;  
 [For] whilst like a drunkard thou thus dost remaine,  
 [I ne]ver shall love thee, I tell thee againe.

8

[TUNE,] *Captaine Ward.*

MAN.

[Oh,] wife, what would'st thou have me doe  
 [M]ore then I now have done?  
 [Did] not I pawne my cloathes for thee,  
 [An]d likewise sould my shune?  
 [Pu]t my shirt in lavender?  
 [M]y cloake is likewise sould:  
 [Why d]ost thou, Joane, for all this love,  
 [Be]gin with Jacke to scould?

12

16

WOMAN.

Why, thou deboist and drunken sot!  
 did'st doe all this for me,  
 Or for the love you alwayes bare  
 to evill company?  
 And therefore hold thyselfe content,  
 and leave this idle prate,  
 Or, as I am thy honest wife,  
 Ile lay thee o're the pate.

20

24

[TUNE,] *Gilty Coate Peggy.*<sup>1</sup>

MAN.

Come, chucke, no more of this, but sit thee downe by me,  
 And then what is amisse Ile mend, in verity;  
 My money I will save out of the Cup and Can,  
 And keepe thee fine and brave, as I am an honest man:  
 Then chide no more, my deere, but all my faults remit,  
 And then, as I am here, Ile mend my drunken fit.

27

30

WOMAN.

How many times hast thou this promised unto me,  
 And yet hast broke thy vow? the more's the shame for thee;  
 And therefore Ile be wise, and take your word no more,  
 But scratch out both your eyes if you goe out of dore;  
 And therefore sit you still, and stirre not for your life;  
 I once will have my will, although I am your wife.

33

36

<sup>1</sup> The lines to this tune rhyme in the middle throughout the ballad. So, virtually, two lines are printed as one.

## The second part,

TO THE SAME TUNES.

[TUNE,] *But I know what, &c.*

MAN.

Well, do what thou wilt, I am thine at command,  
 But let not my neighbours of this understand;  
 For that if thou dost, I know it will be  
 A shame to thy selfe [and] disgrace unto me. 40

WOMAN.

No matter for that, Ile make you to know  
 What 'tis for to injure a loving wife so,  
 In pawning her goods, and making her be  
 A scorne to her neighbours, and all long of thee. 44

[TUNE,] *Captaine, &c.*

MAN.

Come, Joane, be satisfied, I pray,  
 forgive me what is past,  
 And I will never thee<sup>1</sup> offend,  
 whilst life and breath doth last; 48  
 My pots, and my Tobacco too,  
 Ile turne, (for to be briefe,)  
 Into a dainty house-hold loafe  
 and lusty powder-beefe. 52

WOMAN.

Well, if I thought all this were true,  
 and that thou didst intend  
 To doe as thou relates to me,  
 I then should be thy friend; 56  
 But I am, Jacke, so fearefull growne  
 of thy relaps againe,  
 That I can little credite give  
 to what you now maintaine. 60

[TUNE,] *Gilty Coate Peggy, &c.*

MAN.

Here's my hand, sweet Ducke; what I have said to thee  
 Ile keepe, if I have lucke, till such time that I dye; 62

---

<sup>1</sup> "thee never" in the copy.

And, 'fore that I am dead, my love I will unfold,  
 To helpe thee in thy need, if that thou wilt not scould ;  
 I will not cossened be, I tell thee, gentle Joane,  
 But I will bring to thee my sheete, and Ile have none. 66

## WOMAN.

Why, then, sweet-heart, forgive the words that I have said,  
 For surely, while I live, Ile never thee upbraid ;  
 I will not scould nor brawle, but keepe my clapper still, 69  
 And come when thou dost call,—do all things to thy will :  
 Then, Jacke, forgive thy Joane, that is to thee so kinde,  
 Or else as hard as stone I surely shall thee finde. 72

[TUNE,] *But I know, &c.*

## MAN.

Why, here is my hand ; I am pacified, Joane ;  
 And as I will live with thee never lived none ;  
 Then be but as kind as I carefull to thee,  
 And then none new married shall better agree ; 76  
 For thou with thy Kitchin-stuffe, I with my toyes,  
 My Hammer and Kittle, will make such a noyse,  
 That all that does heare me shall tell it for true,  
 I mend well their worke, and pleasure um too. 80

[TUNE,] *Captaine, &c.*

## WOMAN.

Then, Jacke, take up thy budget straight,  
 thy kettles, brasse enough,  
 And I will follow thee and cry,  
 “ Maides, have you any Kitchin-stuffe ?” 84  
 And then the neighbours, seeing us  
 so friendly for to goe,  
 Will say that they are loving growne,—  
 who thought it would be so ? 88

[TUNE,] *Gilty Coate, &c.*

## MAN.

Then to the Ale-house we will go with mighty speed,  
 And seale up presently what we have now decreed ;

A full pot of the best, a crust, and so away, 91  
 And then we will protest we can no longer stay :  
 This is a thriving course, if I do not mistake,  
 I am sure I have done worse, but now amends Ile m[ake.] 94

## WOMAN.

Well, say no more, sweet-heart, but let us both away,  
 For friends, you know, must part, though ne'er so long [they  
 stay ;] 96  
 Go you through Cannon-street, Ile take the laines a[nd Row,]  
 And then at night wele meet, at home, for ought we kn[ow :]  
 But if I be not, Jacke, at home so soone as you,  
 It shall but little lacke ; and so, sweet-heart, adieu ! 100

[TUNE,] *But I know, &c.*

And thus you have heard an end of my song,  
 Which I would be loath that any should wrong ;  
 But if that you do, I tell you but so,  
 I little will say, but I know what I know. 104

Finis.

Ed. Ford.

Printed at London for F. Coules.

**The despairing Lover.**

There are two editions of this sadly-commencing, and happily-ending, ballad in the Roxburghe Collection. The copy in the first volume is the older. That in the second volume has had the printer's name, and some of the lines, cut away by a binder. This latter seems to agree with the copies in the Douce and Rawlinson collections, which were printed for Coles, Vere, and Wright, and are entitled

“The despairing Lover :  
 Whose mind, with sorrow, much was discontented,  
 Because of his true Love he was prevented.”

The first-named copy may be dated in the reign of James I., and the others as of that of Charles II. The later editions seem to have been derived from a less corrupt original, and have assisted a little in the revision of the first, but, at the time of their publication the language was evidently modernized, and some of the alterations were by no means improvements to the verse.

The tune to which the ballad was directed to be sung has already been adverted to (*ante*, p. 218).



[Roxb. Coll. I. 82 b, 83 b.]

## The Despairing Lober :

Whose minde was much tormented  
Because of his True=Love  
Hee thought hee was prevented.

TO THE TUNE OF *Aime not too high.*



Breake, heart, and dye ! I may no longer live ;  
To enjoy this world nothing that I will give :<sup>1</sup>  
I live forlorne ; my hopes are from me fled ;  
I have lost my love ; alacke ! my heart is dead. 4

Each thing on earth continueth with his Love,—  
The pretty Pigeon and the Turtle Dove ;  
And divers others in the world I know,  
But my Love will not seeme to love me so. 8

<sup>1</sup> *Quære* "there's nothing I would give:" instead of "nothing that I will give:" but these two copies agree.

I little thought what now I true doe finde ;  
 I did not deeme my Love would be unkind ;  
 But 'tis no newes, for many prove untrue,  
 And so doth mine, for she bids me adieu. 12

Seeing 'tis so,<sup>1</sup> Ile turne a Palmer poore,  
 And I will range abroad the world halfe ore,  
 To see if I can find some dismall cave,  
 There will I dwell ! there will I make my grave ! 16

I will goe travell in some other Land,  
 To France, to Spaine, or Turkie, out of hand ;  
 Where, unto strangers, then<sup>2</sup> will I complaine  
 How that my Love hath me unkindly slaine. 20

If I doe land upon some other shore,  
 Whereas no man did ever land before,  
 Then shall I thinke my selfe a happy man,  
 Because my death no man shall understand.<sup>3</sup> 24

There will I write my fill of my true Love :  
 Did I say *true* ? What fury did me move  
 To count her true that alwayes proves unkind,  
 And is as fickle as the wavering wind ? 28

Since she was faire, and lovely in my sight,  
 She was my joy and all my heart's delight.  
 But now her smiles are turn'd—by<sup>4</sup> frownes and ire  
 To kill my heart with woe is her desire. 32

Bright Phœbus' beames are darkned in the skies  
 When as the stormes of Boreas doe arise ;  
 Yet he doth quickly shine (after the raine),  
 But my coy Mistris will not love againe. 36

I would I were i'th' midst of the Seas,  
 In some frail<sup>5</sup> Vessell, if the Fates did please,  
 Where neither love nor comfort can be found,  
 But every houre expecting to be drown'd. 40

<sup>1</sup> "But seeing 'tis so" in the earlier copy.

<sup>2</sup> *there* in copies.

<sup>3</sup> These two lines stand thus in the later edition :—

"Then should I think myself in happy case,  
 For my delight is in a silent place."

<sup>4</sup> "from frownes" in copy.

<sup>5</sup> "broken" in the earlier copy.

My speeches all doe but prolong my paine,  
 For I did never saile the ocean maine ;  
 Nor will I suffer life in me to bide  
 So long to wait the time of winde or tide. 44

Seeing 'tis so, to th' wildernesse Ile hie,  
 Among wild beasts, where I intend to dye,  
 Where Lyons, Bears, and other wild beasts mourne—  
 The Dragon, Elephant, and Unicorne. 48

Thus, many wishes have I wisht in vaine,  
 But none of those will rid me out of paine :  
 This piercing poniard now shall end the strife,  
 And kill my heart, that loathes this mortall life. 52

This being spoken, forth his Love did rush,  
 Beholding him with many a changing blush ;  
 " O, hold !" quoth she, " and heare what I must say—  
 Doe not despaire, nor worke thy live's decay !" 56

---

You Maidens faire, I pray come lend an eare,  
 And you shall heare how true she doth appeare :  
 She gave him comfort in his troubled mind,  
 And ever after provèd loving kind. 60

---

## [The second Part.]

A constant and a kinde maid,  
Which saved a proper young man's life,  
And after proved his loving wife.

TO THE SAME TUNE.



Content thy selfe, my love, and doe not dye;  
Thy life I love, thy death I doe defie!<sup>1</sup>  
Live, then, in joy, and seeke to banish paine,  
Take a good heart, and I will love againe.

64

Each thing<sup>2</sup> on earth doth love its chosen mate,  
And thou contemnest me, and sayest I hate:  
Men love by fancie—birds they love by kind—  
Then fancie me, and thou shalt favour finde.

68

<sup>1</sup> i.e. "deny," "forbid."  
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<sup>2</sup> "All things" in the earlier copy.



For all the gold<sup>1</sup> that ever Cræsus wonne,  
 I will not seeme to leave my love alone ;  
 No, no, my Love, I will not prove untrue,  
 Nor will I change my old friend for a new. 72

Thou shalt not need to turne a Palmer poore,  
 For I for thee have gold and silver store ;  
 Instead of finding out a desart place,  
 Thou shalt have me within thine armes t' imbrace. 76

Thou shalt not travell to another land,  
 For I am she that am at thy command :  
 Thou shalt, my deare, have no cause to complaine,  
 For I with joy thy love will entertaine. 80

If thou hadst landed on some forreine shore,  
 Then I would never have enioy'd thee more :  
 But seeing<sup>2</sup> thou art here arriv'd, with me,  
 Thou shalt not goe hence dangers for to see. 84

What wouldst thou write<sup>3</sup> of me, thine own true love ?  
 Feare not, my love,<sup>4</sup> for I will constant prove :  
 I am thine owne, and so thou still shalt find—  
 To thee I will be loving, true, and kinde. 88

As I was faire and lovely in thy sight,  
 So will I prove thy joy and heart's delight :  
 I will not seeke my dearest love to kill,  
 But I will yeeld unto thy wishèd will. 92

Sweet, I have listened to thy moanes and cryes ;  
 Weepe thou no more, but dry thy watred<sup>5</sup> eyes :  
 The stormes are past, and Sun shines after raine,  
 And I doe vow to love thee once againe. 96

If thou wert in the raging Seas so wide,  
 Upon a Dolphin's back faine would I ride,<sup>6</sup>  
 Desiring Neptune's succour, out of hand,  
 To be thy Pilot to some certaine Land. 100

<sup>1</sup> "good" in the earlier copy.

<sup>3</sup> "wish of me" in the later copy.

<sup>5</sup> "watry eyes" in the later copy.

<sup>2</sup> "being" in the copy.

<sup>4</sup> "my Dear," in the later copy.

<sup>6</sup> "wouldst thou" in copy.

Sweet Love, much danger doth abroad ensue ;  
The seas and wildernesse bid thou adue ;  
Nere seeke to write, or thinke, of winde or tide,  
But live with me, and I will be thy bride. 104

Oh, stay at home, sweet Love, and goe not there ;  
Wilde beasts in pieces will thy body teare :  
When I behold them for to sucke thy blood,  
They shall have mine, my Love, to doe thee good.<sup>1</sup> 108

Loe, thus to thee my love I doe make knowne,  
Vowing hereafter I will be thine owne ;  
O stay thy hand, my Love, and doe not kill  
Thy gentle heart, that I do<sup>2</sup> love so well. 112

Then strait he tooke his Love into his armes,  
Which had preserv'd him from such dangerous harms ;  
“ Welcome ” (quoth he), “ I love thee as my life ; ”  
And quickly after he made her his wife. 116

Thus have you heard my song of woe and joy ;  
Let maids and young men listen to 't, I pray :  
Make you no vowes, but have a speciall care,  
For fear you wound your mates with deep despair. 120

Finis.

London, Printed for F. Coules, dwelling in the Old-Bayly.

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### The deceased Maiden-Lover.

Three or more editions of this ballad, on the hard-heartedness of men, are extant. Perhaps the earliest in point of date is the Roxburghe copy, published by the assigns of Thomas Symcocke, and the second the Pepys edition (I. 360), printed for J. Wright. There are three more in the Bodleian Library, but all appear to be of one edition, printed for Coles, Vere, and Wright. See Douce Collection, I. 76, Wood's E. 25, 122, and Rawlinson, No. 182.

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<sup>1</sup> *i.e.* to save thee.

<sup>2</sup> “ could ” in the earlier copy.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 84, 85.]

# The deceased Maiden=Lover.

Being a pleasant new Court=Song.

TO AN EXCELLENT NEW TUNE : OR TO BE SUNG TO THE TUNE OF  
*Bonny Nell.*



As I went forth one Summer's day  
To view the Meddowes fresh and gay,  
A pleasant Bower I espide 3  
Standing hard by a River side,  
And in't a Maiden I heard cry  
"Alas ! there's none ere lov'd like I." 6

I couchèd close to heare her mone,  
With many a sigh and heavie grone,  
And wist that I had been the wight 9  
That might have bred her heart's delight ;  
But these were all the words that she  
Did still repeate, "None loves like me." 12

- Then round the Meddowes did she walke,  
 Catching each Flower by the stalke,  
 (Such as within the Meddowes grew, 15  
 As Dead-man-thumb and Harebel blew),  
 And, as she pluckt them, still cri'd she,  
 "Alas! there's none ere lov'd like me." 18
- A Bed therein she made, to lie,  
 Of fine greene things that grew fast by,  
 Of Poplars and of Willow leaves, 21  
 Of Sicamore and flaggy sheaves,  
 And, as she pluckt them, still cri'd she,  
 "Alas! there's none ere lov'd like me." 24
- The little Larke-foot shee'd not passe,  
 Nor yet the flowers of Three-leav'd grasse,  
 With Milkmaids Hunny-suckles phrase,<sup>1</sup> 27  
 The Crow's-foot, nor the yellow Crayse,  
 And, as she pluckt them, still cride she,  
 "Alas! there's none ere lov'd like me." 30
- The pretty Daisie, which doth show  
 Her love to Phœbus, bred her woe;  
 (Who joyes to see his chearefull face, 33  
 And mournes when he is not in place.)  
 "Alacke! alacke! alacke!" quoth she,  
 "There's none that ever loves like me." 36
- The flowers of the sweetest scent  
 She bound them round with knotted Bent,  
 And, as she laid them still in bands, 39  
 She wept, she wail'd, and wrung her hands;  
 "Alas! alas! alas!" quoth she,  
 "There's none that ever lov'd like me." 42
- "False man!" (quoth she) "forgive thee heaven!  
 As I do wish my sinnes forgiven.  
 In blest Elizium I shall sleep 45  
 When thou with perjur'd soule[s] shalt weepe,  
 Who, when they lived, did like to thee!—  
 That lov'd their loves as thou dost me." 48
- When shee had fil'd her apron full  
 Of such sweet flowers as she could cull, 50

<sup>1</sup> ? "The Hunny-suckles (milkmaids' phrase)," Woodbine being the other name.



The green leaves serv'd her for her bed,  
 The flowers pillowes for her head ;  
 Then down she lay, nere more did speak,  
 Alas ! with love her heart did breake.

54

Finis.

Printed by the Assignes of Thomas Symcocke.

[Second part.]

**The Faithlesse Lover.**

TO THE SAME TUNE.



When I had seen this Virgin's end  
 I sorrowed, as became a friend,

56

And wept to see that such a maid  
Should be by faithlesse love betraid ;  
    But woe (I feare) will come to thee  
    That was not true in love as she. 60

The Birds did cease their harmony,  
The harmlesse Lambes did seem to cry,  
The Flowers they did hang their head, 63  
The Flower of Maidens being dead,  
    Whose life by death is now set free,—  
    And none did love more deare then she. 66

The bubling Brooks did seem to mone,  
And Eccho from the vales did grone ;  
Dianæ's Nymphs did ring her knell, 69  
And to their Queene the same did tell,—  
    Who vowèd, by her chastitie,  
    That none should take revenge but she. 72

When as I saw her corpes were cold,  
I to her lover went, and told  
What chance unto this Maid befell : 75  
Who said, " I'm glad she sped so well !  
    D'ee thinke that I so fond would be  
    To love no Maid but onely she ?" 78

" I was not made for her alone ;  
I take delight to heare them mone ;  
When one is gone I will have more ; 81  
That man is rich that hath most store ;  
    I bondage hate ; I must live free ;  
    And not be tied to such as she." 84

" O Sir ! remember " (then quoth I)  
" The power of Heaven's all-seeing eye,  
Who doth remember vowes forgot, 87  
Though you deny—you know it not !  
    Call you to minde this maiden free,  
    The which was wrong'd by none but thee." 90

Quoth he, " I have a love more faire ;  
Besides, she is her father's heire ; 92

- A bonny Lasse doth please my minde,  
That unto me is wondrous kinde :  
Her will I love, and none but she  
Who welcome still shall be to me." 96
- " False-minded man ! that so would prove  
Disloyall to thy dearest Love !  
Who at her death for thee did pray,  
And wisht thee many happy day : 99  
I would my Love would but love me  
Even halfe so well as she lov'd thee !" 102
- " Faire Maidens will example take ;  
Young men will curse thee for her sake ;  
Theyle stop their eares unto our plaints, 105  
And call us devils, seeming Saints :  
Theyle say to day that we are kind,  
To morrow in another minde." 108

Finis.

Printed by the Assignes of Thomas Symcocke.

### The desperate Damsell's Tragedy.

This ballad, on the suicide of a desperate damsel, is probably unique. The initials of the author are those of Martin Parker. The ballad dates after 1615, as it was written to the tune of *Dulcina*, and the ballad of 'Dulcina' was first entered at Stationers' Hall in that year. The tune will be found in *Pop. Music*, I. 143.

The woodcuts to the second part of this ballad (p. 268) stand side by side in the broadside, but they are too wide to be so placed in these pages.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 86, 87.]

The desperate Damsell's Tragedy:  
or,  
The faithlesse young Man.

TO THE TUNE OF *Dulcina*.

In the gallant month of June,  
When sweet roses are in prime,  
And each bird, with a severall tune, 3  
Harmoniously salutes the time,  
then, to delight  
my appetite, 6  
I walkt into a meddow faire,  
and, in a shade,  
I spyed a maide,  
Whose love had brought her to dispaire. 10



- Shee her hands sate sadly wringing,  
 Making piteous exclamation  
 Upon a false young man for bringing 13  
 Her into this great vexation :  
     Quoth she, " False youth,  
     Is there no truth 16  
 In thee ? of Faith hast thou no share ?  
     No, thou hast none !  
     'tis to[o] well knowne  
 By me, poorè wretch, now in despaire." 20
- " How oftentimes hast thou protested  
     That thou lovest me well indeed ?  
 And I performed what was requested,— 23  
     Too much trust my woe doth breed.  
     I let thee have  
     what thou didst crave, 26  
 Seducèd by thy speches faire ;  
     and, having had  
     thy will, false lad,  
 At last thou left'st me in despaire. 30
- " My dearest Jewell thou hast taken,  
     Which should stand me in great stead ;  
 And now thou hast me quite forsaken, 33  
     And art, like false Æneas, fled  
     from Dido true.  
     What can insue 36  
 This faithles deed, but to end my care ?  
     like her, a knife  
     must end my life,  
 For I, like her, am in despaire. 40
- " Then, sith 'tis so, come, gentle Death,  
     I yeeld my selfe unto thy power,  
 Most willing to resigne my breath 43  
     I am, this instant time and howre ;  
     let thy keene dart  
     such force impart 46  
 That I may die,—oh, doe not spare !  
     from earth I came,  
     and willing am  
 Hence to returne, with grim despaire." 50

*The desperate Damsell's Tragedy.*

267

When she these bitter words had spoken  
From her minde, so fraught with woe,  
Her heart was in her bosome broken, 53  
Teares abundantly did flow  
from her faire eyes ;  
then to the skies 56  
She did direct her hands with prayer,  
and seem'd to move  
the pow'rs above  
To scourge the cause of her despaire. 60

---



- That none for him at all shall care ;  
but that he may,  
for his foule play,  
Be brought, like me, to grim despaire !” 70
- Having made an end of praying,  
Suddenly shee drew a knife,  
And I, that neere, unseene, was staying, 73  
Ran in hast to save her life ;  
but ere that I  
to her could cry, 76  
That her owne life she might forbear,  
shee, Dido-like,  
her heart did strike :—  
Thus dyde the Damsell in despaire. 80
- With such force her selfe she stabbèd,  
Blood ranne out abundantly ;  
My heart within my bosome throbbd 83  
To behold this Tragedy :  
Yet, though she bled,  
she was scarce dead, 86  
But gasping lay with her last ayre,  
and unto me  
shee spake words three,  
Which shewed the cause of her despaire. 90
- “ Sir,” (quoth she) “ weepe not to see me  
Desperatly myselfe to slay,  
For [t]his fatall stroke doth free me 93  
From disgrace another way :  
my honour’s dead,  
my credit’s fledd, 96  
Why, therefore, should I live in care ?”  
this being spoke,  
her heart strings broke—  
Thus dyed the Damsell in despaire. 100
- When Death had done his worst unto her,  
I did wishly on her looke,  
And by her favour I did know her, 103  
Therefore I my journey tooke  
Unto the Towne  
where shee was knowne, 106





[Roxb. Coll. I. 88, 89.]

# The Story of David and Berseba.

TO A PLEASANT NEW TUNE.



When David in Jerusalem  
 as royall King did rule and raigne,  
 Behold what hapned unto him,  
 that afterward procur'd his paine! 4

On the top of all his Princely Place  
 a gallant prospect there had he,  
 From whence hee might, when 't pleas'd his Grace,  
 many a gallant Garden see. 8

It chancèd so, upon a day,  
 the King went forth to take the ayre,  
 All in the pleasant moñeth of May,—  
 from whence he spide a Lady fairé. 12

Her beauty was more excellent  
 and brighter than the morning Sunne,  
 By which the King, incontinent,<sup>1</sup>  
 was to her favour quickly wonne. 16

She stood within a pleasant Bower,  
 all naked, for to wash her there ;  
 Her body, like a Lilly Flower,  
 was covered with her golden haire. 20

The King was wounded with her love,  
 and what she was he did enquire ;  
 He could not his affection move,  
 he had to her such great desire. 24

“ She is Uriah’s Wife,” quoth they,  
 “ a Captaine of your Princely Traine,  
 That in your Warres is now away,  
 and she doth all alone remaine.” 28

“ Then,” said the King, “ bring her to me,  
 for with her love my heart is slaine ;  
 The Prime of beauty sure is she,  
 for whome I doe great grieffe sustaine.” 32

The Servants they did soone prepare  
 to doe the message of the King ;  
 And Berseba, the Lady faire,  
 unto the Court did quickly bring. 36

The King rejoycèd at her sight,  
 and won her love, and lay her by,  
 Till they in sport had spent the night,  
 and that the Sun was risen high. 40

The King his leave most kindly tooke  
 of the faire Lady at the last ;  
 And homeward then she cast her looke,  
 till that three moneths were gone and past. 44

---

<sup>1</sup> incontinent<sup>ly</sup> = immediately.

And then, in Berseba so faire,  
she found her former health exilde,  
By certaine tokens that she saw,  
the King had gotten her with childe. 48

Then to the King she made her mone,  
and told him how the case did stand ;  
The King sent for her Husband home,  
to cloake the matter out of hand. 52

When from the Camp Uriah came,  
the King receiv'd him courteously,  
Demanding how all things did frame  
concerning of the Enemy. 56

Uriah shew'd his Highnesse all  
the accident of warlike strife ;  
“Then,” said the King, “this night you shall  
keepe company with your owne wife.” 60

“The Arke of God,” (Uriah said)  
“with Judah's Host and Israel,  
Keepe in the Field, and not a man  
within the house where they doe dwell. 64

Then should I take my ease,” quoth he,  
“in beds of Downe with my faire wife ?  
O King,” he said, “that must not be  
so long as I enjoy my life.” 68

Then did the King a Letter frame  
to Joab, Generall of the Host,  
And by Uriah sent the same,  
but certainly his life it cost. 72



**The second part.**

TO THE SAME TUNE.



And when the King for certaine knew  
 Uriah thus had murdered beene,  
 Faire Berseba to Court he drew,  
 and made of her his royall Queene.

76

Then God, that saw his wicked deed,  
 was angry at King David's sinne :  
 The Prophet Nathan then with speed  
 came thus complaining unto him :

80

“ O David, ponder what I say,  
 a great abuse I shall thee tell ;  
 For thou that rul'st in equity,  
 shouldst see the people ruled well.

84

Two men within the City dwell,  
 the one is rich, the other poore ;  
 The rich in Cattell doth excell,  
 the other nothing hath in store,

88

Saving one silly little Sheepe,  
which yong he did with money buy ;  
With his owne bread he did it feed,  
amongst his Children, tenderly. 92

The rich man had a stranger came  
unto his house, that lov'd him deare,  
The poore man's Sheepe therefore he tooke,  
and thereof made his friend good cheere. 96

Because that he his owne would save,  
he us'd the man thus cruelly :"  
"Then, by the Lord," the King did sweare,  
"the rich man for that fault should die." 100

"Thou art the man !" the Prophet said ;  
"the Princely Crowne God gave to thee :  
Thy Lord's wives thou thine owne hast made,  
and many more of faire beauty. 104

Why hast thou so defilde thy life,  
and slaine Uriah with the sword,  
And taken home his wedded Wife,  
regarding not God's holy Word? 108

Therefore behold, thus saith the Lord,  
great warres upon thy house shall be,  
Because thou hast my Lawes abhor'd,  
much ill, be sure, Ile raise on thee. 112

Ile take thy wives before thy face,  
and give them to thy neighbours use ;  
And thou thereby shalt have disgrace,  
for men shall laugh at thine abuse." 116

Then David cryed out pittiously,  
"Sore have I sinned against the Lord !  
Have mercy, God, therefore on me !  
let not my prayers be abhor'd !" 120

But as the Prophet told to him,  
so did it after chance indeed,  
For God did greatly plague his sinne,  
as in the Bible you may read. 124

The scourge of sinne thus you may see  
for murther and adultery.

Lord! grant that we may warned be  
such crying sinnes to shun and flie!

Finis.

Printed at London for J. Wright, dwelling in Gilt-spurre street,  
neere New-gate.

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### **The distressed Virgin.**

Another ballad of a distressed and forsaken virgin, by Martin Parker, and, like his "Desperate Damsel's Tragedy," without any consolation for the afflicted in the end. Copies of this melancholy ditty are to be found in the Bagford Collection (II. 64), the Douce (I. 59), and Rawlinson, 160. All are about the time of Charles II, except the edition from which the following reprint is taken. This, being printed for F. Coules, may be either of the reign of James I. or Charles I.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 90, 91.]

## The distressed Virgin ;

Or,

The false Young=man, and the constant Maid,  
The qualities of them both displaid.

TO AN EXCELLENT NEW TUNE.



A thousand times my love commend  
to him that hath my heart in hold ;  
I tooke him for my dearest friend ;  
his Love I more esteem'd than Gold. 4  
When that mine eyes did see his face,  
and that mine eares had heard his voyce,  
His Love I freely did embrace,—  
my heart told me he was my choice. 8



- O had he still continued true,  
 and in affection permanent,  
 Had hee performèd what was due,  
 then had I found true heart's content : 12  
 But hee, regardlesse of his vow,  
 which he did make to me before,  
 Hath thus in sorrow left me now,  
 my former follies to deplore. 16
- Would I had never seene those eyes  
 that (like attractive Adamants),  
 Did my poore heart with love surprize,  
 the power of Love so me enchants. 20  
 I have no power to leave his love,  
 though with sterne hate he me pursue,  
 To him I will most constant prove,  
 though he be faithlesse and untrue. 24
- I put my finger unto the bush,  
 thinking the sweetest Rose to find,  
 I prickt my finger to the bone,  
 and yet I left the Rose behind : 28  
 If Roses be such prickling flowers,  
 they must be gathered when tha're green ;  
 But she that loves an unkind Love,  
 alas ! she rowes against the streame. 32
- Oh ! would he but conceive aright  
 the grieffe that I for him sustaine,  
 He could not chuse but change his spight  
 to faithfull love, and leave disdaine. 36  
 I love to have him still in place,  
 his too long absence makes me mourne ;  
 Yet he disdaines to see my face,  
 and holds my company in scorne. 40
- It grieves my heart full sore to thinke  
 that he whom I so dearely love  
 Should thus refuse with me to drinke,  
 yet can my passion ne're remove ! 44  
 Though he, I know, could wish my death,  
 so great is his inveterate hate,  
 Yet I could sooner lose my breath  
 than see him wrong'd in name or state. 48



**The second part.**

TO THE SAME TUNE.



Nay more, he made a vow to me  
 that I should be his wedded wife,  
 And he forsakes me now, I see,  
 which makes me weary of my life :  
 I little thought what now I finde,  
 that Young-men could dissemble so ;  
 Sure he's the falsest of his kinde,—  
 ill hap have I to prove him so !

68

72

Could any man be so hard-hearted  
 to leave a harmesse Maid in griefe ;  
 From me all comfort cleane is parted,  
 unlesse his favour grant reliefe.

76

- Hee is the man that bred my paine ;  
he is the man whose love alone  
Must be the salve to cure my paine,  
or else my life will soone be gone. 80
- O faithlesse wretch ! consider well  
that Heaven abhorreth perjury ;  
Great torments are prepar'd in Hell  
for them that thus will sweare and lye. 84
- Oh ! hadst thou never made a show  
of love, thou hadst excus'd thy blame ;  
But thy false heart full well doth know  
what oaths thy perjur'd tongue did frame. 88
- That obstacle that hinders me  
is that, (which I suspect full sore,)  
His fruit growes on some other tree,  
and he's seducèd by some whore : 92
- Or else he hath some other Lasse,  
perhaps, like me, a harmlesse Maid,  
Whom he may bring to such a passe  
as I am brought, by Cupid's aide. 96
- Oh Heavens ! forbid that any one  
that beares an honest loving mind  
Should thus have cause to grieve and moan  
for such a knave, that shames his kind ! 100
- But why should I, as passions move,  
with bitter words upon him raile,  
Whom I am ever bound to love  
untill my vitall spirits faile ? 104
- Sweet Love ! forgive my lavish tongue,  
if I offend in any sort :  
To recompence thee for that wrong  
Ile alwayes give thee good report : 108
- Although to me thou art unkind,  
who never gave thee any cause,  
Yet I am still resolv'd, in mind,  
never to breake God Cupid's lawes. 112
- And if I never be thy wife  
(which is the thing I justly claime),  
I vow to live a single life,  
and never thinke of Lovers' game : 116



But why speake I of life, when death  
doth every minute claime his due?  
I cannot long retaine my breath,  
having a Lover so untrue. 120

Let all true Lovers judge aright  
in what a case, poore soule, am I;  
Come, gentle Death! and worke thy spight,  
for now I am prepar'd to dye: 124  
O Heaven! forgive my Love his wrong  
done unto me, a Maiden pure,  
Who for his sake must dye ere long,  
for long my life cannot endure. 128

Finis.

M. P.

Printed at London for F. Coules.

**Death's Dance.**

"If Death would but once show his face to men to remind them of their mortality, how much some would improve by it!" This is the subject of the ballad. Commencing with the rich, Death next visits the Merchants at the water side and at the Royal Exchange, the loungers at Saint Paul's, the lawyers at Westminster Hall and at the Exchequer, the roysters at their tipping houses, and the gallants at their dice. Then to gossips and crabbed wives, landlords, tradesmen, and market-hucksters. And lastly to ladies of fashion, and to suburb-walkers.

A copy of the same edition of the ballad will be found in the Pepys Collection, I. 56. For the tune see *Pop. Music*, I. 182.

The illustration at the head of the Roxburghe copy of the ballad consists of three blocks in a row, of which the impression from the second has not only been cut in half, by carelessness in mounting it, but a piece has been shaved off each half. The reader must imagine; at least, one figure between the woman in the first row, and the man following her in the second row, of our cut.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 92, 93.]

**Deat[h's] Dance.**

TO BE SUNG TO A PLEASANT NEW TUNE, CAL[L'D]  
*Oh no, no, no, not yet, OR The meddow brow.*



If Death would come and shew his face,  
 as he dare shew his power,  
 And sit at many a rich man's place  
 both every day and houre,  
 He would amaze them every one  
 to see him standing there,  
 And wish that soone he would be gone  
 from all their dwellings faire.

4

8

Or, if that Death would take the paines  
 to goe to the Water side,  
 Where Merchants purchase golden gains,  
 (to pranke them up in pride,) 12  
 And bid them thinke upon the poore,  
 or else "Ile see you soone!"  
 Then would be given, at their doore,<sup>1</sup>  
 good almes both night and noone. 16

Or walke into the Royall-Exchange  
 when every man is there,  
 No doubt his comming would be strange,  
 to put them all in feare 20  
 How they do worldly buy and sell,  
 to make their markets good;  
 Their dealings all would prosper well  
 if so the matter stood. 24

Or, if [that] Death would take the paines  
 to go to Paul's one day,  
 To talke with such as there remains  
 to walke, and not to pray : 28  
 Of life they would take lasting Lease,  
 though nere so great a Fine,  
 What is not that but some would give  
 to set them up a Shrine? 32

If Death would go to Westminster,  
 to walke about the Hall,  
 And make himselfe a Counsellor  
 in pleas, amongst them all, 36  
 I thinke the Court of Conscience  
 would have a great regard,  
 When Death should come, with diligence  
 to have their matters heard. 40

For Death hath been a Checker man  
 not many yeeres agoe,  
 And he is such a one as can  
 bestow his checking so 44

<sup>1</sup> "There would be given *then* at their doore" in copy.

That never a Clarke within the Hall  
 can argue so his case  
 But Death can over-rule them all  
 in every Court and place. 48

If Death would keepe a tipling house  
 where Roysters do resort,  
 And take the cup, and drinke, carowse,  
 when they are in their sport, 52  
 And briefly say, "My Masters all,  
 Why stand you idle here?  
 I bring to you Saint Giles his bowle!"<sup>1</sup>  
 'twold put them all in feare. 56

If Death would make a step to dance  
 where lusty Gallants be,  
 Or take [the] Dice and throw a chance  
 when he doth gamesters see, 60  
 And say, "My Masters, Have at all!  
 I warrant it will be mine!"  
 They'd too much in amazement fall<sup>2</sup>  
 to set him any Coyne. 64

If Death would Gossip now and then  
 amongst the crabbed Wives  
 That taunts and railes at their good men,  
 to make them weary lives, 68  
 It would amaze them, I might say,  
 so spightfully to boast  
 That they will beare the swing and sway,  
 and over-rule the roast. 72

If Death would quarterly but come  
 amongst the Landlords' crue,  
 And take a count of every sum  
 that rises more than due, 76

<sup>1</sup> "Saint Gibs" in the copy, but no Gibs has yet been canonized. Stowe tells us that convicts on their road to execution through St. Giles's in the Fields, were presented with a bowl of ale at St. Giles's Hospital, which was called "*Saint Giles's bowl*, thereof to drink at their pleasure, as their last refreshing draught in this life."

<sup>2</sup> "They would in amazement fall," in copy.



As well of Income as of Fine,  
 above the old set Rent,  
 They would let Leases without Coyne,  
 for feare they should be shent.<sup>1</sup> 80

If Death would take his dayly course  
 where Tradesmen sell their Ware,  
 His welcome sure would be more worse  
 then those of monyes bare ; 84  
 It would affright them for to see  
 his leane and hollow lookes,  
 If Death should say, "Come, shew to me  
 my reckoning in your bookes." 88

If Death would thorow the markets trace,  
 where Conscience us'd to dwell,  
 And take but there a Huckster's place,  
 he might do wondrous well. 92  
 High prizes would abated be,  
 and nothing found too deare,  
 When Death should call, "Come, buy of me !"  
 ['t]would put them all in feare. 96

If Death would proove a Gentleman,  
 and come to court our Dames,  
 And do the best of all he can  
 to blazon forth their names, 100  
 Yet should he little welcomes have  
 amongst so fayre a crew,  
 (That daily go so fine and brave)  
 when they his face do view. 104

Or if he would but walke about  
 our City Suburbs round,  
 There would be given him, out of doubt,  
 full many a golden pound 108  
 To spare our wanton femall crew,  
 and give them longer day ;  
 But Death will grant no Leases new,  
 but take them all away. 112

<sup>1</sup> "schent" = wholly lost, destroyed. *Promptorium Parvulorum.*

For Death hath promised to come,  
 and come he will indeed ;  
 Therefore I warne you, all and some,  
 beware, and take good heed ; 116  
 For what you do, or what you be,  
 hee's sure to find, and know you ;  
 Though he be blind, and cannot see,  
 in earth he will bestow you. 120

Finis.

Printed at London for H. Gosson.

### The Duchess of Suffolk's Calamity.

The following ballad is of an adventure of the Duchess of Suffolk's in Germany, when she was escaping from England in disguise, on account of the persecutions for religious opinion under Queen Mary. The ballad was written by Thomas Deloney in the reign of Elizabeth, but the earliest edition now extant is of the time of James I. This is in the collection entitled *Strange Histories, or Songs and Sonnets*, etc., by Thomas Deloney, dated 1607.

Of the copies in broadside, printed for sale in the streets and villages, the edition in the Roxburghe Collection is the earliest known. The one in the Pepys Collection (I. 544) was printed for Coles, Vere, Wright, and others. Mr. Euing's collection includes two editions; one like the Pepys copy, and the other printed by and for A. M[ilbourne]. The Bagford copy, in white letter, is the latest; it was printed by W. O[nley] about 1690 or perhaps 1700. The ballad was also included in other collections. One of these, *The Crown Garland of Golden Roses* of 1659, has been useful in correcting a few errors in the broadside. Another is the Collection of *Old Ballads* attributed to Ambrose Philips, 1727 (III. 91), and lastly, it is found in Evans's Collection, 1811 (III. 135).

For the tune of *Queen Dido*, to which the ballad was sung, see *Pop. Music*, I. 372.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 94, 95.]

The most rare and excellent History  
Of the Dutchesse of Suffolke's Calamity.

TO THE TUNE OF *Queene Dido*.

When God had taken, for our sinne,  
that prudent Prince, King Edward, away,  
Then bloody Bonner did begin 3  
his raging malice to bewray ;  
All those that did God's Word professe  
He persecuted more or lesse. 6  
Thus, whilst the Lord on us did lowre,  
many in prison he did throw,  
Tormenting them in Lollards' Tower, 9  
whereby they might the truth forgoe ;  
Then Cranmer, Ridley, and the rest,  
Were burn'd in fire, that Christ profest. 12  
Smithfield was then with fagots fill'd,  
and many places more beside ;<sup>1</sup>  
At Coventry was Saunders kill'd, 15  
at Worster<sup>2</sup> eke good Hooper dy'd ;  
And, to escape this bloody day,  
Beyond Seas many fled away. 18

<sup>1</sup> "Besides" in copy.<sup>2</sup> This should be "at Gloucester," as in *Strange Histories*, 1607.

- Amongst the rest that sought reliefe,<sup>1</sup>  
and for their faith in danger stood,  
Lady Elizabeth was chiefe, 21  
King Henries daughter of royall blood,  
Which in the Tower did prisoner lye,  
Looking each day when shee should dye. 24
- The Dutchesse of Suffolke seeing this,  
whose life likewise the tyrant sought,  
Who, in the hope of heavenly blisse, 27  
within God's Word her comfort wrought,  
For feare of Death was faine to flye,  
And leave her house most secretly. 30
- That, for the love of God alone ;—  
(her land and goods she left behind),  
Seeking still for that precious stone, 33  
the Word of Truth, so rare to find.  
She, with her nurse, husband, and child,  
In poore aray their sights beguild. 36
- Thus through London they past along—  
each one did take a severall street—  
Thus, all unknown,<sup>2</sup> escaping wrong, 39  
at Billingsgate they all did meete :  
Like people poore, in Gravesend Barge  
They simply went with all their charge. 42
- And all along from Gravesend towne,  
with journies short, on foot they went ;  
Unto the Sea-coast they came downe 45  
(to passe the Seas was their intent) ;  
And God provided so that day,  
That they tooke ship and sail'd away. 48
- And, with a prosperous gale of wind,  
in Flanders safe they did arive ;  
This was to their great ease of minde, 51  
and from their heart much wo did drive :  
And so, with thankes to God on hie,  
They tooke their way to Germany. 54

---

<sup>1</sup> "release" in copy ; "reliefe" in *Crown Garland*.

<sup>2</sup> "all along" in copy ; "all unknown" in *Crown Garland*.



- Thus as they travell'd, still disguis'd,  
upon the high way, suddenly  
By cruell theeves they were surpriz'd, 57  
assailing their small company.  
And all their treasure and their store  
They tooke away, and beat them sore. 60
- The Nurse, in midst of their fight,  
laid downe the child upon the ground ;  
She ran away out of their sight, 63  
and never, after that, was found.  
Then did the Dutches make great mone,  
With her good husband all alone. 66
- The theeves had there their horses kill'd,  
and all their money quite had tooke,  
The pretty Baby, almost spoil'd, 69  
was by the nurse likewise forsooke ;  
And they far from their friends did stand,  
And succourlesse, in a strange land. 72
-

The second part,

TO THE SAME TUNE.



The Skie likewise began to scowle,  
it hail'd and rain'd in pittious sort,  
The way was long and wondrous foule ; 75  
then (may I now full well report)  
Their griefe and sorrow was not small  
When this unhappy chance did fall. 78

Sometimes the Dutches bore the child,  
all wet as ever she could be,  
And when the Lady, kind and mild, 81  
was weary, then the child bore he :  
And thus they one another eas'd,  
And with their fortunes seem'd<sup>1</sup> well pleas'd. 84

And after many [a] weary step,<sup>2</sup>  
all wet-shod both in durt and mire,—  
After much griefe their hearts yet leap 87  
(for labour doth some rest require),—  
A towne before them they did see,  
But lodg'd therein they<sup>3</sup> could not bee. 90

<sup>1</sup> "were" in copy.

<sup>2</sup> "steps" in line 85, and "leaps" in line 87 of copy.

<sup>3</sup> "he" in copy.

From house to house then they did goe,  
 seeking that night where they might lie ;  
 But want of money was their woe, 93  
 and still their babe with cold did crie :  
 With cap and knee they curtesie make,  
 But none on them would pittie take. 96

Loe ! here a Princesse of great blood  
 doth pray a peasant for reliefe !  
 With teares bedewèd, as she stood, 99  
 yet few or none regards her grieffe !  
 Her speech they could not understand,  
 But gave her money in her hand. 102

When al in vaine their paines were spent,  
 and that they could no houseroome get,  
 Into a Church-porch then they went, 105  
 to stand out of the raine and wet ;  
 Then said the Dutchesse to her deere,  
 " O that we had some fire here !" 108

Then did her husband so provide  
 that fire and coales he got with speed,  
 She sate downe by the fire side, 111  
 to dresse her daughter, that had need ;  
 And while she drest it in her lap,  
 Her husband made the infant pap. 114

Anon the Sexton thither came,  
 and finding them there by the fire,  
 The drunken knave, all voyd of shame, 117  
 to drive them out was his desire ;  
 And spurning forth the Noble Dame,  
 Her Husband's wrath it did inflame. 120

And, all in fury as he stood,  
 he wrung the Church keyes out his hand,  
 And strucke him so that all of blood 123  
 his head ran downe, where he did stand ;  
 Wherefore the Sexton presently  
 For helpe and aid aloud did cry. 126

Then came the officers in haste,  
and tooke the Dutches and her child,  
And with her husband thus they past, 129  
like Lambes beset with Tygers wilde,  
And to the Governour were brought,  
Who understood them not in ought. 132

Then master Bartu,<sup>1</sup> brave and bold,  
in Latine made a gallant speech,  
Which all their misery did unfold, 135  
and their high favour did beseech.  
With that a Doctor, sitting by,  
Did know the Dutches presently. 138

And thereupon arising straight,  
with words abashèd at this sight,  
Unto them all that there did wait, 141  
he thus brake forth in words aright :  
“ Behold, within your sight,” quoth he,  
“ A Princesse of most high degree !” 144

With that the Governour and the rest  
were all amazed the same to heare,  
Who welcomèd this new-come guest 147  
with reverence great and princely cheere,  
And afterward convey'd they were  
Unto their friend, Prince Cassimèr. 150

A sonne she had in Germany,  
Peregrine Bartu call'd by name,  
Surnam'd the good Lord Willoughby, 153  
of courage great and worthy fame :  
Her daughter yong, which with her went,  
Was afterwards Countesse of Kent. 156

For when Queene Mary was deceast  
the Dutches home return'd againe,  
Who was of sorrow quite releast 159  
by Queene Elizabeth's happy raigne ;

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<sup>1</sup> Bartu = Bartie = Bertie.



Whose godly life and piety  
Wee all may praise continually.<sup>1</sup>

162

Finis.

London, Printed for Edward Wright Dwelling at Christ  
Church gate.

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<sup>1</sup> In *Strange Histories*, the two last lines are—

“For whose life and prosperity  
We may praise God continually.”

—proving the ballad to have been written during the reign of Elizabeth, although the earliest extant edition is dated four years after her death.

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### The discontented Married Man.

It is one of the drawbacks to reprinting old ballads for modern readers, that, unless they have been accustomed to read of manners and customs in old libraries, the plain-speaking in use in former days may strike them as objectionably coarse.

To describe this ballad in modern language, we should say that it is “of a man complaining of the faithlessness of his wife.” Any plainer term would be thought “unfit for ears polite;” but our ancestors chose “to call a spade a spade” (as their favourite phrase ran,) and we should remember that our modern mild, and indefinite, terms were introduced to soften down, and to cover vice—to make it less odious, if not even attractive. On these grounds we may forgive our more outspoken forefathers. It is for us to see the manners of former days as they really were, and not through any false medium.

In the following ballad we see the abuse to which dancing-schools were sometimes subject, and we learn that to wear roses in the shoes there was thought an ill sign. We have quite an opposite picture of these same dancing-schools in other writers, (see, for instance, the travels of Duke Cosmo), but there were, no doubt, some good and some bad, as everything may be used or abused. The ballad winds up with good advice to the hearers, by which it is to be hoped that they profited. The mother’s consolation to her unhappy son-in-law is both quaint and amusing.

The Roxburghe copy of the ballad is probably unique. The printing may be dated as in the reign of Charles I.

In the woodcut to the second part of the ballad (p. 297), the spurs on the heel of the knight, and that on the left heel of his page, have been omitted by the copyist’s oversight.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 96, 97.]

## The discontented Married Man :

Or,

A merry new Song that was pen'd in foule weather,  
Of a Scould that could not keep her lips together.

TO THE TUNE OF *Shee cannot keepe her, &c.*



A yong man lately wedded was  
To a faire and comely creature,  
She was a blithe and bonny Lasse 3  
As ever framèd was by Nature,<sup>1</sup>  
With rolling eye,  
And forehead high, 6  
And all good parts Nature could give her ;  
But she had learnèd such a note,  
She could not keepe her l. together. 9

<sup>1</sup> This line is two feet short in the copy, "As ere was fram'd by [-"] Nature."

A lusty youth, of Cupid's straine,  
 That might the Queen of Love contented,  
 Came unto her, her love to gain, 12  
 And freely she her love consented :  
     But, to be short,  
     In Cupid's Court 15  
 He usde her well when he came thither,  
 And plaid his part in such an art,  
 She could not, &c. 18

When her husband he heard tell  
 Of her tricks, with true relation,  
 He complainèd to himselfe  
 Very sadly in this fashion : 22  
 Quoth he, "I would give twenty pound,  
 [And] that's ten more then I had with her,  
 Her mother would take her home againe,  
 And make her keepe her," &c. 26

"Sonne, be thou of patient mind,  
 Let not thoughts thy fancies trouble ;  
 For I to thee will still prove kind, 29  
 And her portion I will double,—  
     Time and age  
     Will asswage, 32  
 And the fairest flower will wither,  
 And I such counsell will her give  
 Shall make her keepe her l. together." 35

Henceforth, therefore, Ile forsake her,  
 And her mother [she] shall take her ;  
 And, for shame ! let her better make her,  
 Or I againe will never take her. 39  
 Pure modesty she doth defie,  
 (Besides, she's fickle as the weather),  
 And her scoulding plainly shews  
 She cannot keepe her l. together. 43

Then Ile leave off to find another,  
 Though't may adde unto my lustre,  
 For brave spacious England wide 46  
 I am sure affords a cluster ;



Good and bad  
Are to be had; 49  
Jove speed me well! though long I tarry,  
For, ere that Ile have such a Mate,  
I never more intend to marry. 52

---

**The second part,**

TO THE SAME TUNE.



Shee is gone a wandring forth  
(Wanton wenches will be ranging)  
With two gallants of great worth : 55  
Such as they affect a changing.  
She is bent  
To consent 58



- For to go she knowes not whether :  
 They will teach her such a trick  
 She will not keep her l. together. 61
- To the Dancing-schoole she goes,  
 (There she spends her husband's treasure),  
 On each Shoo she weares a Rose, 64  
 For to shew she's fit for pleasure ;  
 And resort  
 To Cupid's Court, 67  
 And no sooner she comes thither,  
 She learns so much of that same sport,  
 She cannot keepe her l. together. 70
- To the Tavern she repaires,  
 Whilst her husband sits and muses,  
 There she domineeres and sweares, 73  
 ('Tis a thing she often uses !),  
 And, being fine,  
 She, for wine, 76  
 Will both pawne her hat and feather ;  
 Which doth shew that it is true  
 She cannot keep her l. together. 79
- He's a Coxcombe that doth grieve  
 And knows not how to court this creature,  
 For he may pin her to his sleeve, 82  
 She is of so kind a nature :  
 She will play  
 Every way, 85  
 And is as nimble as a feather,  
 But she will often go astray,  
 She cannot keep her l. together. 88
- Thou that hast a wife that's civill,  
 Love her well and make much of her ;  
 For a woman that is evill 91  
 All the town, thou seest, will scoffe her.  
 Love thy wife  
 As thy life, 94  
 Let her not go thou know'st not whither ;  
 For you will alwayes live in strife  
 If she keep not her l. together. 97

Maidens faire, have a care	
Whom you love and whom you marry ;	
Love not those that jealous are,	100
Longer you had better tarry ;	
For offence	
Springs from hence—	103
You will go you know not whether,	
Till you lose both wit and sence,	
And cannot keep your l. together.	106

London, Printed for Richard Harper in Smithfield.

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### **The Serving-man and the Husband-man.**

There are several extant ballads, in the form of dialogue between serving-men and husbandmen, as to the superior claims of their respective pursuits, and, in all, the writers contrive to give the advantage to the husbandman in the end. Here the serving-man is converted to his opponent's way of thinking, which was hardly to be expected from the force of such arguments as are here used, when addressed to a well-fed serving-man, who could boast of his horse, of his boots, spurs, cloak, and sword, of his skill in the fencing-school, and of the favour of the ladies. However, it was all well intended—to make the labourer content with his lot.

The ballad was sung to the tune of another ballad in this collection, to appear hereafter. The author's initials, R. C., may again be translated Richard Climsell. No other edition, or copy, of this ballad has been found.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 98, 99.]

**A Pleasant new Dialogue ;**  
 Or,  
**The Discourse between the Serving-man and the  
 Husband-man.**

The lofty pride must bated bee,  
 And praise must goe in right degree.

TO THE TUNE OF *I have for all good wives a Song.*



As I went through the meddowes greene,  
 that are mostly lovely to be seene,  
 I heard two men in great discourse  
 of many things, better or worse ;  
 The one a Serving-man, and he  
 stood much upon his bravery ;<sup>1</sup>  
 The other was a Husband-man,  
 which no man speake against him can.

4

8

<sup>1</sup> "bravery" = fine dress (not daring or courage, as in the modern sense).

THE SERVING-MAN'S SPEECH.

I am a Serving-man that's fine,  
and feed on dainties, and drinke wine,  
I am for Ladies company,  
who can have pleasures more than I? 12  
I have the love of Maidens faire  
that are their Parents onely heire ;  
Although they goe in garments gay,  
with me they'l yeeld to sport and play. 16

THE PLOUGH-MAN.

Though you in garments goe most brave,  
yet you must yeeld to what I crave ;  
No serving-man shall make me yeeld,  
Ile shew the cause whereon I build. 20  
A Serving-man cannot come nie  
to that which I will verifie :  
A young Serving-man may compare  
to be an old beggar-man's heire. 24

THE SERVING-MAN.

I wait on Ladies, Lords, and Knights,  
where pleasure flowes, with much delights ;  
My time I spend with Venus' Nymphs,  
whose features rare Desire attempts. 28  
We serving-men have pleasure at will,  
and Plough-men they have labour still ;  
Then how can they with us compare,  
since<sup>1</sup> we have pleasure, and they have care ? 32

THE PLOUGH-MAN.

Though you in pleasure do exceed,  
who is it doth serve your need ?  
You might goe pine and starve with want,—  
then at a Plough-man do not ta[u]nt. 36  
We till the ground which brings increase,  
and all would lack if we should cease ;  
Such bragging Jacks might doe full ill,—  
then to a Plough-man yeeld thee still.<sup>2</sup> 40

<sup>1</sup> "seeing" in copy.

<sup>2</sup> "skill" in copy.



## THE SERVING-MAN.

Our 'parell many times is silke,  
 our shirts as white as any milke ;  
 Our fare is of the very best,  
 and that which is most neatly drest ; 44  
 And often, when we sup or dine,  
 we taste a dainty cup of wine :  
 Our Master's Cellars yeeld good beere,  
 and in his Hall we finde good cheare. 48

## THE PLOUGH-MAN.

'Tis true : there many goes in silke  
 and have their linnen white as milke,  
 And yet perhaps not worth a groat,  
 but, much like you, will lye and prate ; 52  
 The Proverbe of a Serving-man,  
 (as alwayes I doe understand),  
 In prime of yeeres hee'l roare and swagger,  
 And, being growne old, he turnes a begger. 56

## THE SERVING-MAN.

Why should a Plough-man me deface,  
 and urge me with such foule disgrace ?  
 I dare to challenge you, sir foole,  
 to meet me at the Fencing-schoole : 60  
 I will not so out-bravèd be,  
 nor ranke with such base pedigree ;  
 I am a man of courage bold,  
 by Plough-men Ile not be control'd. 64

---

The Second part.

TO THE SAME TUNE.



THE PLOUGH-MAN.

Indeed, you are of perfect mettle ;  
your nose shines like a copper kettle ;  
'Tis true, you are of courage bold,  
the pipe and pot you will uphold ;  
You hold it rare to drinke and smoake—  
(all this is true which I have spoke),  
But 'tis a Husband-man's delight  
to worke all day, and sleepe all night.

68

72

THE SERVING-MAN.

We have no labour, toyle, and care,  
we Serving-men no drudges are ;

Our care is for the chiefest pleasure,  
 which seemes to us a daily treasure : 76  
 My Ladies Waiting-maid most fine  
 with us doth often sup and dine ;  
 Sometimes a courtesie we crave,  
 a kisse or so, and this wee have. 80

## THE PLOUGH-MAN.

If you the Proverb truly mark,  
 "Joane is as good as my Lady in th' dark ;"  
 A Country Lasse in russet gray,  
 with her I love to sport and play : 84  
 O she will dance, and sweetly sing,  
 much like the Nightingale in Spring ;  
 She's fresh and faire, and firme and sound ;  
 in her much pleasure may be found. 88

## THE SERVING-MAN.

Well, Countrie-man, my mind is brave,  
 I will not yeeld to what you crave ;  
 No Plough-man ere shall make me yeeld,  
 I will not so much be compeld : 92  
 My youthfull dayes yeelds me much joyes,  
 my nights I passe with merry toyes ;  
 My time is pleasure and delight,  
 which I doe spend with Ladies bright. 96

## THE PLOUGH-MAN.

O, hold thy peace ! thy fond delight  
 doth passe away like day or night ;  
 Thy aged head appearing gray,  
 then doth thy pleasure soone decay ; 100  
 Then from thy service must thou packe,  
 and all things quickly wilt thou lacke :  
 Then warning take ere it be long,  
 and learne to worke while thou art young. 104

## THE SERVING-MAN.

Why should I labour, toyle, or care,  
 since I am fed with dainty fare ?  
 My Gelding I have for to ride,  
 my cloake, my good sword by my side, 108

My bootes and spurres shining like gold,  
like those whose names are high inrol'd:  
What pleasure more can any crave  
than<sup>1</sup> such content as I now have? 112

THE PLOUGH-MAN.

'Tis true, indeed, thy pleasure's great,  
and I have what I get by sweat;  
My labour gives my heart content,  
and I doe live in merriment: 116  
He that true labour takes in hand  
doth farre surpasse the Serving-man;  
He passeth some with house and lands;  
when that decayes, he cryes " Helpe, hands!" 120

THE SERVING-MAN.

Thy reasons I have understood,  
and what thou speak'st is very good;  
I would I were a Plough-man now,  
and labour could at Cart and Plough; 124  
Then would I work and till the land,  
and never more be Serving-man;  
For what they have is truly got,—  
they are contented with their lot. 128

---

Thus to conclude and make an end,  
let none with Husband-men contend:  
You see, here yeelds a loftie mind,  
and to good counsell is inclin'd. 132  
Thus will we all, like lovers, 'gree,  
the painfull man shall praised be;  
For by the labour of the hand  
we doe receive fruits from the land. 136

Finis.

R. C.

Printed at London for F. Coules dwelling in the Old-Baily.

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<sup>1</sup> "then" in the copy.



## [The King of France's Daughter.]

This is one of Thomas Deloney's ballads, and is included in his *Garland of Good-Will*; having, in all probability, been first published in folio as a broadside.

The earliest edition of *The Garland of Good-Will* now known to bibliographers, was printed in 1604, and of that, only the first sheet has been seen (see Collier's *Bibliographical and Critical Account of the rarest Books*), but this Garland must have been published in or before 1596, because Thomas Nash alludes to it, in his *Have with you to Saffron-Walden*, which was printed in that year. Satirizing Deloney, and referring to his occupation of silk-weaving, Nash says: "He hath rhyme enough for all *Miracles*, and wit to make a *Garland of Good-Will*, &c.; but, whereas his muse, from the first peeping forth, hath stood at livery at an alehouse wisp, never exceeding a penny a quart day or night, (and this dear year, together with the silencing of his looms, scarce that,) he is constrained to betake himself to carded ale," [*i.e.* a mixture of small beer with ale] "whence it proceedeth that, since Candlemas, or his jigg of *John for the King*,<sup>1</sup> not one merry ditty will come from him—nothing but *The Thunderbolt against Swearers*; *Repent, England! repent*; and *The strange Judgments of God*."

The next extant edition of *The Garland of Good-Will* is that of 1631; but, even of this, the only known copy (in the Bodleian Library,) is an imperfect one, wanting sheet G. Fortunately the following ballad remains, and the copy has been useful in collation.

Next in point of date, is the manuscript version included in the Percy folio, the contents of which folio have been at length faithfully reprinted. (See III, 441.)

All the extant black-letter broadside copies are of, or after, the reign of Charles II, unless indeed, the second Roxburghe edition (III, 389), from which the printer's name has been cut away, be of somewhat earlier date. The first in the Roxburghe collection, printed for Alex. Milbourne (I, 102), and the Pepys edition, for Clarke, Thackeray, and *Passinger* (I, 514), were, in all probability, issued about 1670, and the Bagford copy, (II, 24) which is in white letter, about 1690-95.

<sup>1</sup> "John for the King" was sung to the tune of *Hey downe derrye*. Perhaps "Repent, England, repent" was the ballad of "England's new Bellman." For these see *Pop. Mus.* II. 770.

Dr. Percy republished "The King of France's Daughter" in his *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, taking his text from his own manuscript, compared with the printed broadside in the Pepys collection; but he does not seem to have traced the authorship. He pointed out that the ballad had an historical foundation in the marriage of Judith with Baldwin, Earl of Flanders, but Deloney took such poetical licenses in his way of telling the story, that only a vestige of history remains. The historical basis may be compressed within a few lines:—

Ethelwulf, who was King of England from 837 to 857, (and whose fourth surviving son became Alfred the Great), left England for Rome in 853. On his return homeward, he remained for a time at the court of Charles the Bald, and was there formally married to Charles's daughter, Judith; although, at that time, Ethelwulf was an old man, with grown-up sons, and Judith, (according to Lingard,) "probably had not reached her twelfth year." Ethelwulf died within about three years after this ill-assorted match, and Judith soon returned to France. Not wishing to be given away to another old man, she eloped with Baldwin, great forester of France, and, (to use Dr. Percy's words,) "after many crosses and difficulties, Baldwin at length obtained the King's consent to her marriage, and was made Earl of Flanders."

The attention of the ballad-writer was, in all probability, directed to this subject, of early date for a ballad, from the fact that Matilda, the wife of William the Conqueror, descended from this second marriage, and thus Judith became progenitrix of the Royal Family of England. But the ballad-loving public would have taken little interest in her first wedding, if represented as it really occurred; so the only historical part, retained by Deloney, is the marriage of the daughter of a King of France to a forester, who was made Earl of Flanders. In the ballad, old King Ethelwulf, and his child-wife, are transformed into a young English prince, and a lovely French princess of suitable age, but he, being an exile, is rejected as a son-in-law by the French King. The prince then takes to the forest, and the princess escapes to him in disguise; but only in time to find that he had been set upon by outlaws, robbed, and mortally wounded. Thus ends the first Fit. The princess, vowing never to return to her father's court, then declares that she will seek for a servant's place; so, meeting a forster, or forrester, ranging the woods, she entreats him to find her "a service in her need." He, amazed at her beauty, takes her to his mother, who at once engages her. The forrester, becoming desperately enamoured, at length gains her love and marries her, without her rank having been revealed to him. End of Fit II. After the birth of their seventh child she tells him the secret of her parentage, and he humbly beseeches her that he may show her rank and princely worth to the world.

This he accomplishes by providing her with a rich array of crimson velvet, and by clothing their children "in party colours strange to see," the one side being of cloth of gold and the other of woollen. Then:

"Men thereat did wonder;  
Golden fame did thunder  
This strange deed in every place:  
The King of France came thither,  
(It being pleasant weather)  
In those woods the hart to chase."

This leads to the denouement, by the recognition of the long-lost daughter, the immediate knighting of the forester, and his creation as Earl of Flanders. "Thus were their sorrows put to flight."

Deloney adapted the device of the party-coloured dresses from a later page of history connected with France. "It will remind the reader," says Dr. Percy (in his last edition of the *Reliques*), "of the livery and device of Charles Brandon, a private gentleman, who married the Queen Dowager of France, sister of Henry VIII. At a tournament which he held at his wedding, the trappings of his horse were half cloth-of-gold and half frieze, with the following motto:

Cloth of Gold, do not despise,  
Tho' thou art matcht with Cloth of Frize;  
Cloth of Frize, be not too bold,  
Tho' thou art matcht with Cloth of Gold."

The tune of the ballad will be found in *Popular Music*, I, 179. The name of *Crimson Velvet*, given to it, seems (as suggested by the editor of the Percy folio) to have been derived from the dress of the princess in the ballad.

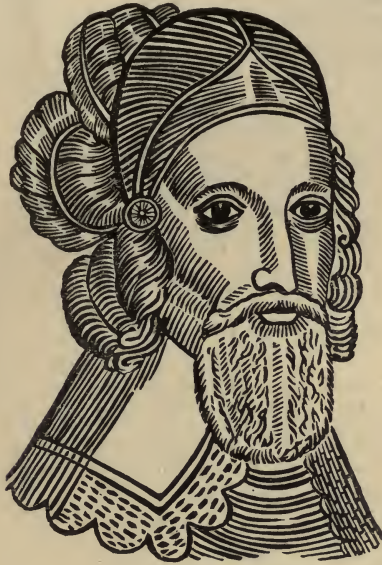
The following title is from the Roxburghe copy, in which the woodcuts stand side by side. In the collation "Gar." stands for *Garland of Good-Will*, 1631; "MS." for Percy's Folio Manuscript; and "Rox." for the Roxburghe copy. One of the earliest editions would perhaps outweigh all these, as an authority; but such an edition is not to be found. The text is very corrupt.



[Roxb. Coll. I. 102, 103. Collated.]

**An excellent Ballad of a Prince of  
England's Courtship to the King of France's Daughter,  
and how the Prince was disasterously slain; and how  
the aforesaid Princess was afterwards married to a  
Forrester.**

To THE TUNE OF *Crimson Velvet.*





In the days of old,  
 when fair France did flourish,  
 Stories plainly tell,<sup>1</sup>  
 Lovers felt<sup>2</sup> annoy: 4  
 The King a Daughter had,  
 beauteous, bright,<sup>3</sup> and lovely,  
 Which made her father glad,—  
 she was his only joy. 8  
 A Prince of England came,  
 Whose deeds did merit fame;  
 he woo'd her long, and loe! at last,  
 What [e'er]<sup>4</sup> he did require, 12  
 She granted his desire;—  
 their hearts in one were linkèd fast.  
 Which, when her father provèd,  
 Lord! how he was movèd 16  
 and tormented in his mind!  
 He sought for to prevent them;  
 And (to discontent them)  
 Fortune crosses<sup>5</sup> Lovers kind. 20

When these<sup>6</sup> Princes twain  
 were thus bar[r]'d of pleasure,  
 (Through the King's disdain,  
 which their joys withstood,) 24  
 The Lady got<sup>7</sup> up close  
 her jewels and her treasure;  
 Having no remorse  
 of State or<sup>8</sup> Royal blood: 28  
 In homely poor array  
 She went<sup>9</sup> from Court away,  
 to meet her joy<sup>10</sup> and heart's delight;  
 Who in a Forrest great 32  
 Had taken up his seat,  
 to wait her coming in the night.

<sup>1</sup> "told" in Rox.; "tell" in Gar.

<sup>2</sup> "it" in Rox.; "felt" in Gar. and MS.

<sup>3</sup> "fair" in Rox.; "bright" in Gar. and MS.

<sup>4</sup> "Look what" in Gar. and MS., evidently wrong after "loe," so altered to "and what" in Rox.

<sup>5</sup> "crossed" in MS. and Rox.; "crosses" in Gar.

<sup>6</sup> "these" in MS. and Rox.; "the" in Gar.

<sup>7</sup> "got" in Gar. and MS.; "lockt" in Rox.

<sup>8</sup> "and" in Rox.; "or" in Gar. and MS.

<sup>10</sup> "love" in Rox.; "joy" in Gar. and MS.

<sup>9</sup> "got" in Gar.

But, see! <sup>1</sup> what sudden danger To this princely Stranger chancèd as he sat alone!	36
By Out-laws he was robbèd, And with ponyards <sup>2</sup> stabbèd, uttering many a dying groan.	40
The Princess, arm'd <sup>3</sup> by him, and by true Desire, Wandering all the <sup>4</sup> night without dread at all:	44
Still unknown she past, <sup>5</sup> in her strange attire: Coming <sup>6</sup> at the last in the echoes <sup>7</sup> call—	48
“You fair woods,” <sup>8</sup> quoth she, “Honoured may you be, harbouring my heart's delight; Which doth compasse <sup>9</sup> here	52
My joy and only deere, <sup>10</sup> my trusty friend and comely Knight! Sweet, I come unto thee! Sweet, I come to woo thee,	56
that thou maist not angry be! For my long delaying And thy courteous staying amends, for all, Ile <sup>11</sup> make to thee!”	60
Passing thus alone <sup>12</sup> through the silent Forrest, Many a grievous groan <sup>13</sup> sounded in her ear; <sup>14</sup>	64

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<sup>1</sup> “loe” in Rox.; “see” in Gar. and MS.

<sup>2</sup> “Poinard” in Rox.; “Ponyards” in Gar. and MS.

<sup>3</sup> “armed” in MS. and Rox.; “arm'd” in Gar. Percy substitutes—  
    “The Princess, arm'd by *love*,  
    And by *chaste* desire,”

<sup>4</sup> “that” in Rox.

<sup>5</sup> “past” in Rox. and MS.; “passed” in Gar., which destroys the rhyme to “last.”

<sup>6</sup> “comming” in Gar.

<sup>7</sup> “within echo's” in Rox.; “in the echoes” in Gar. and MS.

<sup>8</sup> “wood” in Rox.

<sup>9</sup> “incompass” in Rox.; “compasse” in Gar. and MS.

<sup>10</sup> “dear” in Rox.

<sup>11</sup> “I'll” in Rox.

<sup>12</sup> “along” in Gar.

<sup>13</sup> “Many greevous groanes” in Gar.

<sup>14</sup> “carcs” in Gar. and MS.

Where she heard a man  
to lament the sorest  
That was ever seene,—<sup>1</sup>  
forc'd by deadly feare.<sup>2</sup> 68  
“Farewel, my dear!” quoth he,  
“Whom I shall never see,  
for why my life is at an end,  
Through villaines cruelty : 72  
Lo! here for thee I dye,<sup>3</sup>  
to shew<sup>4</sup> I am a faithful friend!  
Here I lie a bleeding,  
While my thoughts are feeding 76  
on the rarest<sup>5</sup> beauty found :  
O hard hap! that, may be,  
Little knows my Lady  
my heart's blood lies<sup>6</sup> on the ground!” 80

With that he gave a groan,  
which did burst in sunder  
All the tender strings<sup>7</sup>  
of his bleeding<sup>8</sup> heart : 84  
She, who<sup>9</sup> knew his voice,  
at his tale did wonder ;  
All her former joys<sup>10</sup>  
did to grief convert. 88  
Straight she ran to see  
who this man should be,  
That so like her love did speak ;  
and found, when as she came, 92  
Her lovely Lord lay slain,  
all<sup>11</sup> smear'd in blood, which life did break.

<sup>1</sup> “Chance that ever came” in Rox.

<sup>2</sup> “feare” in Gar.; “teares” in MS.; and “strife” in Rox., not regarding the rhyme to “ear.”

<sup>3</sup> In Rox. “For thy sweet sake I dye,  
Thro' Villians cruelty.

<sup>4</sup> “show” in MS. and Rox.

<sup>5</sup> “thy dearest” in Gar.; “thy rarest” in MS.

<sup>6</sup> “heart blood lyes” in Gar.; “heart blood lies” in Rox.

<sup>7</sup> “that did break asunder  
All the tender fixings” in Rox. only.

<sup>8</sup> “gentle” in Rox. only.

<sup>9</sup> “which” in Gar. and MS.

<sup>10</sup> “joys” in Rox.; “joy” in Gar. and MS.

<sup>11</sup> “all” omitted in Rox.

When this deed she spied, <sup>1</sup>	
Lord ! how sore she cried !	96
her sorrow cannot <sup>2</sup> counted be ;	
Her eyes like fountains running,	
While <sup>3</sup> she cry'd out, " My Darling,	
O would <sup>4</sup> that I had dy'd for thee !"	100
His pale lips, alas !	
twenty times she kissed,	
And his face did wash	
with her trickling <sup>5</sup> tears ;	104
Ev'ry <sup>6</sup> bleeding wound	
her fair eyes <sup>7</sup> bedewed,	
Wiping off the blood	
with her golden hair :	108
" Speak, my Love," <sup>8</sup> (quoth she)	
" Speak, fair Prince, to me !	
one sweet word of comfort give !	
Lift up thy fair eyes,	112
Listen to my cries,	
think in what great grief I live !"	
All in vain she sued,	
All in vain she viewed,— <sup>9</sup>	116
the Prince's life was dead, <sup>10</sup> and gone ;	
There stood she, still mourning,	
'Till the Suns [returning] <sup>11</sup>	
and bright day was coming on.	120

[End of the first Fit, or Division.]

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<sup>1</sup> "Which when that she espyed" in Rox. only.  
<sup>2</sup> "sorrows could not" in Rox.  
<sup>3</sup> "whiles" in Gar. only.  
<sup>4</sup> "Would God" in MS. and Rox.  
<sup>5</sup> "brinish" in Rox. only.  
<sup>6</sup> "Euery" in Gar. and MS.  
<sup>7</sup> "face" in Rox. only.  
<sup>8</sup> "my Lord" in Rox. This line omitted in Gar. "faire Loue" in MS.  
<sup>9</sup> "viewed" in Gar. ; "vewed" in MS. ; "wood" in Rox.  
<sup>10</sup> "dead" in Gar. and MS. ; "fled" in Rox.  
<sup>11</sup> "approaching" in all, but the word must have been nearer to a rhyme with mourning than that.





The Forrester, all amazèd,  
 On her beauty gazèd,  
     till his heart was set on fire :  
 " If, fair maid," (quoth he) 152  
 " You will go with me,  
     you shall have your heart's desire."  
 He brought her to his mother,  
 And above all other 156  
     he set forth this maiden's praise :  
 Long was his heart inflamèd ;  
 At last<sup>1</sup> her love he gainèd,—  
     thus did he<sup>2</sup> his glory<sup>3</sup> raise. 160

Thus unknown he matcht<sup>4</sup>  
     with the King's<sup>5</sup> fair Daughter ;  
 Children seven he had  
     ere she told the same :<sup>6</sup> 164  
 But when he understood  
     she was a Royal Princess,  
 By this means at last  
     he shewèd<sup>7</sup> forth her fame. 168  
 He cloathed his children then  
 (Not like to other men)  
     in party<sup>8</sup> colours, strange to see ;  
 The left side cloth of gold,<sup>9</sup> 172  
 The right side, now behold !<sup>9</sup>  
     of woollen cloth still framed he.  
 Men hereat<sup>10</sup> did wonder,  
 Golden Fame did thunder 176  
     this strange deed in every place :  
 The King of France came thither,  
 Being pleasant weather,  
     in the<sup>11</sup> woods the hart to chase. 180

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"Heaven shall be thy meede,"—a better line, perhaps, but not so ballad-like ; moreover, it does not retain a word of the text.

<sup>1</sup> "at length" in Rox.

<sup>2</sup> "so fortune did" in Rox.

<sup>3</sup> fortune?

<sup>4</sup> "matched" in Gar.

<sup>5</sup> "a King's" in MS.

<sup>6</sup> "e'er she to him was known" in Rox. ; "ere he knew the same" in Gar. ; MS. followed.

<sup>7</sup> "shews" in Rox.

<sup>8</sup> "partly" in Rox.

<sup>9</sup> Rox. inverts right and left, and "to behold" instead of "now."

<sup>10</sup> "thereat" in Rox.

<sup>11</sup> "these" in Rox.

The Children then<sup>1</sup> did stand  
 as their father<sup>2</sup> willèd,  
 Where the Royal King  
 must of force come by. 184  
 Their mother, richly clad  
 in fair Crimson Velvet,  
 Their father, all in gray,  
 comely<sup>3</sup> to the eye. 188  
 When this<sup>4</sup> famous king,  
 Noting<sup>5</sup> every thing,  
 did ask<sup>6</sup> "how he durst be so bold  
 To let his wife to wear, 192  
 And deck his Children there,  
 in costly Robes of cloth of<sup>7</sup> gold."  
 The Forrester both<sup>8</sup> replied,  
 And the cause descried; 196  
 to the king he thus did<sup>9</sup> say :  
 "Well may they, by their mother,  
 Wear rich gold with<sup>10</sup> other,  
 being by birth a Princess gay." 200

The king, upon these words,  
 more heedfully beheld them,  
 Till a crimson blush  
 his conceit did cross; 204  
 "The more I look" (he said<sup>11</sup>)  
 "upon thy wife and children,  
 The more I call to mind  
 my daughter whom I lost." 208  
 "I am that child" (quoth she),  
 Falling on her knee,  
 "pardon me, my Sovereign Liege!"  
 The king perceiving this, 212  
 His Daughter dear did kiss,  
 and<sup>12</sup> joyful tears did stop his speech;

<sup>1</sup> "there" in Rox., but should it not be "they did bring" to rhyme with "King"?

<sup>2</sup> "mother" in Rox.

<sup>3</sup> "most comely" in Rox.

<sup>4</sup> "the" in Gar. and MS.

<sup>5</sup> "noted" in Gar.; "noting" in MS. and Rox.

<sup>6</sup> "asking" in Gar.; "did ask" in MS. and Rox.

<sup>7</sup> "pearl and" in Rox.

<sup>8</sup> "Forrester bold" in Rox.

<sup>9</sup> Rox. "and to the King"; "thus did he" Gar. and MS.

<sup>10</sup> "gold like" Gar.: "Gold with" MS.; "cloaths with" Rox.

<sup>11</sup> "quoth he" in Rox.

<sup>12</sup> "till" in Rox.

With his train he turned,  
And with her sojourned, 216  
    straight<sup>1</sup> he dub'd her husband knight ;  
Then<sup>2</sup> made him Earl of Flanders,  
One of his chief Commanders :  
    thus was their<sup>3</sup> sorrow put to flight. 220

Licensed and Entered according to Order.

Printed by and for Alex. Milbourn, and sold by the Booksellers  
of Pye-corner and London-bridge.

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<sup>1</sup> "straightway" in Gar. ; "straight" in MS. and Rox.

<sup>2</sup> "He" in Rox.

<sup>3</sup> "his" in Gar. and MS.



[The English Merchant, of Chichester.]

This ballad is upon a subject that has been discussed in *Notes and Queries* (4th Series, V. 4), under the title of HANGING OR MARRYING. Sufficient evidence has been there adduced to establish a widely-spread belief in the existence of an ancient custom, by which a woman might save the life of a condemned criminal, if she would engage to marry him when he was led out for execution.

It is conceivable that, under some ancient codes of law, when death was the punishment for most trivial offences, men in power may sometimes have been glad of an excuse for not inflicting sentences so disproportionately severe, and thus such a custom may have been suffered to grow up. In these cases, unless public sympathy had been excited for the offender, and his offence of such a nature that no woman need be ashamed to marry him, he would only be claimed by some person of a very low class, and perhaps so undesirable as a wife, that many a man would have preferred hanging to marrying.

The ballad treats of an English merchant who had killed a man in a quarrel in the Netherlands, and was there condemned to death. His case had excited so much public sympathy, that the merchants of Emden subscribed a large sum to buy him off, but without success; yet the prayer of the maidens was granted by the Duke, upon this alleged custom. The ballad was inquired for, by one of the correspondents of *Notes and Queries*, but was not produced.

The earliest notice found of such a custom was the following, from *Reliquiæ Antiquæ* (I. 288), adduced by Mr. J. P. Morris:—

“Of life and dath nowe chuse thé,  
There is the woman, here the galowe tree!”—  
“Of boothe choyce harde is the parte—  
The woman is the warsse—driue forthe the carte.”

The Manx “Customary Laws” of 1577 (brought forward by Mr. J. M. Jeffcott) are not strictly in point, since they only enabled a woman to repair a wrong done to *herself*, by enforcing marriage at her option.

The Diary of John Manningham, of the Middle Temple, which was often quoted, while in manuscript, for the account of the last days of Queen Elizabeth, is now generally accessible, through the liberality of the President of the Camden Society, who printed it at his own cost, to present to the members. It contains the three following curious entries relating to this curious privilege, under the date of December 12, 1602. (The third is from Montaigne.) “It is the custome (not the lawe) in France and Italy,

that yf anie notorious professed strumpet will begg for a husband a man which is going to execution, he shal be reprieved, and she may obtaine a pardon, and marry him, that both their ill lives may be bettered by so holie an action. Hence grew a jeast, when a scoffing gentlewoman told a gentleman shee heard that he was in some danger to have been hanged for some villanie, he answered, 'Truely, Madame, I was feard of nothing soe much as you would have begg me.'

"In England it hath bin vsed that yf a woman will beg a condemned person for her husband, she must come in hir smocke onely, & a white rod in hir hand, as Sterril said he had seen."

"Montagne tells of a Piccard that was going to execution, & when he sawe a limping wenche coming to begg him: 'Oh, shee limps! she limps!' sayd hee, 'dispatch me quickly!' preferring death before a limping wife."

Although our ballad is of the sixteenth century, there are no extant copies of earlier date than the seventeenth, and but one of the first half of that century, although there are seven or eight of the second half.

The earliest allusion to the ballad is in the *Famous Historie of Fryer Bacon*, which contains a song "to the tune of *A rich Merchantman*" (see *Popular Music*, I. 382). That *Famous Historie*, says Mr. Payne Collier, "was doubtless popular before 1590." (Bib. Cat. I. 42.) The ballad must date before the *Historie*, and the tune have had time to acquire popularity before Friar Bacon was written. Robert Greene's play of *Friar Bacon and Friar Bongay*, founded upon the *Famous Historie*, was acted at Henslowe's theatre on 19th February, 1591-2. (Henslowe's Diary, p. 20.)

The first entry of the ballad on the books of the Stationers' Company seems to be one to Abell Jeffs, in March, 1594, and the earliest copy now extant to be in the Roxburghe Collection (I. 104-5), from which we reprint. The Pepys copy (I. 542) was printed for Clarke, Thackeray, and Passinger; one of the Bagford copies (I. 43) by A. M[ilbourne,] the other (II. 34) in white letter, for W. O[nley]: Mr. W. Euing's Collection includes three different editions (Nos. 230, 231, and 232), of which one seems to be identical with the copy in Wood's Collection (401-107). All these are of the second half of the seventeenth century, except the Roxburghe copy. The latest of all is an edition printed in Bow Church yard, included in the Douce Collection (B. 4. 16).

The ballad seems to have passed through so many early editions that, even the following, the earliest now extant, is in a very corrupt state.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 104, 105.]

# A most sweet Song of an English Merchant, borne at Chichester.

TO AN EXCELLENT NEW TUNE.



A rich Merchant man<sup>1</sup> [there was]  
 That was both grave and wise,  
 Did kill a man at Emden Towne,  
 Through quarrels that did rise. 4  
 Through quarrels that did rise  
 The German hee was dead,  
 And for this fact the Merchant man  
 was judg'd to lose his head. 8  
*A sweet thing is love,*  
*It rules both heart and mind ;*  
*There is no comfort in the world<sup>2</sup>*  
*to women that are kind.* 12

<sup>1</sup> The editions printed by F. Coules, and by F. Coles, have this defective line. Those of Clarke, Thackeray, Passenger, Onley, and Bow Church Yard, end "there was," but in *The Triumphant Widow*, 1677, "There was" is at the beginning: "There was a rich Merchant Man," which is probably the right reading.

<sup>2</sup> Instead of "in the world" we should probably read "to compare."

- A Scaffold builded was  
 Within the Market-place,  
 And all the people, farre and neere,  
 Did thither flocke apace : 16  
 Did thither flocke apace  
 This dolefull sight to see,  
 When,<sup>1</sup> all in velvet, blacke as jet,  
 unto the place came hee.  
*A sweet thing is love, &c.* 21
- Bare-headed was hee brought,  
 His hands were bound before,  
 A Cambricke Ruffe about his necke,  
 As white as milke, hee wore : 25  
 His Stockings were of silke,  
 As fine as fine might be ;  
 Of person and of countenance  
 a proper man was hee.  
*A sweet thing is love, &c.* 30
- When hee was mounted up  
 Upon the Scaffold high,  
 All women said great pity 'twas  
 So sweet a man should die. 34  
 The Merchants of the Towne,  
 From death to set him free,  
 Did proffer there two thousand pound,  
 but yet it would not be.  
*A sweet thing is love, &c.* 39
- The Prisoner hereupon  
 Began to speake his mind :  
 Quoth hee, " I have deserved death  
 In conscience I doe find ; 43  
 Yet sore against my will  
 This man I kild," quoth hee,  
 " As Christ doth know, which of my soule  
 must onely Saviour be."  
*A sweet thing is love, &c.* 48
- " With heart I doe repent  
 This most unhappy deed,  
 And for his wife and children small  
 My very soule doth bleed : 52

<sup>1</sup> "Who" in the copy.



- This deed is done and past ;  
 My hope of life is vaine ;  
 And yet the losse of this my life  
     to them is little gaine."  
*A sweet thing is love, &c.* 57
- “Unto the widow poore  
 And her two babes, therefore,  
 I give a hundred pound a piece,  
 Their comfort to restore ; 61  
 Desiring at their hands  
 No one request but this,—  
 They will speake well of Englishm[en]  
     though I have done amisse.”  
*A sweet thing is love, &c.* 66
- This was no sooner spoke,  
 But that, to stint his griefe,  
 Ten goodly Maids did proffer him  
 For love to beg his life : 70  
 “This is our law,” quoth they,  
 “We may your death remove,  
 If you, in lieu of our good will,  
     will grant to us your love.”  
*A sweet thing is love, etc.* 75
- “Brave Englishman,” quoth one,  
 “’Tis I will beg thy life !”  
 “Nay,” quoth the second, “it is I,  
 If I must be thy wife !” 79  
 “’Tis I !” the third did say ;  
 “Nay,” quoth the fourth, “’tis I !”  
 So each one after other said,  
     still waiting his reply. 83  
*A sweet thing is love,  
 It rules both heart and mind ;  
 There is no comfort in the world  
     to women that are kind.* 87
-

## The second Part.

TO THE SAME TUNE.

- "Faire Maidens all," quoth hee,  
 "I must confesse, and say  
 That each of you full worthy is  
 To be a Lady gay ; 91  
 And I unworthy, farre,  
 The worst of you to have,  
 Though you have offered willingly  
 my loathed life to save." 95  
*A sweet thing is love,*  
*It rules both heart and mind ;*  
*There is no comfort in the world*  
*to women that are kind.* 99
- "Then take a thousand thanks  
 Of mee, a dying man,  
 But speake no more of love nor life,  
 For why, my life is gone. 103  
 To Christ my love I give,  
 My body unto death,  
 For none of you my heart can love,  
 though I doe lose my breath."  
*A sweet thing is love, &c.* 108
- "Faire Maids, lament no more !  
 Your Country Law is such,  
 It takes but hold upon my life,  
 My goods it cannot touch : 112  
 Within one chest I have  
 In gold a thousand pound,  
 I give it equall to you all,  
 for love which I have found."  
*A sweet thing is love, &c.* 117
- "And now, deare friends, farewell !  
 Sweet England, eake, adieu !  
 And Chicester, where I was borne,  
 Where first this breath I drew ! 121

- And now, thou man of death,  
 Unto thy weapon stand."  
 "Ah, nay," another Damsell cry'd,  
 "sweet Headsman, hold thy hand!"  
*A sweet thing is love, &c.* 126
- "Now heare a Maiden's plaint,  
 Brave Englishman," quoth shee,  
 "And grant her love, for love againe,  
 That craves but love of thee: 130  
 I wooe and sue for love,  
 That have beene wooed ere this,  
 Then grant mee love!" and therewithall  
 shee proffers him a kisse.  
*A sweet thing is love, &c.* 135
- "And die within mine armes,  
 If thou wilt die," quoth shee;  
 "Yea, live or die, sweet Englishman,  
 Ile live and die with thee." 139  
 "But can it be," hee said,  
 "That thou dost love mee so?"  
 "'Tis not by long acquaintance, sir,  
 whereby true love doth grow!"  
*A sweet thing is love, &c.* 144
- "Then beg my life," quoth hee,  
 "And I will be thine owne!  
 If I should seeke the world for love,  
 More love cannot be showne." 148  
 The people, on that word,  
 Did give a joyfull cry,  
 And said it had great pitie been  
 so sweet a man should die.  
*A sweet thing is love, &c.* 153
- "I goe, my Love," shee said,  
 "I run, I fly for thee!  
 And, gentle Headsman, spare a while  
 My Lover's life for mee!" 157

Unto the Duke shee went,  
 Who did her grieffe remove ;  
 And, with an hundred Maidens more,  
 shee went to fetch her Love.  
*A sweet thing is love, &c.* 162

With musicke sounding sweet,  
 The formost of the traine,  
 This gallant Maiden, like a Bride,  
 Did fetch him backe againe : 166  
 Yea, hand in hand they went  
 Unto the Church that day,  
 And they were married presently  
 in sumptuous rich array.  
*A sweet thing is love, &c.* 171

To England came hee then  
 With this his lovely Bride,—  
 A fairer woman never lay  
 By any Merchant's side :— 175  
 Where I must leave them now,  
 In pleasure and delight ;  
 But of their name and dwelling-place  
 I must not here recite. 179

*A sweet thing is love,  
 It rules both heart and mind ;  
 There is no comfort in the world  
 to women that are kind.* 183

Finis.

Printed at London for Francis Coules,  
 in the Old-Bayley.

[*Ayme not too hie.*]

The following is of the class called "Godly and Spirituall Songs," or "Godly Balletts." The date of the printing is from 1620 to 1625, but some of the ballads, sung "to the tune of *Ayme not too hie*," prove it to be older. The only other copies known, are of a later edition, viz. that of Coles, Vere, and Wright, one in the Rawlinson Collection (166) and the other in the Pepys (II. 63).

For the tune, see *Popular Music*, I. 162 and 164.



[Roxb. Coll. I. 106, 107.]

An excellent Song, wherein you shall finde  
Great consolation for a troubled minde.

TO THE TUNE OF *Fortune, my Foe!*



Ayme not too hie in things above thy reach ;  
Be not too foolish in thine owne conceit ;  
As thou hast wit and worldly wealth at will,  
So give him thanks that shall encrease it still. 4

Be ware of pride, the mother of mishap,  
Whose sugred snares will seeke thee to entrap ;  
Be meeke in heart, and lowly minded still,  
So shalt thou God's Commandements fulfill. 8

Cast all thy care upon the Lord, and he,  
 In thy distresse, will send to succour thee ;  
 Cease not, therefore, to serve him every day  
 Who with his blood thy ransome once did pay. 12

Drive from thy heart ill thoughts that may offend ;  
 Desire of God his holy spirit<sup>1</sup> to send,  
 Which will direct thy life in such a sort  
 As thou thereby shalt find joy and comfort. 16

Expect<sup>2</sup> each day and houre when Christ shall come  
 With power to judge the world, both all and some ;  
 Be ready then, and with the Bridegroom Christ,  
 Receive reward in heaven among the highest. 20

Feare to offend his heavenly Majestie ;  
 Faith doth confirme true love and loyaltie ;  
 Without which faith, as holie Scriptures say,  
 No man to heaven can find the perfect way. 24

Great is the Lord ! and mercifull, doubtlesse,  
 To those that with true zeale their faults confesse ;  
 But unto those in mischief dayly runnes,  
 He lets alone to taste what after comes. 28

Hope in the Lord ! on him repose thy trust ;  
 Serve him with feare, whose judgements are most just ;  
 Desire of him thy life so to direct  
 That to thy soule he may have good respect. 32

Injure no man, but love thineemie,—  
 Though to thy hurt, yet take it patiently,  
 And thinke the Lord, although he suffer long,  
 When time shal serve, will soon revenge thy wrong. 36

Keepe thou no ranckor hidden in thy heart ;  
 Remember well the word Christ did impart,—  
 That is, “ Forgive offences over-past,  
 As thou thy selfe wilt be forgiven at last.” 40

Lay not thy treasure up in hoarding sort,  
 But therewithall the poore feed and comfort ;

<sup>1</sup> “spirit,” to be pronounced “sprite,” and probably so printed in earlier copies. See line 78, where it rhymes to “sight.”

<sup>2</sup> printed “Except.”

If thou cold water give in Christ his name,  
Thrice double told, he will reward the same. 44

Misorder not thyselfe in any wise,—  
In meat and drinke let reason still suffice :  
Moderate thy mind, and keepe thy selfe content ;  
So shalt thou please the Lord Omnipotent. 48

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The second part.

TO THE SAME TUNE.



No man can say that he is voyd of sin,  
For, if he doe, he 's much deceiv'd therein ;

The Lord doth say "The just seven times a day  
Committeth sin, and runneth oft astray." 52

Obeys his will who, to redeeme thy losse,  
Did shed his blood for us upon the Crosse;  
Such was the love that Christ did shew to man;  
Why should we be ungratefull to him than? 56

Pittie the poore with such as God hath sent,  
And be not proud with that which he hath lent;  
Remember well what Christ hath said to thee—  
"Doe this as though thou didst it unto mee." 60

Quench fond<sup>1</sup> desires, and pleasures of the flesh;  
Flie gluttonie, the Mother of excesse;  
For whoordome is the very sinke of sin,  
The<sup>2</sup> which the wicked daily wallow in. 64

Root from thy heart malicious thoughts, be sure,  
Which are a meanes God's judgements to procure;  
For, be assur'd, when envie beareth sway,  
The feare of God departeth soone away. 68

Subdue thy selfe; let wisdom be thy guide;  
Suppress ill thoughts; beware of hatefull pride;  
Despise the world, a vaile of vanities,  
Lest hedlong thou runst on in miseries. 72

"Turne unto me," our Saviour Christ doth say,  
"And I will heare thy prayers every day:"  
If any thing thou aske in Christ his name,  
Be well assur'd thou shalt obtaine the same. 76

Vaine exercise abolish from thy sight;  
Desire of God his faith and holy Spirit;<sup>3</sup>  
Who will direct thee in the perfect way  
That leads to life, as holy Scriptures say. 80

When Satan seekes to tempt thee any way,  
Call upon God, thy onely strength and stay;  
And be assur'd, from out his holy hill,  
He will preserve thy life from danger still. 84

fond = foolish.

<sup>2</sup> "In," in the copy.<sup>3</sup> "spirit" = sprite.



Experience of his love, that lends thee life,  
 Must make thee seeke to live devoyd of strife;  
 Let His love be thy rule, who so lov'd thee,  
 That death he underwent to set thee free. 88

Yong men and maids, old men and babes, repent,  
 Lest for your sins you, at the last, be shent:  
 Be wise, take heed, doe not the time delay,  
 For Christ must be our Judge at the last day. 92

Zeale like to fire! our good works let make bright,  
 That others thêreōf may behold the light:  
 Light up your Lamps, and, with the Virgins five,  
 Have oyle in stoare to keepe your Lamps alive. 96

Finis.

Printed at London by the Assignes of Thomas Symcocke.

### [*Women the best Warriërs.*]

This is an odd subject for a ballad—Old Beelzebub disposed to sell perpetual leases of life to men, but driven away by the clatter of fish-women's tongues. No other copy of the ballad is traceable in the great Collections.

Henry Gosson, the printer of this edition, flourished from about 1607 to 1631.

For the tune (which takes in two stanzas of this short metre), see *Popular Music*, I. 85.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 108, 109.]

## An excellent new Ditty :

Or,

Which proveth that women the best Warriors be,  
For they made the Devill from earth for to flee.

TO THE TUNE OF *Death's Dance*.



Old Beelzebub, merry  
disposed to be,  
To earth hee did hurry,  
some pastime to see. 4  
A Landlord he proved,  
and Leases would let  
To all them that loved  
a long life to get. 8

“Come hither, all mortalls,” (quoth the Devill of Hell)	
“Come, long-tailes and curtailes, now unto my Cell ;	12
To you I here proffer a bargaine to buy ;	
If you’l take my offer you never shall dye !”	16
This bargaine them pleased ; they long’d it to gaine ;	
The sicke and diseased came thither amaine,	20
And, though they were crasie, they hither could flye ;	
The sluggard and lazy this bargaine would buy.	24
The Gallants and Gentry, his lease <sup>1</sup> to imbrace,	
From City and Country flockt hither apace ;	28
Long life they desired, with much jollity ;	
Their hearts they were fired this bargaine to buy.	32
The Dames of the City came hither with speed ;	
Your Merchánt-wives pretty would sealè to this deed.	36
“To live with a Lover and never to dye !”—	
Here Courtesans hover, this bargaine to buy.	40
No females were <sup>2</sup> wanted, But hither they came ;	
They ran <sup>3</sup> till they panted, to purchase the same ;—	44
Wives, Widdowes, and Maidens to the Devill did hye—	
Brave Lasses and Ladies this bargaine would buy.	48

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<sup>1</sup> “love” in copy.

<sup>2</sup> “there” in copy.

<sup>3</sup> “came” in copy.

The Lecher, which viewed  
such pretty ones there,  
His love was renewed,  
and hee'd have a share ; 52  
And here he sojourned,  
cause never hee'd dye ;  
His heart it was burned  
this bargaine to buy. 56

Now wicked sonnes, roaring,  
that had their meanes spent  
In dicing and whoring,  
to this office went ; 60  
Apace they here gather,  
because they'd not dye,  
But, to outlive their father,  
this bargaine they'd buy. 64

---



## The second part.

TO THE SAME TUNE.



Next comes the Shoomaker  
 to crave a long life,  
 Here, to be partaker,  
 he brought his fine wife ; 68  
 The Taylors attend here,  
 for money they cry,  
 And follow the spender  
 this bargaine to buy. 72

The Usurers follow,  
 that pawnes have in hand ;  
 With whoop and with hollow  
 they call for the Land 76  
 Which spend-thrifts pawne to them  
 while for cash they hie ;  
 To live to undoe them  
 this bargaine they'l buy. 80

Next came these rich Farmers  
 that coozin the poore,  
 And hoord up in corners  
 provision and store ; 84  
 To live till a deare yeere,  
 and never to dye,  
 These greedy corn-mizers  
 this bargaine would buy. 88

Now Brokers came hither,  
 that in their hands had  
 Pawnes heaped together,  
 both good ones and bad ; 92  
 To live till they view them  
 all forfeited lye,  
 To the Devill they sue, then,  
 this bargaine to buy. 96

This purchase contented  
 the Devill of Hell ;  
 To see such flockes enter  
 all into his Cell ; 100  
 Yet still he proclaimed  
 they never should dye,  
 Who ere it was aimed  
 this bargaine to buy. 104

Next came the poore women  
 that cry fish and Oysters ;  
 They flocke here in common,  
 and many great clusters ; 108  
 They ran hither scolding,  
 and to the Devill cry,  
 " Sir, wee'd be beholding  
 this bargaine to buy." 112

But when these came hither  
 they kept such a noyse,  
 Each brabled with other  
 which first should have choise, 116

As that their noyse frighted  
 the Devill of Hell ;  
 No more he delighted  
 such bargaines to sell. 120

Quoth he, " I must from them,  
 for, should I stay here,  
 In pieces, among them,  
 my body they'l teare !" 124

(Quoth he) " I am willing  
 to deale among men,  
 But nere will have dealing  
 'mongst women agen !" 128

Finis.

Printed at London for H. G.

### The Swain's Complaint.

This quaint conceit of a youth in love, yet cannot tell with whom, is evidently the production of a poet, and not of an ordinary ballad-writer. The first stanza was set to music in "The Second Set of Madrigals and Pastorals" by Francis Pilkington, "Batchelar of Musicke, & Lutenist & Chaunter of the Cathedrall Church of Christ & blessed Mary, the Virgin, in Chester" (4to, 1624). Pilkington does not name the author of the words.

There are two editions of the broadside in the Roxburghe Collection, the first printed for John Wright (of which a duplicate copy is contained in Mr. W. Euing's collection, No. 84), and the second, of later date, for Coles, Wright, Vere, and Gilbertson (III. 186).

[Roxb. Coll. I. 110, 111.]

## An excellent Sonnet:

OK,

The Swaine's complaint, whose cruell Doome  
 Et was to love hee knew not whom.

TO THE TUNE OF *Bodkin's Galiard.*

You gentle Nimphs, that on these<sup>1</sup> Meddowes play,  
 and oft relate the Loves of Shepherds young,  
 Come, sit you downe, if that you please to stay, 3  
 now may you heare an uncouth passion-song:  
 A Lad there is, and I am that poore groome,  
 That's fal'n in love, and cannot tell with whom. 6  
 Oh, doe not smile at sorrow as a jest;  
 with others' cares good natures moved be;  
 And I should weepe if you had my unrest,— 9  
 then at my grieffe how can you merry be?

<sup>1</sup> "the" in copy: "these" in Pilkington's version.



- Ah! where is tender pittie now become?  
I am in love, and cannot tell with whom. 12
- I, that have oft the rarest features view'd,  
and beauty in her best perfection seene;  
I, that have laugh't at them that love pursu'd, 15  
and ever free from such affections<sup>1</sup> beene,  
Loe! now, at last—so cruell is my doome—  
I am in love, and cannot tell with whom. 18
- My heart is full nigh bursting with desire,  
yet cannot tell from whence these longings flow;  
My brest doth burne, but she that light the fire 21  
I never saw, nor can I come to know;  
So great a blisse my fortune keeps me from,  
That, though I dearely love, I know not whom. 24
- Ere I had twice foure Springs renewèd seene,  
the force of beauty I began to prove;  
And, ere I nine yeeres old had fully beene, 27  
it taught me how to frame a sound of love;  
And little thought I this day should have come,  
Before that I to love had found out whom. 30
- For on my chin the mossy downe you see,  
and in my vaines well heated blood doth gloe;  
Of Summers I have seene twice three times three, 33  
and fast my youthfull time away doth goe;  
That much I feare, I aged shall become  
And still complaine "I love I know not whom." 36
- O why had I a heart bestow'd on me  
to cherish deare affections so inclin'd?  
Since I am so unhappy borne to be, 39  
no object for so true a love to find.  
When I am dead it will be mist of some,  
Yet, now I live, I love I know not whom. 42
- I to a thousand beauteous Nymphs am knowne;  
a hundred Ladies favours doe I weare;<sup>2</sup>  
I with as many half in love am growne, 45  
yet none of them I find can be my deare.

<sup>1</sup> "perfections" in copy.<sup>2</sup> "swear" in copy.

Methinkes I have a Mistresse yet to come,  
Which makes me sing, I love I know not whom. 48

The second part,

TO THE SAME TUNE.

(The woodcut on the right of this in the original, is put on p. 341 here.)



There lives no swaine doth stronger passion prove  
for her, whom most he covets to possesse ;  
Then doth my heart that, being full of love, 51  
knowes not to whom it may the same professe.  
For he that is despis'd hath sorrow some,  
But he hath more, that loves and knowes not whom. 54

Knew I my Love, as many others doe,  
 to some one object might my thoughts be bent ;  
 So they, divided, wandring should not goe, 57  
 untill the soule's united force be spent ;  
 As he that seekes and never findes a home,  
 Such is my rest, that love and know not whom. 60

Those whom the frownes of jealous friends divide,  
 may live to meet, and descant of their woe ;  
 And he hath gain'd a Lady for his Bride 63  
 that durst not woove his Maide a while agoe :  
 But oh ! what ends unto my hopes can come,  
 That am in love, and cannot tell with whom. 66

Poore Collin grieves that he was late disdain'd,  
 and Clores<sup>1</sup> doth for Willies absence pine ;  
 Sad Thirthes<sup>2</sup> weepes, for his sicke Phebe pain'd, 69  
 but all their sorrowes cannot equall mine :  
 A greater care on me, alas ! is come—  
 I am in love, and cannot tell with whom. 72

Narcissus-like, did I affect my shade,  
 some shadow yet I had to dote upon ;  
 Or did I love some Image of the dead, 75  
 whose substance had not breathed long ago[n]e,  
 I might despaire—and so an end would come ;  
 But oh ! I love, and cannot tell with whom. 78

Once in a dreame methought my love I view'd,  
 but never waking could her face behold ;  
 And doubtlesse that resemblance was but shew'd, 81  
 that more my tired heart torment it should :  
 For, since that time, more griev'd I am become,  
 And more in love, I cannot tell with whom. 84

When on my bed at night to rest I lye,  
 my watchfull eyes with teares bedew my cheekes ;  
 And then " Oh, would it once were day !" I cry, 87  
 yet when it comes I am as farre to seeke :  
 For who can tell, though all the earth he rome,  
 Or when, or where, to finde he knowes not whom ? 90

<sup>1</sup> Chloris ?<sup>2</sup> Thyrsis ?

Oh! if she be amongst the beauteous traines  
of all the Nimphs that haunt the severall Kills,<sup>1</sup>  
Or if you know her, Ladies of the plaines, 93  
or you that have your Bowers on the Hills,  
Tell, if you can, who will my love become,  
Or I shall die, and never know for whom. 96

Finis.

Printed at London for J. Wright, dwelling in Gilt-spurre street,  
neere New-gate.



[This woodcut in the original is on the right-hand side of the one we give on page 339.]

<sup>1</sup> Kills—Arcadian mountains? from *Κυλλήνη*, or Cyllené, in Arcadia.

### Faire fall all good Tokens!

No other copy of this ballad, on all kinds of tokens, monetary or other, is to be found in the great public collections, but Mr. Payne Collier once saw an edition bearing the initials of Martin Parker.



[Roxb. Coll. I. 114, 115.]

# Faire fall all good Tokens!

Or,

A pleasant new Song, not common to be had,  
Which will teach you to know good tokens from bad.

TO A PLEASANT NEW TUNE.



To you that have bad tokens  
 this matter I indight,  
 Yet nothing shall be spoken  
 that shall your minds afright :  
 Be silent, therefore, and stand still !  
 marke what proceedeth from my quill ;  
 I speake of tokens good and ill,  
 and such as are not right.

4

8

- But first Ile have you understand,  
before that I doe passe,  
That there are many tokens  
which are not made of brasse ; 12  
It is a token of my love  
that I to you this matter move ;  
For many tokens bad doe proove,  
we see in every place. 16
- Yet by all signes and tokens,  
as I may judge or thinke,  
The man that hath lost both his eyes,  
he cannot chuse but winke. 20  
But some will winke when they may see—  
but that is nothing unto me :  
Some shut their eyes to have a fee,  
which are in love with chinke. 24
- He that hath gain'd much silver,  
and doth possesse much gold,  
It 's a token that he shall be rich,  
if he his substance hold : 28  
But he that hath but little store,  
and spendeth all and something more,  
It 's a token that he shall dye poore,—  
to say 't you may be bold. 32
- He that is a very foole,  
and wisdomed doth despise,  
It 's a token that he shall be old  
if he live till he be wise : 36  
And he that hath great store of wit,  
and maketh no right use of it,  
It 's a token that he is unfit  
in honour to arise. 40
- But this is a bad token,—  
marke well what I shall say !—  
When a young man hath a handsome wife,  
and lets her run astray, 44  
It is a token she will be naught,  
and quickly unto lewdnesse brought ;  
If that she be no better taught,  
shee'll bring him to decay. 48

## The second part.

TO THE SAME TUNE.



He that hath a fiery nose,  
     which lookes like Claret red,  
 It's a token then he doth consume  
     in drinke more then in bread ; 52  
 For if his nose be fiery hot,  
     it's a token that he loves the pot ;  
 He hates small drinke, and loves it not,  
     he hath not so beene fed. 56

Then faire fall all good tokens !  
     now (it comes into mind)  
 Marke which way sits the Wether-cocke,  
     and that way blowes the wind : 60

Marke which way rowles a Wanton's eye,  
and something you may see thereby;  
Or, if you please, then you may trie,  
and so the truth may finde. 64

He that hath liv'd in wickednesse,  
and doth in vice remaine,  
It is a token he hath no care  
to free his soule from paine. 68  
When Conscience doth on crutches creepe,  
'its a token Truth is lull'd asleepe,  
Which makes poore men, in dangers deepe,  
to call and cry in vaine. 72

But this is a token of a truth  
which doth betoken ill :  
An angry wife will worke much woe,  
but shee will have her will ; 76  
For if she chance to bend her browe,  
or seeme to looke I know not how,  
It's a token she will scold, I vow,  
her tongue will not lye still. 80

But this is a true token,—  
then marke my word aright!—  
When Sol is setting in the West  
the world will lose her light. 84  
So when an old man's head growes gray,  
he may thinke on his dying day,  
For to the grave he must away,  
and bid the world good night. 88

He that hath a wand'ring eye,  
and loves lewd women deare,  
It's a token that heele prove a knave ;  
But Ile tell you in your eare,— 92  
For sure you never saw the like,—  
a Souldier loves to tosse a pike ;  
The Tapster draws, but dares not strike,  
which doth betoken feare. 96



Then faire fall all good tokens !  
 and well fare a good heart !  
 For by all signes and tokens  
 'tis time for to depart. 100

And now it 's time to end my song,—  
 I hope I have done no man wrong ;  
 For he that cannot rule his tongue  
 shall feele a greater smart. 104

Finis.

Printed at London for Henry Gosson.

### A Friend's Advice.

It is strange that a place has not yet been found, either in general biographies, or even in those specially devoted to literature, for Thomas Campion, to whom the following lines are attributed. Even in Chalmers's thirty-two volumes of literary biographies, we find only Edmund Campion, the Jesuit, and his name wrongly spelled, "Campian." (This mistake, no doubt, arose from re-translating the latinized form of "Campionus," which each adopted.)

Thomas Campion, Doctor of Medicine, eminent, in his day, as a poet, and admirable as a musician, both in theory and in composition, flourished towards the end of the reign of Elizabeth and during the greater part of that of James I. According to the registers of Saint Dunstan in the West, "Thomas Campion, Doctor of Physicke," was buried there on the 1st of March, 1619.

Haslewood, who reprinted Campion's *Observations in the Art of English Poesie* (1602), in his collection of *Ancient Critical Essays upon English Poets and Poesy* (4to, 1815), supposed the author of the "Observations" to have died in 1621. He gave a short account of him, but omitted to notice his four books of *Ayres*, printed in 1610 and 1612. These, with some other of his musical compositions, to his own poetry, are described in Dr. Rimbault's *Bibliotheca Madrigaliana*—look under Campion; under "Ayres" by Philip Rosseter, 1601; and under "Songs of Mourning" by Coprario. For his literary works, see Bohn's edition of Lowndes's *Bibliographer's Manual* or Hazlitt's *Hand-book*.

Campion's object in his *Observations* was to prove, by example,

that the English tongue would "receive eight several kinds of numbers, proper to itself;" (in fact, the various measures of Greek and Latin poetry,) and to encourage blank verse; "for," says he, "the vulgar and unartificial custome of riming hath, I know, deter'd many excellent wits from the exercise of English Poesy."

This elicited Samuel Daniel's *Defence of Rhyme* (1603), which Haslewood reprinted also. Now, Ritson, in his "Historical Essay on Scottish Song" (p. 57) says: In a curious dramatic piece, entitled *Philotus*, printed at Edinburgh in 1603, "by way of finale is 'Ane sang of the foure lufearis,' (lovers) and . . . 'the old English song, beginning, 'What if a day, or a month, or a year,' alluded to in *Hudibras*, which appears to have been sung at the end of the play, and was probably, at that time, new and fashionable." As we may fairly assume that the "curious dramatic piece" was Samuel Daniel's Tragedy of *Philotus*, it is noticeable that Campion's song, our present subject, should have been sung in or after, and printed at the end of, a tragedy written by his literary opponent.

Alexander Gil, who was head master of Saint Paul's School in the first half of the 17th century, refers twice to this little poem in his *Logonomia Anglica* (1619). First, as to the scanning of the first line, he says: "Hemistichium est, duobus constans dactylis et choriambo" (p. 129), and next: "Ut in illo perbello cantico Tho. Campaiani, . . . cujus mensuram, ut rectius agnoscas, exhibeo cum notis." He then prints a stanza of the words with the tune.

There are three editions of the words, in broadside form, in the Roxburghe Collection (I. 116, II. 182, and III. 908), two in the Pepys (I. 52, and II. 18), one in the Rawlinson, and one in the Douce Collections. One or two stanzas, with music, are in Philip Rosseter's *Ayres* (1601) and in Richard Allison's *Howre's Recreation in Musicke* (1606). It is included in the *Golden Garland of Princely Delights*, 3rd edit., 1620, and will be found, with the tune, in *Popular Music of the Olden Time* (I. 311).

It appears that Campion here adopted, and enlarged upon an old subject, for Mr. Halliwell has pointed out that there is a song of the fifteenth century, in Ryman's Collection, in the Cambridge Public Library, beginning:

"What yf a daye, or nyghte, or howre,  
Crowne my desyres wythe every delyghte."

Also that there are two stanzas in Sanderson's Diary, in the British Museum (Lansdowne MS. 241, fol. 49), temp. Elizabeth, which differ but little from the first and last of the First part of the following. They are here printed, for comparison, in the note on page 350.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 116, 117; and II. 182, 183.]

## A Friend's Advice :

in an excellent Ditty, concerning the variable changes  
in this Life.

TO A PLEASANT NEW TUNE.



What, if a day, or a month, or a yeare,  
Crown thy desires with a thousand wisht contentings !  
Cannot the chance of a night, or an houre,  
Crosse thy delights with as many sad tormentings ? 4  
Fortunes, in their fairest birth,<sup>1</sup>  
Are but blossoms dying ;  
Wanton pleasures, doting mirth,<sup>2</sup>  
Are but shadowes flying : 8

<sup>1</sup> "Fortune, honour, beauty, youth," in Sanderson's copy.

<sup>2</sup> "doting love," in Sanderson's copy.

- All your joyes are but toyes,  
 Idle thoughts deceiving ;  
 None hath power of an houre  
 In our<sup>1</sup> lives bereaving. 12
- What, if a smile, or a becke, or a looke,  
 Feed thy fond thoughts with many a sweet conceiving !  
 May not that smile, or that beck, or that looke,  
 Tell thee as well they are but vain deceiving ? 16  
 Why should beauty be so proud  
 In things of no surmounting ?  
 All her wealth is but a shroud  
 Of a rich accounting ! 20  
 Then in this repose no blisse,  
 Which is so vaine and idle :  
 Beauties' flowers have their houres,  
 Time doth hold the bridle. 24
- What, if the world, with allures of her wealth,  
 Raise thy degree to a place of high advancing !  
 May not the World, by a check of that wealth,  
 Put thee again to a low despisèd chancing ? 28  
 Whilst the Sun of wealth doth shine  
 Thou shalt have friends plenty ;  
 But, come Want, then they repine,—  
 Not one abides of twenty. 32  
 Wealth with<sup>2</sup> Friends holds, and ends,  
 As your fortunes rise and fall ;  
 Up and downe, smile and frowne,  
 Certaine is no state at all. 36
- What, if a gripe,<sup>3</sup> or a straine, or a fit,  
 Pinch thee with pain, or the feeling pangs of sicknes !  
 Doth not that gripe, or that straine, or that fit,  
 Shew thee the form of thy own true perfect likenes ? 40  
 Health is but a glimpse<sup>4</sup> of joy,  
 Subject to all changes ;  
 Mirth is but a silly toy  
 Which mishap estranges. 44

<sup>1</sup> "In their," in Sanderson's copy.

<sup>2</sup> "and Friends," in copy.

<sup>3</sup> grief, in Rox., but "gripe" (a familiar subject to an M.D.) proved to be the right word by the "pinch thee" in the second, and "gripe" in the third line.

<sup>4</sup> "glance," in some copies.



Tell me, than, silly Man,	
Why art thou so weak of wit	
As to be in jeopardy	
When thou mayest in quiet sit?	48
Then, if all this have declar'd thine amisse,	
Take it from me as a gentle friendly warning ;	
If thou refuse, and good counsell abuse,	
Thou maist hereafter dearly buy thy learning ; <sup>1</sup>	52
All is hazard that we have,	
Here is nothing bideing ;	
Dayes of pleasure are like streams	
Through faire Medows gliding.	56
<sup>2</sup> Weal or woe, time doth goe,—	
There is no returning ;	
Secret Fates guide our states	
Both in mirth and mourning.	60

<sup>1</sup> The four lines 49 to 52 differ thus in some copies :

Th' earth's but a point of the world, and a man  
 Is but a point of the earth's compared centre ;  
 Shall, then, the point of a point be so vain  
 As to triumph in a silly point's adventure ?

See here lines 85 and 86. The above four agree more nearly with the second of the two following stanzas, which are from Sanderson's Diary :

What if a day or a night or an ower,  
 Crowne thy desires with a thowsand night contentinges,  
 Cannott the chaunge of a night or an howre,  
 Crosse thy delights with a thowsand sad tormentinges ?  
 Fortune, honore, bewtie, youth ar but blossoms dienge ;  
 Wanton pleasure, dotinge love, ar but shadowes fienge :  
 All our joyes are but toyes, idle thoughts dreaminge ;  
 None hath power of one hower in their lives bereavinge.

Earth is but a poynt to the wourld, and a man  
 Is but a poynt to the wourldes compared center ;  
 Shale then a poynt of a poynt be so vaine,  
 As to triumph in a silly poyntes adventure ?  
 All is hasard that we have, ther is nothings bidinge ;  
 Dayes of pleasure ar like streams throughe faire medowes glidinge.  
 Weale or woe, time doth goe, in time no retorninge,  
 Secrete fates guye our states, both in mirth and mourninge.

<sup>2</sup> "Wealth" in Rox.

The Second Part.

TO THE SAME TUNE.



Man's but a blast, or a smoake, or a cloud,  
That in a thought, or a moment, is dispersèd :  
Life's but a span, or a tale, or a word,  
That in a trice, or suddaine, is rehearsèd :  
Hopes are chang'd, and thoughts are crost,  
Will nor skill prevaileth ;  
Though we laugh and live at ease,  
Change of thoughts assayleth.  
Though awhile Fortune smile,  
And her comforts crowneth,  
Yet at length fails her strength,  
And, in fine, she frowneth.

64

68

72

Thus are the joyes of a yeare in an hower, And of a month in a moment, quite expired, And in the night, by a word of annoy, <sup>1</sup> Crostr for <sup>2</sup> the day, of an ease our hearts desired :	76
Fairest blossoms soonest fade, Withered, foule, and rotten, And, through grief, our greatest joyes Quickly are forgotten :	80
Seeke not, then, (mortall men !) Earthly fleeting pleasure, But with paine strive to gaine Heavenly lasting treasure.	84
Earth to the World, as a Man to the Earth, Is <sup>3</sup> but a point, and a point soon defacèd : Flesh to the Soule, as a Flower to the Sun, That in a storme or a tempest is disgraced.	88
Fortune may the body please, Which is onely carnall, But it will the soule disease,— That is still eternal ; <sup>4</sup>	92
Earthly joyes are but toyes To the Soule's election ; Worldly grace doth deface Man's divine perfection.	96
Fleshly delights to the earth, that is fleshly, May be the cause of a thousand sweet contentings ; But the defaults of a fleshly desire Brings to the soule many thousand sad tormentings.	100
Be not proud, presumptuous Man ! Sith thou art a point so base Of the least and lowest Element Which hath least and lowest place :	104
Marke thy fate and thy state, Which is onely earth and dust, And as grasse, which, alas ! Shortly surely perish must.	108
Let not the hopes of an earthly desire Bar thee the joyes of an endlesse contentation, Nor let not thy eye on the world be so fixt, To hinder thy heart from unfained recantation.	112

<sup>1</sup> "with the word of a noyse" in Rox.

<sup>2</sup> "in" in Rox.

<sup>3</sup> "Hath," in Rox.

<sup>4</sup> "immortal" in Rox.

Be not backward in that course  
 That may bring the soule delight,  
 Though another way may seem  
 Far more pleasant to thy sight : 116  
 Doe not goe, if he sayes no,  
 That knowes the secrets of thy minde ;  
 Follow this, thou shalt not misse  
 An endlesse happinesse to finde. 120

Finis.

Printed by the Assignes of Thomas Symcock.

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### The four Wonders.

The following ballad, which begins and ends with so much solemnity, is about three monstrous births that occurred in different parts of England, and upon a shower of blood that fell upon some clothes which were hanging upon a hedge to be dried. These "strange wonders" were to be viewed as solemn warnings, and calls to repentance. One might fancy this to be Deloney's ballad of *The strange Judgments of God*, referred to by Nash, in his *Have with you to Saffron Walden*.

The only two known copies of the ballad are in the Roxburghe Collection, the first I. 118, 119, and the second II. 174, 175. The former was printed by P. Brooksby, whose date is the reign of Charles II.; the latter has the printer's name cut away, in mounting, but is evidently a duplicate of the same edition.



[Roxb. Coll. I. 118, 119, and II. 174, 175.]

The Four Wonders of this Land,  
 Which unto you we will declare:  
 The Lord's great Mercy it is great;  
 God give us Grace to stand in fear,  
 And watch and pray both Night and Day,  
 That God may give us all his Grace,  
 To repent our Sins then every one,—  
 Our time is going on apace.

TUNE OF *Dear Love, regard my Grief, &c.*

Licensed according to Order.



Sweet England, call for grace!  
 with speed leave off thy Sin,  
 And with a contrite heart  
 to prayers now begin. 4

For sure the time is come  
 that Christ our Saviour told;  
 Towards the latter Day  
 we wonders shall behold. 8

And now strange wonders rare  
 the Lord from Heaven doth send,  
 In earth and in the air,  
 because we should amend. 12

Great lights within the skie  
hath oft been seen, we hear,  
To many people's view,  
in Countries far and near. 16

But what it doth presage  
no man on earth do's know ;  
None but the living God  
such Wonders strange can show. 20

But to the subject now  
which I do mean to write,  
The strangest news I'll tell  
which Time has brought to light. 24

IN LONDON now doth live  
one Mr. Clark by name,  
A Taylor by his trade,  
of good report and fame. 28

His wife being with child,  
unto her grief and woe,  
She with a neighbour's wife  
fell out—the truth is so. 32

And, after many words,  
to fighting then they go ;  
This woman, being with child,  
received a grievous blow 36

Upon her belly ; then  
(which makes my Heart to bleed)  
That she went home, and sent  
for Midwife's help, with speed. 40

In hast the Midwife came,  
and other women store,  
When,<sup>1</sup> by the help of God,  
she Seven Children bore ! 44

Seven dainty boys she had,  
all which were born in sight,  
All fram'd with perfect shape,  
with joints and limbs aright. 48

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<sup>1</sup> "which" in copy.

But they were all still-born,  
 which griev'd their parents sore ;  
 But of the works of God  
 in this they do deplore. 52

The woman now doth mend,  
 whereby God's works are known ;  
 And now this wondrous news  
 both far and near is shown. 56

THE SECOND NEWS I tell  
 comes from brave Yorkshire :  
 A Monster there was born,  
 the like you ne'er did hear. 60

Three miles from Pomfret lived  
 a woman of great worth,  
 In travail fell, and brought  
 to light a monstrous Birth : 64

Just the shape of a Colt,  
 to all the people's sight ;  
 Which bred amazement great,  
 with tears and with fright ! 68

To see this woman's grief,  
 and trouble of her mind,  
 In bringing forth a Colt,  
 contrary unto kind. 72

Long legs, round feet, long nose,  
 and headed like a horse ;  
 Which fill'd these women's hearts  
 with pity and remorse. 76

This woman now doth mend,  
 whereby God's Works are known :  
 And now this wondrous newes  
 both far and near is shown. 80

AND THE THIRD NEWS most rare,  
 the which I have to tell,  
 London can witness true,  
 that there a Monster fell. 84

- In Christ-Church Parish lived  
a woman known full well,  
Of honest carriage, which  
her neighbours all can tell. 88
- This woman being with child,  
which grief and sorrow bred,  
Into the world she bore  
a Child without a Head ! 92
- The face was in the breast,  
to all the people's view ;  
But it died suddenly :  
this is approved true. 96
- It is for certain true,  
and is approved plain ;  
From earth, I say, it came,  
and to earth it turn'd again. 100
- These women now all three  
are on the mending hand :  
But three such monstrous births  
was ne'er in fair England. 104
- THE FOURTH NEWS most rare,  
the which I have to tell—  
In famous Gloucestershire  
a wondrous shower fell. 108
- Not far from Gloucester Town,  
a place is call'd Brandwood,  
Upon a hedge of cloaths,  
for truth, it rained blood ! 112
- A Maid being starching there,  
as reason doth require,  
She went to fetch in wood  
Wherewith to make a fire : 116
- And having on such cuffs  
as Starchers oft doe use,  
Upon them fell some drops  
of blood, which made her muse.<sup>1</sup> 120

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<sup>1</sup> "of Blood made her to muse" in the original.



*The four Wonders.*

And holding up her head,  
    which made her wonder more,  
She saw the hedge of cloaths  
    with blood besprinkl'd o'er. 121

Then she throw'd down the wood,  
    and, with amazement great,  
She went into the house,  
    and this news did repeat. 128

The people then came forth,  
    and found the news was true,  
They saw the hedge of cloaths  
    with blood besprinkl'd to their view. 132

Then they took in the cloaths,  
    and wash'd them that same day ;  
But water, leez, nor soap,  
    could take the blood away. 136

We are so wicked grown,  
    the Heavens do for us bleed,  
And wonders strange are shown :—  
    all this is true indeed ! 140

Sodom was warn'd afore,  
    so was Jerusalem,  
And many places more,  
    whom God did plague for Sin. 144

But we are like the Jews,  
    our hearts are now so hard  
That we will not believe,  
    nor yet God's Word regard. 148

Now think upon each sin,  
    Pride, whoredom, drunkenness,  
Swearing, deceit, and lyes,  
    and vile covetousness. 152

Then we shall see our God  
    will take us for his own,  
If we believe these signs  
    and tokens God hath shown. 156

Concluding thus my news,  
The God of Truth and Peace  
Grant that the Gospel may  
continually encrease.

160

Printed for P. Brooksby, at the Golden Ball  
in Pye-corner.

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### *The Fox-Chace.*

The following ballad seems to have been the production of some northern amateur poet, who has described himself as a huntsman. We have here a fine sporting country ready for identification—Wreckledale Scroggs, with its moor, (and its bogs,) the river, and Skipland Wood—a happy district, far removed from busy hum, and that has not, even yet, a post-office near it. It has not, however, wanted its poet. Who will identify Squire Whitcliffe and Mr. Watson?<sup>1</sup> No doubt, Mr. Tybbals, the huntsman, and Tom Mossman, the whipper-in, are also immortalized in their district.

A copy of the ballad, in the Douce Collection, was printed at Newcastle-on-Tyne by John White, who died in 1769. The first Roxburghe copy dates from between the second half of Charles the Second's reign to the commencement of that of Queen Anne. The age of the other edition (II. 176) cannot be certified, because the publisher's name has been cut away in mounting it. The only remaining copies, in a public collection, are the two in the Douce (I. 84, and III. 32 b.), both of later date than the Roxburghe.

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<sup>1</sup> Mr. Robert Davies, of York, kindly answers our query thus: "The Duke of Buckingham, who died at Kirkby Moorside in 1688, spent the last few years of his life chiefly at Helmsley Castle, his seat in Ryedale, Yorkshire, when foxhunting was one of his favourite pastimes. About Helmsley are moors and bogs, through which flows the river Rye, not so wide or rapid but that a fox might easily cross it.

"John Wycliffe, of Thorpe (parish of Wycliffe, North Riding), was Gentleman of the Horse to the Duke, and he had a son, John, who was in the prime of life in 1685. About that period, also, there were, among the gentry, families of the name of Watson living not far distant from Helmsley."

Mr. Davies leaves "Wreckledale Scroggs" and "Skipland Wood" for identification by the men who now hunt with the Bilsdale or Lord Feversham.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 120, 121, and II. 176.]

**The Fox-Chace:**

Or,

**The Huntsman's Harmony,**

By the

**Noble Duke of Buckingham's Hounds, &c.**

TO AN EXCELLENT TUNE MUCH IN REQUEST.

Licens'd and enter'd according to Order.



[This cut is very rude and indistinct. It seems to represent the fox (?) hiding under the bridge on the right, partly in the water, partly covered by the broken ground. The cut seems to have been longer originally.—W. H. HOOPER.]

All in a morning fair,  
 As I rode to take the air,  
 I heard some to holloo most clearly ;  
 I drew myself near,  
 To listen who they were  
 That were going a hunting so early.

3

6

I saw they were some Gentlemen Who belong'd to the Duke of Buckingham, That were going to make there a tryal To run the Hounds of the North,— Being of such fame and worth, England has not the like, without all denial.	9 12
Then in Wreckledale Scrogs We threw off our dogs, In a place where his lying was likely ; But the like ne'er was seen Since a huntsman I have been,— Never hounds found a fox more quickly.	15 18
There was Dido, and Spanker, And Younker was there, And Ruler, that ne'er looks behind him ; There was Rose, and Bonny Lass, Who were always in the chace ; These were part of the hounds that did find him.	21 24
Mr. Tybbals cries " Away ! Heark away ! heark away !" With that our foot huntsmen did hear him ; Tom Mossman cries " Codsounds !" <sup>1</sup> Uncouple all your hounds, Or else we shall never come near him !"	27 30
Then Caper, and Countess, And Comely, were thrown off, With Famous, Thumper, and Cryer, And several hounds beside, Whose stoutness there was try'd, And not one in the pack that did tire.	33 36

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<sup>1</sup> "Codsounds!" an eversion of "God, zounds!" derived from the pre-reformation oath of "By God's wounds!"





Our hounds came in apace,  
 And we fell into a chace,  
 And thus we pursu'd this poor creature ; 39  
 With English and French Horn  
 We encourag'd our hounds that morn,  
 And our cry it was greater and greater. 42

It could not be exprest  
 Which hound ran the best,  
 For they ran on a breast all together ; 45  
 They ran at such a rate  
 As you have not heard of late,  
 When they chac'd him i'th' vallies together. 48

Then to the Moor he twin'd,  
 Being clean against the wind,  
 Thinking he might ha' cross'd it over ; 51  
 But our hounds ran so hard,  
 They made this Fox afraid,  
 And forc'd him to turn to his Cover. 54

Up the Hills he runs along,  
 And his Cover was full strong,  
 But I think he had no great ease on't, 57  
 For they ran with such a cry,  
 That their echoes made him fly ;  
 I'll assure you our sport it was pleasant. 60

Then homeward he hies, And in Wreckledale he lies, Thinking the Wind it might save him ;	63
But our hounds ran him so near, That they posted him with fear, And our horsemen they did deceive him.	66
For Squire Whitcliffe rode amain, And he whipt it o're the Plain ; Mr. Watson his horse did not favour ;	69
They rode up the highest Hills, And down the steepest Dales, Expecting his life for their labour.	72
Mr. Tybbals rode his part ; Although this Chace was smart, Default they were seldom, or never ;	75
But ever by and by To the hounds he would cry, “ Halloo, Halloo, halloo ! Hearn away all together !”	78
Tom Mossman he rode short, Yet he help'd us in our Sport, For he came in both cursing and swearing ;	81
But when 't was in his power, He cry'd out, “ That's our Lilly, whore ! Hearn to Caperman ! now Slaughterman's near him !”	84
Then to Skipland Wood he goes, Being pursued by his foes,— The Company after him did follow ;	87
An untarpage <sup>1</sup> there we had, Which made our Huntsmen full glad, For we gave him many a Holloo.	90
The sport being almost done, And the chace being almost run, He thought to ha' cross'd the River ;	93
But our hounds being in, They after him did swim, And so they destroy'd him for ever.	96

<sup>1</sup> This is a new word for Mr. Halliwell, for, among his large collection of terms employed in hunting, no such word as “untarpage” is to be found. The printers of ballads were, however, so exceedingly careless, that the original word may have been one of two syllables, instead of three. Can the learned suggest one that would apply to the position ?

Then Leppin took a Horn,  
 As good as e're was blown ;  
 Tom Mossman bid him wind his death then ;      99  
 The Country people all  
 Came flocking to his fall ;  
 This was honour enough for a French man.      102

“ So-Whoo-up !” we then proclaim,  
 God bless the Duke of Buckingham,  
 For our hounds then had gain'd much Glory ;      105  
 This being the sixth fox  
 That we kill'd above the Rocks,  
 And there is an end of the story.      108

London. Printed by and for W.O. and sold by the Booksellers  
 of Pye-corner and London-bridge.

### A fayre Portion for a fayre Mayd.

This is perhaps a unique copy of one of Martin Parker's ballads, in which he tells us of a fair maid, who lived gaily in London upon a portion of thirteen shillings and fourpence a year, while he avoids all details as to the means by which it was accomplished. So far well. She has Flanders mares for her coach, perfumed gloves, petticoats of scarlet, of velvet, of silk, and of satin ; and French gowns, “ with sleeves like pudding bags.”

The ballad is to be sung to the tune of another ballad, a copy of which is in the Pepys Collection (I. 218), entitled—

“ Oh Grammercy Penny :  
 Being a Lancashire Ditty, and chiefly penn'd  
 To prove that a penny is a man's best friend.”

To the tune of *It's better late thrive than never*. It is signed by L[ Laurence ] P[ rice ], and begins :

“ When I call to mind those joviall days.”

This last was “ printed for M. Trundle, widdow,” (*circa* 1628,) and is not included in the Roxburghe Collection, therefore we give the full title. The tune to both will be found in *Pop. Mus.* I. 357.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 122, 123.]

# A Fayre Portion for a Fayre Mayd:

Or,

The thrittie Mayd of Worstersheere,  
 Who lives at London for a Marke a yeare;  
 This Marke was her old Mother's gift,  
 Shee teacheth all Mayds how to shift.

TO THE TUNE OF *Gramercy Penny.*



Now all my friends are dead and gone,  
 alas! what shall betide me?

For I, poore maid, am left alone,  
 without a house to hide me:

Yet still Ile be of merry cheere,  
 and have kind welcome every where,

*Though I have but a marke a yeare,  
 and that my mother gave me.*

4

8



I scorne to thinke of poverty,  
 or wanting food or cloathing ;  
 Ile be maintayned gallantly,  
 and all my life want nothing ; 12  
 A frolicke minde Ile alwayes beare,  
 my poverty shall not appeare,  
*Though I have but a marke a yeare,*  
*And that my mother gave me.* 16

Though I am but a silly wench,  
 of countrey education,  
 Yet I am woo'd by Dutch and French,  
 and almost every nation : 20  
 Both Spaniards and Italians sweare  
 that with their hearts they love me deare :  
*Yet I have but a marke a yeare,*  
*and that my mother gave me.* 24

The Welch, the Irish, and the Scot,  
 since I came to the Cittie,  
 In love to me are wondrous hot,—  
 they tell me I am pretty : 28  
 Therefore to live I will not feare,  
 for I am sought with many a teare ;  
*Yet I have but a marke a yeare,*  
*and that my mother gave me.* 32

This London is a gallant place  
 to raise a Lasses fortune ;  
 For I, that came of simple race,  
 brave Roarers doe importune ; 36  
 I little thought, in Wostersheere,  
 to find such high preferment here :  
*For I have but a marke a yeare,*  
*and that my mother gave me.* 40

One gives to me perfumèd gloves,  
 the best that he can buy me ;  
 Live where I will, I have the loves  
 of all that doe live nigh me : 44  
 If any new toys I will weare,  
 I have them, cost they ne're so deare,—  
*And this is for a marke a yeare,*  
*and that my mother gave me.* 48

My fashions with the moone I change,  
as though I were a Lady ;  
All quaint conceits, both new and strange,  
Ile have as soone as may be ; 52  
Your courtly Ladies I can jeere ;  
In cloaths but few to me come neare,  
*Yet I have but a marke a yeare,*  
*And that, my mother gave me.* 56

---

**The second part.**

TO THE SAME TUNE.



French gownes, with sleeves like pudding bags,  
I have at my requesting :  
Now I forget my countrey rags,  
and scorne such plaine investing : 60

- My old acquaintance I casheere,  
 and of my kin I hate to heare,  
*Though I have but a marke a yeare,*  
*and that my mother gave me.* 64
- My petty-coats of scarlet brave,  
 of velvet, silke, and sattine ;  
 Some students oft my love doe crave,  
 that speake both Greeke and Latine ; 68  
 The Souldiers for me domineere,  
 and put the rest into great feare ;  
*All this is for a marke a yeare,*  
*and that my mother gave me.* 72
- The Prēcisian sincerely woes,  
 and doth protest he loves me ;  
 He tires me out with Ies and noes,  
 and to impatience moves me : 76  
 Although an oath he will not sweare,  
 to lye at no time he doth feare ;  
*All this is for a marke a yeare,*  
*and that my mother gave me.* 80
- My Coach, drawne with foure Flanders mares,  
 each day attends my pleasure ;  
 The Water-men will leave their fares,  
 to waite upon my leasure : 84  
 Two Lackies labour every where,  
 and, at my word, run farre and neere ;  
*Though I have but a marke a yeare,*  
*And that my mother gave me.* 88
- I'th pleasant'st place the Suburbs yeelds  
 my lodging is preparèd ;  
 I can walke forth into the fields,  
 where beauties oft are airèd ; 92  
 When Gentlemen doe spy me there,  
 some complements I'me sure to heare ;  
*Though I have but a marke a yeare,*  
*And that my mother gave me.* 96
- Now, if my friends were living still,  
 I would them all abandon,  
 Though I confesse they lov'd me well,  
 yet I so like of London 100

- That, farewell! Dad and Mammy deare,  
and all my friends in Worstershire!  
*I live well with a marke a yeare,  
Which my old mother gave me.* 104
- I would my sister Sue, at home,  
knew how I live in fashion,  
That she might up to London come,  
to learne this occupation; 108  
For I live like a Lady here,  
I weare good cloaths, and eate good cheare,  
*Yet I have but a marke a yeare,  
And that my mother gave me.* 112
- Now, blessed be that happy day  
that I came to the Citie!  
And for the Carrier will I pray,  
before I end my Ditty. 116  
You Maidens that this Ditty heare,  
though meanes be short, yet never feare,  
*For I live with a marke a yeare,  
Which my old mother gave me.* 120

Finis.

M. P.

London, Printed for F. G.

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### **Fayre Warning.**

The Roxburghe Collection includes a considerable number of Martin Parker's ballads that are not to be found elsewhere. This "Fair Warning" contains much good advice, and the copy, like the last, is probably unique. On this occasion, Parker has adopted Ben Jonson's favourite tune, *Packington's Pound*. Whenever a ballad has been written to that air, it may be recognized, without seeing the name of the tune, by the peculiar swing of the metre, especially after the fourth line, so that it is hard to avoid humming it while one reads. There are one or two songs of Ben Jonson's still in manuscript, that were destined to be sung to it. The tune will be found in *Pop. Mus.* I. 123.



[Roxb. Coll. I. 124, 125.]

## Fayre Warning,

Or,

Wappy is he whom other men's harmes  
Can make to beware, and to shun Satan's charmes.

To THE TUNE OF *Packington's pound.*



The World is orerun with enormous abuse ;  
Pure vertue and honesty now do decrease ;  
One vice on the neck of another pursues,—  
'Tis growne to a custome that hardly will cease ;

but blessed is he,  
 who, when he doth see  
 Such vices in others, reformèd will be ;  
*For happy is he whom other men's harmes*  
*Can make to beware, and to shun Satan's charmes.* 9

Then be well advis'd,—whoever thou art,  
 By other men's danger their wayes to forsake ;  
 And when thou seest any for *his* folly smart,  
 Then see that good use of the same thou dost make : 13  
 and when thou dost see  
 how bad others bee,

Say thou to thy selfe, here's example for mee.  
*O happy is he whom other men's harmes*  
*Can make to beware, and to shun Satan's charmes.* 18

If thou see a man who is proud and ambitious,  
 Like soaring Phaeton strive to aspire,  
 Presuming his Fates will be ever auspicious,  
 He boldly will clime till he can go no higher : 22  
 if fortune should frowne,  
 he may tumble downe,

Then hee'le be derided of every clowne :  
*Thus happy is he whom other men's harmes*  
*Can make to beware, and to shun Satan's charmes.* 27

If thou see a Gentleman strive for the wall,  
 And hazard his life for a phantasie vaine,  
 This is the occasion of many a brawll ;  
 But he that's a wise man from that will refraine : 31  
 'tis better give place  
 to one that's more base,

Then<sup>1</sup> hazard thy life in so desperatè a case.  
*O happy is he whom other men's harmes*  
*Can make to beware, and to shun Satan's charmes.* 36

---

<sup>1</sup> "Then" = Than. These kin words, the adverb and the conjunction, were commonly used the one for the other.

## The second Part.

TO THE SAME TUNE.



If thou see a whoremonger passing at leasure,  
 Halfe fearfull his legs will drop off by the knees,  
 When every justle may do him displeasure,  
 He hath been so stung with the Turnbull-street bees : 40  
     when thou seest his case,  
     beware of that place,

Which brings a man nothing but shame and disgrace.  
*O happy is he whom other men's harmes*  
*Can make to beware, and to shun Satan's charmes.* 45

If thou see a man, who hath been an ill liver,  
 By hanging himselfe, to kill body and soule,  
 'Tis fit his example should make thee endeavour  
 That thy heart nere harbour a project so foule. 49  
     O what a vile shame  
     he brings on his name !

His children will after be twit with the same :  
*O happy is he whom other men's harmes*  
*Can make to beware, and to shun Satan's charmes.* 54

If thou seest a Judge malefactors condemne  
 For rapine or murder, or such haynous acts,  
 'Tis fit thou shouldst take an example by them,  
 Who must by the law suffer death for their facts : 58



- their wayes thou mayst flee,  
 because thou dost see  
 The reason, and therefore they hangèd must be.  
*O happy is he whom other men's harmes*  
*Can make to beware, and to shun Satan's charmes.* 63
- If thou seest a drunkard come reeling i' th' street,  
 And cutting crosse capers oft times through the durt,  
 Still ready to quarrell with all he doth meet,  
 Whereby he goes seldome to bed without hurt; 67  
 O then thou mayst think,  
 "Comes all this through drink?  
 Sure I from the Alehouse in good time will shrink."  
*O happy is he whom other, &c.* 71
- If thou see a rogue to the Pillory brought  
 For perjury, or else some cousening feat,  
 To looke on his punishment thou mayst be taught  
 To live more uprightly, and use no deceit. 75  
 if thou love thine eare,  
 then do not come there,  
 To looke upon him may make thee to feare.  
*O happy is he whom other, &c.* 79
- If thou see a wealthy man grow very poore,  
 By passing his credit for other men's debts,  
 Whereby he's constraigned to keepe within doore,  
 For feare lest a Sergeant in's clutches him gets— 83  
 be therefore aware  
 of this cruell snare;
- By suretiship many men begger[è]d are.  
*O happy is he whom other men's harmes*  
*Can make to beware, and to shun Satan's charmes.* 88
- Thus every man, who is willing to learn,  
 Of other men's follies may make a good use,  
 And by their just punishment he may return  
 From vice unto vertue, reforming abuse: 92  
 the which, if he can,  
 he is a blest man;
- And thus Ile conclude with the same I began,—  
*That happy is he whom other men's harmes*  
*Can make to beware, and to shun Satan's charmes.* 97

Finis.

M. P.

London, Printed for Richard Harper.



[Roxb. Coll. I. 126, 127.]

**Fond Love, why dost thou dally ?<sup>1</sup>**

or,

**The passionate Lover's Ditty,  
In praise of his Love, that's faire and witty.**TO THE TUNE OF *The mocke Widdow.*

Fond Love, why dost thou dally,  
 And mocke my passions with thy disdain?  
     there is no blisse  
     where coynesse is,—  
 Seeke not thy pleasure in my paine ;

4

<sup>1</sup> The following lines are, professedly, to be sung to the tune of *The mock widow*. If they were ever sung to any one tune, the stanzas are hopelessly corrupt in this edition, and we know of no other to collate it by. They are, evidently, not the production of a professed ballad-writer,—he would have written more regu-

But let the chaste torments of my desire  
 Kindle in thee propitious fire :  
 So shall the pleasures of thy sweet imbraces 8  
 Conquer the griefe of my former disgraces ;  
 Then, those stormes past, shall mercie appeare,  
 And thou of cruelty goe quit and cleare. 11

If not, thou art accused,  
 For being a lure of my griefe and care ;  
     for, from thy sight  
     comes my delight,— 15

Thy frowne onely procures despaire :  
 But in thy smiles there dwell eternall joyes,  
 Which from my heart all flouds of woes destroyes.  
 Then be not thou öbdürate unto me, 19  
 Seeing thou art my chiefe felicity :  
 Thou seest how passionate I am for thee,  
 O then, grant Love, forgetting cruelty ! 22

Sweet love ! thou art my goddesse,  
 To whom my heart I so[le]ly dedicate ;  
     then mercie send  
     to me, thy friend, 26

My sad griefe to abreviate ;  
 Then shall I praise thy goodly tresses,  
 Shining like gold, as all the Gods confesses,  
 And eke the splendour of thy comely face, 30  
 Which doth so well thy compleat body grace,  
 As thou appear'st like Cynthia in her spheare,  
 Or like Appollo in the dayes bright chaire. 33

Never was framed by nature  
 A Mayd of rarer forme and beauty  
     as is my Love,  
     to whom Ile prove 37  
 Officious in my duty.  
 Her breath more sweeter farre then civet can be,  
 Delicious honey, or rare sugar-candy ;

---

larly. In the very first verse we must read "törmēnts" and "förmēr," if we wish it to agree with the second stanza. The metre is so perpetually varying, that hardly two successive stanzas can be read alike. Such "passionate lover's" lines are unfit for music.

Her rosie cheekes most comely to the view, 41  
 Which causeth me her Love for to pursue,  
 And for Lorina languish I in griefe,  
 For from her smiles my pleasures come in briefe. 44

Come, sweet! sit thee downe by me,  
 And pay just tribute for our true love ;  
     come! let's court  
     and merrily sport,— 48

Here is the pleasant shady grove,  
 Where nothing is wanting that pleasures may bring,  
 Where nature's harmonious Musicioners sing,  
 And Philomel amongst them the sweetest, 52  
 To love recording those notes that are meetest,  
 Where soft winds murmure the joy of our blisse,  
 And, glyding by thy lips, oft steale a kisse. 55

Here the nimble Faunes caper,  
 And old Silvanus' traine doth trip, and dance ;  
     thy forme to grace  
     in this faire place, 59

Wood<sup>1</sup> Nymphs doe their notes advance.  
 Here all pleasure and content doth dwell ;  
 Joy doth all sorrow from this place expell :  
 O, I could surfet with this goodly sight, 63  
 Wherein my heart and senses take delight ;  
 Thou art the Sovereaigne of my love-sicke mind,  
 In whom a Map of vertues are inshrin'd. 66

---

<sup>1</sup> "Woods" in copy.



The second part.

TO THE SAME TUNE.



O, how I am astonisht  
To view the feature of my true love !  
thy sweet face  
and comely grace

70

Would in an angel envy move !  
Thy eyes give luster, these shadows ore-spread,  
And thy sweet language would waken the dead ;  
The musicke of the spheares is but a dull noise,  
When we shall hear thee, in thy sweetest voyce :  
Curious wonders within thee doe shine,  
Which doe perswade me that thou art divine.

74

77

Juno, the Queene of glory,  
Cannot come neare thee for thy vertuous grace ;  
thou art more faire,  
in beauty rare,  
And dost deserve as well that place •

81



Wherein Jove's darling in her glory moves ;  
 Thy hands farre whiter then faire Venus' Doves,  
 And thou thy selfe compleat in each degree ; 85  
 Upon thy forehead dwels rare Majestie ;  
 Thou art indeed a lampe of heavenly wonder,  
 And, for thy vertues, keepst all creatures under. 88

All earthly joyes and pleasures  
 Are to be had in thy society ;  
     Lorina's name  
     deserves true fame, 92  
 She is indued with pietie :  
 Fairer she is, by ods, then rocks of pearle ;  
 Jove till this time nere saw a braver Girle.  
 The Phenix rare makes not a gayer show, 96  
 Nor yet the Lillies on the banks of Poe ;  
 She is indeed the mirror of our age,  
 And with Jove's Queene may walke in equipage. 99

Wherefore should I dally then  
 To court this glory, and to imbrace ?  
     even in thee  
     all blisse I see 103  
 Lively depainted in thy face.  
 Come, then ! let's dally, and, to the wanton ayre,  
 Change love's delightments,—so shall we declare  
 Our loves by our kisses, whilst I, nothing fearing, 107  
 Breath my best wish in my wisht beauties hearing,  
 Which when I have done, thy captive Ile be,  
 Yet thinke I have a glorious liberty. 110

Come, then ! come, my Lorina !  
 And yeeld that treasure, which who so knowes,  
     knows a blisse  
     by which he is 114  
 Eternally exempt from woes.  
 Should Love himselfe envy at our best delight,  
 These joyes wee le enjoy still, in envies despight :  
 Nay, should his anger descend so upon me, 118  
 As, my Lorina, to ravish thee from me,  
 Ide flye in my fury as high as his speare,  
 And snatch thee from his armes, or perish there. 121

Come, then! let me enjoy thee,  
 Whilst beauties flourish on thee doth dwell;  
     Colour fades,  
     and foolish Mayds 125  
 That so dye, lead Apes in hell:  
 O, then be wiser, and grant to my desire!  
 In thy snow white bosome quench my love's quick fire!  
 Let not unfaigned love goe unrewarded, 129  
 Nor true affections be sleightly regarded;  
 So shall I still live, and all sorrowes defie,  
 Or else a Martyre to thy beauty dye. 132

Finis.

Printed at London for Francis Coules.

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### Saint George and the Dragon.

The subject of this ballad was, in all probability, derived immediately from Richard Johnson's *Famous Historie of the Seven Champions of Christendome*.

No copy of the original edition of that most popular boy's-book is recorded by our bibliographers, but the author's address to the reader tells that it was the success of the first part that induced a second, and the Registers of the Stationers' Company show that both parts were assigned by one publisher to another in 1596. From that date down to within the last thirty years, *The Seven Champions of Christendom* have been in print, and may be so still.

Johnson found a part of his story ready made in *The Golden Legend*. The scene of Saint George's exploit is there laid in Libya, at Sylene. Johnson makes the Saint to marry fair Sabra, whom he had rescued, but, however much such a marriage may have been in accordance with the laws of chivalry, it was quite opposed to the spirit of saintly legends written by monks.

The "Anglo-Saxon" Passion of Saint George recounts many miracles wrought by the Saint, but they are not of the dragon-killing kind, neither was that Saint George a marrying man. "Hys legende is nombred emonge other scryptures apocryfate in the Conceyll of Nicene," says *The Golden Legende*, "by cause his marterdom hath no certain relacyon."

The ballad seems to have been very popular, for we find it in a very corrupt state, and probably so, owing to the multitude of editions through which it had passed. There are three in the

[Roxb. Coll. I. 128, 129.]

**An excellent Ballad of St. George  
for England, and the King of Egypt's Daughter, whom  
he delivered from Death, and how he slew a monstrous  
Dragon, &c.**

TO THE TUNE OF *Flying Fame*, etc.

Licensed and Entered according to Order.



Of Hector's Deeds did Homer sing,  
and of the sack of stately Troy,  
What grief fair Hellen did them bring,  
which was Sir Paris' only joy :

3

Roxburghe Collection (I. 128, III. 620 and 849), one in the Pepys (I. 526), and a duodecimo copy bound up in the second volume of Pepys's collection of "Penny Merriments." There are two in Anthony Wood's collection, at Oxford (401, p. 15, and 402, p. 22), and one in the Bagford Collection (II. 17).

Dr. Percy printed a corrected version (based upon the two copies in the Pepys Library) in his *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*.

No one of the many extant editions can be dated before Cromwell became Protector: then ballads reappeared as fast as the presses could print them.

- And with my pen I must recite  
St. George's deeds,—an English knight. 6
- Against the Sarazens so<sup>1</sup> rude  
fought he full long, and many a day ;  
Where many a Gyant he subdu'd, 9  
in honour of the Christian sway ;  
And, after many adventures past,  
To Egypt land he came at last. 12
- And, as the Story plain doth tell,  
within that country there did rest  
A dreadful Dragon, fierce and fell, 15  
whereby they were full sore opprest ;  
Who, by his poisoned breath, each day  
Did many of the city slay. 18
- The grief whereof did grow so great  
throughout the limits of the land,  
That they their wise-men did intreat 21  
to shew their cunning, out of hand ;  
Which way they might this Dragon 'stroy  
That did their country so annoy. 24
- The wise-men all, before the king,  
found the matter,<sup>2</sup> incontinent :<sup>3</sup>  
The Dragon none to death might bring 27  
by any means they could invent :  
His skin more hard than brass was found,  
That sword [n]or speare could pierce or wound. 30
- When this the people understood,  
they cryèd out most piteously ;  
The Dragon's breath infected their blood, 33  
that they each day in heaps did dye ;  
Amongst them such a plague it bred  
The living scarce could bury the dead. 36
- No means there was, that they could find,  
for to appease the Dragon's rage,  
But by a virgin pure and kind, 39  
whereby he might his fury 'swage ;

<sup>1</sup> "full" in copy.

<sup>2</sup> "fram'd this matter" in copy ; corrected by Roxb. III. 849.

<sup>3</sup> "incontinent" = incontinently.



Each day he should a maiden eat  
For to allay his hunger great. 42

This thing, by art, the wise-men found,—  
which truly must observed be ;—  
Wherefore, throughout the city round, 45  
a virgin pure, of good degree,  
Was by the king's commission still  
Took up, to serve the Dragon's will. 48

Thus did the Dragon every day  
a maiden of the town devour,  
Till all the maids were worn away, 51  
and none were left, that present hour,  
Saving the king's fair daughter bright,  
Her father's joy, and heart's delight. 54

Then came the officers to the king  
this heavy message to declare,  
Which did his heart with sorrow sting ; 57  
“She is” (quoth he) “my Kingdom's heir !  
O let us all be poisoned here,  
Ere<sup>1</sup> she should dye, that is my dear.” 60

Then rose the people presently,  
and to the King in rage they went ;  
They<sup>2</sup> said his daughter dear *should* dye,  
the Dragon's fury to prevent : 63  
“Our daughters all are dead,” quoth they,  
“And have been made the Dragon's prey : 66

“And by their blood thou hast been blest,  
and thou hast sav'd thy<sup>3</sup> life thereby ;  
And now in justice it doth rest 69  
for us thy daughter so should dye.”  
“O, save my daughter !” said the king,  
“And let *me* feel the Dragon's sting.” 72

---

<sup>1</sup> “E'er” in three copies.    <sup>2</sup> “Who” in copies.    <sup>3</sup> “Their” in copies.

Then fell fair Sabrine on her knee, and to her father thus <sup>1</sup> did say :	
“ O father ! strive not thou <sup>2</sup> for me, but let me be the Dragon’s prey ;	75
It may be for my sake alone This plague upon the land was shown.	78
“ ’Tis better I should die ” (she said), “ than all your subjects perish quite,— Perhaps the Dragon here was laid for my offence to work this spight ;	81
And after he hath suckt my gore, Your land shall know the grief no more.”	84
“ What hast <i>thou</i> done ” (my daughter dear) “ for to deserve this heavy scourge ? It is <i>my</i> fault, it shall appear,	87
which makes the gods our state to grudge ; Then ought I die, to stint the strife, And to preserve thy happy life.”	90
Like mad men, all the people cry’d, “ thy death to us can do no good ; Our safety only doth abide to make thy daughter Dragon’s food.”	93
“ Lo ! here I am ” (O then quoth she), “ Therefore do what you will with me.”	96
“ Nay, stay, dear daughter,” (quoth the Queen), “ and as thou art a virgin bright That hath for vertue famous been,	99
so let me cloath thee all in white, And crown thy head with flowers sweet, An ornament for virgins meet.”	102
And when she was attired so, According to her mother’s mind, Unto the stake then did she go,	105
to which they did this virgin bind : And being bound to stake and thrall, She bid farewell unto them all.	108

<sup>1</sup> “then” in copies.

<sup>2</sup> “thus” in copies.

“Farewel, dear Father” (then quoth she),  
 “and my sweet mother, meek and mild;  
 Take you no thought or care for me, 111  
 for you may have another child;  
 Here for my countries good Ile dye,  
 Which I receive most willingly.” 114

The King and Queen, with all their train,  
 with weeping eyes then went their way,  
 And let their daughter there remain 117  
 to be the hungry Dragon’s prey;  
 But as she there did weeping lie,  
 Behold St. George came riding by. 120

And seeing there a lady bright  
 fast tyed to the stake that day,  
 Most like unto a valiant Knight, 123  
 straight unto her did take his way:  
 “Tell me, sweet Maiden,” then quoth he,  
 “What person thus abusèd thee?” 126

“And lo! by Christ his cross<sup>1</sup> I vow  
 (which here is figured on my breast),  
 I will revenge it on his brow, 129  
 and break my launce upon his crest.”  
 And speaking thus whereas<sup>2</sup> he stood,  
 The Dragon issu’d out of the wood. 132

The lady, that did first espy  
 The dreadful Dragon coming so,  
 Unto St. George aloud did cry, 135  
 and willèd him away to go:  
 “Here comes that ugly Fiend,” quoth she,  
 “That soon will make an end of me.” 138

St. George then looking round about,  
 the fiery Dragon soon espy’d,  
 And, like a knight of courage stout, 141  
 against him he did fiercely ride;  
 And with such blows he did him greet  
 That he fell under his horse’s feet. 144

<sup>1</sup> “blood” in copy; corrected by Rox. III. 849.

<sup>2</sup> “whereas” = where, in old English.

For with a launce that was so strong, as he came gaping in his face, In at his mouth he thrust it long,	147
the which could pierce no other place ; And there, within this lady's view, This dreadful Dragon then he slew.	150
The savour of his poisoned breath could do this Christian Knight no harm ; Thus he did save this lady from death,	153
and home he led her by the arm ; Which when [King] Ptolemy did see, There was great joy and melody. <sup>1</sup>	156
When as this famous Knight, St. George, had slain the Dragon in the field, And brought the lady to the court,	159
whose sight with joy their hearts then fill'd, He in the Ægyptian court then staid, Till he most falsly was betray'd.	162
The Lady Sabrine lov'd him well ; he counted her his only joy ; But when their loves was open known,	165
it prov'd St. George's great annoy ; The Morocco King was then in Court, Who to the orchard did resort	168
Daily to take the pleasant air, (for pleasure sake he used to walk Under the wall,) whereas he heard	171
St. George with fair Sarabrine <sup>2</sup> talk ; Their loves revealed he <sup>3</sup> to the King, Which to St. George great woe did bring.	174
These kings together did devise to make this Christian knight away ; With letters him Ambassador	177
they straightway sent to Persia ; And wrote to the Sophy him to kill, And treacherously his blood to spill.	180

<sup>1</sup> The Second Fit or Division of the ballad seems to have ended here, and a third to have commenced, for up to this point, the first and third lines have rhymed (as well as the second and fourth), but henceforth their rhyming is dropped. Dr. Percy rhymes on to the end. See *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, 3rd book of 3rd Series.

<sup>2</sup> "Lady Sabrine" in Rox. III. 849.

<sup>3</sup> "he revealed" in copy.



Thus they for good did him reward with evil, and, most subtilly, <sup>1</sup>	
By such vile means they did devise to work his death most cruelly.	183
While he in Persia abode, He straight destroy'd each idol-god ;	186
Which being done, he straight was flung into a dungeon dark and deep ;	
But when he thought upon his wrong, he bitterly began to weep ;	189
Yet, like a knight of courage stout, Forth of the dungeon he got out ;	192
And in the night three horse-keepers this valiant knight by power slew, Although he fasted many a day ;	195
and then away from thence he flew On the <i>best</i> steed the Sophy had ; Which when he knew, he was full glad. <sup>2</sup>	198
Then into Christendom he came, and met a Giant by the way ;	
With him in combat he did fight most valiantly, a summer's day ;	201
Who yet, for all his batts <sup>3</sup> of steel, Was forc'd the sting of death to feel.	204
From Christendom this valiant knight then with warlike souldiers past, Vowing upon that heathen land	207
to work revenge ; which at the last, Ere <sup>4</sup> thrice three years was gone and spent, He did, unto his great content.	210
Save only Ægypt land he spar'd, for Sabrine bright her only sake, And ere his rage he did suppress,	213
he meant a tryall kind to make ; Ptolemy did know his strength in field, And unto him did kindly yield.	216

"subtilty" in copy.  
"bars" in Rox. III. 849.

<sup>2</sup> "sad" in copy ; "glad" in Rox. III. 849.  
<sup>4</sup> "E'er" in copy.

- Then he the Morocco king did kill,  
and took fair Sabrine to his wife ;  
And afterwards, contentedly, 219  
with her St. George did leed his life ;  
Who, by the vertue of a chain,  
Did still a virgin pure remain. 222
- To England then St. George did bring  
this gallant lady, Sabrine bright,  
An Eunuch also came with him, 225  
in whom the lady did delight :  
None but these three from Egypt came.  
Now let me print St. George's fame. 228
- When they were in the forrest great,  
the lady did desire to rest ;  
And then St. George to kill a deer, 231  
to feed thereon, did think it best ;  
Left Sabrine and the Eunuch there,  
While he did go and kill a deer. 234
- The mean time, in his absence, came  
two hungry lyons, fierce and fell,  
And tore the Eunuch presently 237  
in pieces small, the truth to tell ;  
Down by the lady then they laid,  
Whereby it seem'd she was a maid.<sup>1</sup> 240
- But when St. George from hunting came  
and did behold this heavy chance,  
Yet, for this lovely virgin pure, 243  
his courage stout he<sup>2</sup> did advance ;  
And came within the lions' sight,  
who run at him with all their might. 246
- But he<sup>3</sup> (by them no whit dismaid,  
but like a stout and valiant knight)  
Did kill the hungry lions both, 249  
within the Lady Sabrine's sight ;  
But all this while, sad and demure,  
She stood there, like a virgin pure. 252

<sup>1</sup> According to ancient folk-lore, a lion was too chivalrous an animal to injure a maiden.

<sup>2</sup> "it" in Rox. III. 849.

<sup>3</sup> "he being" in copy.

But when St. George did truly know  
 his lady was a virgin true,  
 The doubtful love that erst<sup>1</sup> was dumb, 255  
 began most firmly to renew :  
 He set her on a palfrey steed,  
 And towards England came with speed. 258

Where he arrivèd in short time  
 unto his father's dwelling-place,  
 where with his dearest love he lived, 261  
 and<sup>2</sup> Fortune did their nuptials grace :  
 They many years of joy did see,  
 And led their lives at Coventry. 264

Printed by and for Alex. Mil[bourn at]  
 the Stationers Arms in G[reen Arbor]  
 Court in the Little Old [Bailey.]

<sup>1</sup> "Those doleful thoughts that e'er" in copy.

<sup>2</sup> "when" in copy.

### The glorious Resurrection.

This "godly and comfortable ballad" gives an account of the Resurrection of our Lord, drawn from the New Testament.

The words "our preaching," in the fifteenth line, suggest that it was written by a Minister of some denomination, but it is not probable that he should have been one of the Church of England.

In the first place, this is not like the production of an educated man; and, moreover, it is very doubtful whether any clergyman of the Church of England would have rhymed such passages of Scripture to be sung about the streets to ballad-tunes. We have more of these ballad-sermons, to which we shall have occasion to refer in the following pages.

"The glorious Resurrection" seems to have met with great success in this form. The names of eight publishers appear on the four extant copies, while one of them adds to its printer's name "for the booksellers of London."

There are two editions in the Roxburghe Collection (I. 130, and I. 258), one in the Pepys (II. 20), and one in Mr. W. Ewing's Collection (No. 224). The dates of these range from James I. to Charles II.

*Rogero* is one of the tunes to which the ballad of "Chevy Chace" was sung.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 130, 131.]

**A most Godly and Comfortable Ballad of the Glorious Resurrection of our Lord Jesus Christ, how he triumphed over Death, Hell, and Sin, whereby we are certainly perswaded of our rising again from the dead.**

THE TUNE IS, *Rogero.*



What faithless, froward, sinful man  
 so far from grace is fled,  
 That doth not in his heart believe  
 the Rising of the Dead?  
 Or why do wicked mortal men  
 their lives so vainly frame,  
 That, being dead, they do suppose  
 they shall not rise again?

4

8



For why, if that the dead indeed,  
 which now consuming lyes,  
 Shall not by God be rais'd again,  
 then Christ did never rise : 12  
 And if so be our Saviour sweet  
 he did not rise from death,  
 Our preaching is of no effect,  
 and vain 's our hope on earth. 16

If Christ rose not, again I say,  
 then are we yet in sin,  
 And they that fall asleep in him  
 no part of joy shall win. 20  
 Of all the creatures living, then,  
 which God on earth did frame,  
 Most wretched are the states of men  
 which spend their days in vain. 24

But Christ is risen up from Death,  
 as it was right and meet,  
 And thereby trod down death and hell,  
 and sin, under his feet : 28  
 And that the same to simple men  
 the plainer might appear,  
 The glorious rising of the Lord  
 his word declareth clear. 32

When he within the grave was laid,  
 the Jews did watch-men set,  
 Lest by his friends his corps thence  
 should secretly be fet :<sup>1</sup> 36  
 A mighty stone likewise they did  
 on his sepulchre role,  
 And all for fear his body should  
 away from thence be stole. 40

---

<sup>1</sup> "fet" = fetched.

But in the dead time of the night  
a mighty earth-quake came,  
The which did shake both sea and land,  
and all within the same : 44  
And then the Angel of the Lord  
came down from heaven so high,  
And rol'd away the mighty stone  
which on the ground did lie. 48

His face did shine like flaming fire,  
his cloaths were white as snow,  
Which put the watch-men in great fear,  
who ran away for woe, 52  
And told unto the High-Priest, plain,  
what I do now rehearse,  
Who hired them for money straight,  
that they would hold their peace. 56

“ And say,” quoth he, “ His servants came,  
whom he sometimes did keep,  
And secretly stole him away,  
while ye were fast asleep. 60  
And if that Herod hear thereof,  
we will perswade him so,  
That you shall find no hurt at all  
wherever you do go.” 64

But faithful Mary Magdalen,  
and James her Brother, too,  
They brought great store of oyntment,  
as Jews were wont to do ; 68  
Who rose up early in the morn,  
before that it was day,  
The body of the Lord t' annoint  
in grave whereas he lay. 72

And when unto the grave they came  
they were in wondrous fear ;  
They saw a young man in the same,  
but Christ they saw not there. 76

Then said the Angel unto them,  
 "why are you so afraid?  
 The Lord, whom you do seek, I know  
 is risen up," he said. 80

Then went these women both away,  
 who told these tidings, than,  
 To John and Peter, who in haste  
 to the sepulchre ran ; 84  
 Who found it as the woman said,  
 and then away did go,  
 But Mary stayed, weeping still,  
 whose tears declar'd her woe. 88

Who, looking down into the grave,  
 two Angels there did see :  
 Qd. they, "Why weeps this woman so?"  
 "even for my Lord," quoth<sup>1</sup> she. 92  
 And turning then herself about,  
 as she stood weeping so,  
 The Lord was standing at her back,  
 but him she did not know. 96

"Why doth this woman weep?" he said ;  
 "whom seekst thou in this place?"  
 She thought it had the gard'ner been,  
 and thus she shews her case : 100  
 "If thou hast born him hence," she said,  
 "then tell me where he is,  
 And for to fetch him back again  
 be sure I will not miss." 104

"What, Mary!" then our Saviour said,  
 "dost thou lament for me?"  
 "O Master, livest thou again?  
 my soul doth joy in thee!" 108  
 "O Mary, touch me not," he said,  
 "ere I have been above,  
 Even with my God, the only God  
 and Father whom we love." 112

---

<sup>1</sup> qd. *orig.*

And oftentimes did Christ appear  
to his Disciples all ;  
Yet Thomas would not it believe,  
his faith it was so small, 116  
Except that he might thrust his hand  
into the wound so wide,  
And put his finger where the spear  
did pierce his tender side. 120

Then Christ, which knew all secrets,  
to them again came he,  
Who said to Thomas, " Here I am,  
as plainly thou mayst see. 124  
See here the hands which nails did pierce,  
and holes are in my side,  
And be not faithless, O thou man,  
for whom these pains I bide." 128

'Thus sundry times he shew'd himself  
when he did rise again,  
And then ascended into Heaven,  
in glory for to reign : 132  
Where he prepares a place for those  
whom he shall raise likewise,  
To live with him in heavenly bliss  
above the lofty skies. 136

Printed by and for A. M., and sold by the  
Booksellers of London.



## The Great Assize.

The following illiterate production, by "Mr. Stevens, Minister," is in the true cobbler-puritan style.

If an opinion may be formed of the man from the work itself, we should say that this Mr. Stevens cannot have been appointed minister by any congregation, but that he was an itinerant preacher upon barrel-heads, carrying the preacher's hour-glass about with him, to denote his "call" to the ministry, and to signify that he was about to "hold forth."

In lines 81, 82, the writer says :

"Behold this figure! see, the glass does run!  
Therefore repent before the time is gone."

Here the hour-glass<sup>1</sup> must have been pointed to, if he did not retain it in his hand to hold up before his hearers.

Old Testament names were not very familiar to the preacher, so he transforms "Methuselah" into "Methusalem;" and as to the New Testament, he took strange liberties with the received version of the words of Christ, "Come, *ye blessed*," familiarizing them after the following fashion (line 107) :

"Where he shall say to his Saints, '*Come, come thee hither!*'"

Yet this strange ballad-sermon contains one ingredient that would have ensured it a favourable reception by many hearers. Certain appetites are unsatisfied without a fair share of "hell" and "damnation" in any sermon. They never think one can have done them any good without them. Nevertheless, it is always pleasanter to have one's neighbours damned than one's self. In both respects, they were here largely gratified. The spice is thickly inlaid. The ballad-sermon is specially devoted to the sins of those great sinners, the rich, while the mere peccadilloes of the poor are never separately touched upon; and, except in so far as they may have shared in vices to which they had little temptation, the poor might escape altogether.

We think Mr. Stevens must have been the singer of his own sermon, because the words go so badly to the tune that no one but the author could have adapted them. Thus, too, he probably maintained a monopoly of the sale.

The Roxburghe copy is perhaps unique.

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<sup>1</sup> See it on the left of the woodcut, p. 398.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 132, 133.]

**The Great Assize: Or, Christ's certain and sudden appearance to Judgment; Being serious considerations on these four things, Death, Judgment, Heaven, and Hell.**

By Mr. Stevens, Minister.

TO THE TUNE OF *Aim not too high, &c.*

Licensed according to Order.



[The woodcut on the right of the above, in the original, is here put over leaf.]



Here is presented clearly to the eye  
 A little World, new made most gloriously ;  
 To day here stands proud man, like flowers' sprite ;  
 But look tomorrow, and he's weathered<sup>1</sup> quite. 4

How happily might fallen man have liv'd  
 For ever!—had not he his Maker griev'd,  
 His num'rous offspring never would espy  
 Thro' that black Curtain of Mortality. 8

Alas ! how fast the daies of man pass by ;  
 Swifter than Weaver's shuttle they do fly ;  
 As soon as Death does end his days, so soon  
 Man must appear before the great Tribüne. 12

Death will no succour to a King afford,  
 Nor diff'rence make twixt Begger and a Lord ;  
 Nor Beauty, Riches, favour shall obtain  
 (He'll take no Bribes) to linger out<sup>2</sup> their pain. 16

<sup>1</sup> "weathered," a blunder, for "withered."

<sup>2</sup> Perhaps "lingering out" may have been equivalent, in the preacher's mind, to "softening."

Methusalem,<sup>1</sup> you see, by Death was told  
That dye he must, tho' he was ne'er so old ;  
Like fruit, when almost ripe storms can it shake,  
So Youth, when almost Man Death may him take. 20

## THE RICH MAN TRUSTING TO HIS RICHES.

And yet, how proud Man is, this side the Grave !  
As if he never should an Exit have !  
(Vaunting, poor Worm !) and, up and down the world  
His busie carping thoughts with care is hurld. 24

He's wealthy grown, and proud of bags of treasure,  
Trusting in Riches ; taking all the pleasure  
His heart can wish for ; nay, he does controul  
The checks of Conscience to his precious Soul. 28

Says to himself, " Soul, take thine ease, and spend  
Thy time in mirth, ne'er think it will have end ;  
Thus ! thus ! the Sinner does abuse his God,  
And chooses Vice, instead o' th' vertuous Rod. 32

He swears, and damns, and imprecates God's wrath  
To strike him dead ; but ah ! to die he's loath :  
He damns his very Soul !—were it not just  
That God should do so too, and say " Be curst ?" 36

Roaring and Ranting is his hellish Note ;  
Quaffing so long until his senses float ;  
Drunk, like a Beast, he staggers up and down,  
Sleeps like a Hog, and is a Devil grown. 40

But oh ! if God, thus angered, ready be  
To say, " Thou Fool ! I do require of thee  
Thy soul this, night ! come, give a just account  
To what thy Stewardship does now amount !" 44

How dumb and senseless would he stand, to see  
Hell ready to devour him presantly !  
Calls to the Rocks, and strives to get a place  
Therein to hide him from God's angry face. 48

---

<sup>1</sup> The "zealous-cobbler" way of spelling "Methuselah."



But yet, suppose God suffers him to live,  
 Adds mercy unto mercy, and does give  
 Him yet a longer time of life, and trys  
 If he'll repent before death shuts his eyes—

52

He sees that time runs round, like to a wheel,  
 And wrinkled Years upon his brow does steal ;  
 Besides, gray hairs on 's crazy head doth grow,  
 Scattered it lies, like to a drift of snow.

56



A foggy dimness doth his sight assail,  
 Striking into his head ; his eyes they fail ;  
 His tongue does falter, and his hands they shake,  
 And with the Palsie every limb does quake.

60

His glass most run, he 's even out of breath,  
 Ready to yield his life to conquering Death,  
 Who will no longer favour his old age,  
 But is resolvèd in his death ingage.

64

It peeps behind the Curtain in his face,  
 Then draws the schene,<sup>1</sup> then dreadful is his case ;  
 His tongue does quiver, and his veins does start  
 Like sticks asunder ;<sup>2</sup> nay, his very heart

68

<sup>1</sup> "scene" ? or does he mean "draws the sheen" (brightness) of light away from him ?

<sup>2</sup> This will be news to the student of pathology.

Ceases its motions with his vitals, soon,  
 And now, alas! he's colder than a stone.  
 His Kinsfolks dear his dying eyes do shut;  
 So, from his Bed, he's in a Coffin put. 72

Thus ends his earthly splendour and his pleasure;  
 Wife, Children, Kingsfolk, and his bags of treasure,  
 Are left behind:—[his heirs] enjoy the same estate  
 A little while, but follow must his fate. 76

Nay, they're not sure to keep it half a day,  
 For Death does oft sweep Families away;  
 The Infant's instantly bereav'd of Mother,  
 Husband from Wife, the Sister from her Brother. 80

Behold this figure! see, the glass does run!  
 Therefore repent, before thy time is gone!  
 Both young and old, have this before your eyes,—  
 You're born to happiness or miseries. 84

O therefore, wretched man, this very day  
 Strive by repenting teares to wash away  
 Thy sins; and then, no doubt, the Lord will be  
 In love and mercy reconcil'd to thee. 88

THE MANNER OF CHRIST'S COMING AT THE DAY OF  
 JUDGEMENT.

Serene, like as the days of Noah were,  
 So shall the coming of God's Son appear;  
 Eating and drinking, men will merry make,  
 And carnal Souls security will take.<sup>2</sup> 92

And, like the thief who cometh in the night,  
 So will the Son of Man in glory bright  
 Come down, with numerous Angels, and the sound  
 Of trumpets shrill, whose voice unnerves the ground. 96

The dead arise;—Lord! what a horror here  
 Is to the wicked, who must straight<sup>3</sup> appear,  
 And come to Judgment! O, how this begins  
 To bring to mind their many wretched Sins! 100

<sup>1</sup> Security for borrowed money—a very objectionable course to some borrowers.

<sup>2</sup> "strait" in copy.

O what sad shrieks they make, and clam'rous cries,  
 To see Hell gaping just before their eyes,  
 The Heav'ns to melt away with fervent heat,  
 The Earth a burning underneath their feet ! 104

THE BLESSED STATE OF THE GODLY.

But happy, ever happy, are the Sheep  
 Of Christ, who joy for evermore will keep,  
 When he shall say to Saints, "Come, come thee hither,  
 You of my chosen Flock, blest of the Father ! 108

"The Kingdom now enjoy, for you prepar'd  
 Before the heav'ns were made, or world was rear'd."  
 Oh ! what soul-ravishing sweet news is this !  
 Angels attend them presently to bliss. 112

THE MISERABLE STATE OF THE WICKED.

But hark ! what grief the damnèd does attend,  
 Who have no Advocate to stand their Friend :  
 Sentence must passed be, "Go, go to dwell  
 In firey burnings in the Lake of Hell ! 116

"Depart with Devils which did you entice  
 To hate your Saviour, and cleave to Vice !  
 Go to that everlasting Pit, and lye  
 Howling with firey Fiends perpetually !" 120

O what a wretched sight 'twill be to see  
 The Devils dragging them to misery !  
 Husbands to see their Wives convey'd to Bliss,  
 Whilst they, 'mongst Damnèd, quite Salvation miss. 124

Son from the Father, Father from the Son,  
 Must partest<sup>1</sup> be in the great Day of Doom ;  
 Praising of God, and own it to be just  
 Their own Relations are with Devils curst. 128

---

<sup>1</sup> One would suppose "partest" to be a misprint for "parted" were it not for the context—that both father and son are to own, (not that either of them, but) that their relations are justly curst.

The Godly they to Heaven take their flight,  
Whilst wicked take their course to Hell out-right.  
Lord! let us watch continually, and pray  
That we may be prepar'd for that Great Day. 132

Give us Repentance, that, whilst here we live,  
We may the offers of thy Son receive;  
Then feed our Souls, good God! with thy rich Grace,  
That we may stand before our Saviour's face. 136

Printed for P. Brooksby, at the Golden-Ball in  
Pye-Corner, near West-Smithfield.

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### Glad Tydings from Heaben.

This is a strange religious ballad, in which Christ is made the speaker throughout in the narration of his sufferings, and numberless things are put into his mouth that he never did say.

The Roxburghe copy is probably unique. The publisher's initials C. W. are probably those of Cuthbert Wright, about 1613 or 1614.



[Roxb. Coll. I. 134, 135.]

## Glad tydings from Heaven ;

Or,

Christ's glorious Invitation to all Sinners, wherein is  
described the misery of his Manhood, and the  
bitternesse of his Passion endured for Man :

With sundry reasons inferred, to move Worldlings to  
repentance.

TO THE TUNE OF *The Dolefull Shephard*, or *Sandy Soyle*.



Awake from sinne ! vaine man, awake !  
Unto repentance thee betake !  
Thy Saviour calls, " O come to me,  
And I will ease and comfort thee."

My Father, as the Scripture saith,  
Delights not in a Sinner's death ;

And therefore hath sent me, his Sonne,  
That sinners all to me might come. 8

Then come to me! 'tis onely I  
Can helpe thee in thy misery;  
'Tis I can wash thy foule offence,  
And cloath thy soule with innocence. 12

And that thou maist assured be  
What paines I have suff'ed for thee,  
Attend! give eare, and listen well  
Unto the things that I shall tell. 16

First, being God, I did become  
A man; nay, worse, a scorne to some,—  
Was lov'd of some, despis'd of most,  
Still on the sea of sorrow tost. 20

No sooner to this world I came,  
But Herod would my life have tane;  
And wheresoever I did flye,  
I was not free from misery. 24

Cold, hunger, thirst, sad griefe, and paine,  
And all that frailty doth sustaine,  
My humane nature brought to me;  
All this I felt, O man! for thee. 28

Sad sighes, deepe grones, and sweating blood,  
I did endure to doe thee good;  
So terrible my torment was,  
That once I would have had it passe. 32

And, to conclude the Tragedy  
Of all my wofull misery,  
The Jewes, at their high Priest's command,  
Did come and take me out of hand. 36

Next was I brought to Caiphas' Hall,  
There to appeare before them all;  
And [then] at length decreed it was  
That I must suffer on the Crosse. 40

But first, they did there all agree  
With whips to scourge and punish me;  
Which being done, then presently  
I was convey'd to Calvary. 44

Where, to augment my misery,  
 They nailèd me upon a Tree ;  
 And, 'cause I should not want disgrace,  
 Betweene two theeves I had my place. 48

And, being crowned with thornès sharpe,  
 Each one would, flouting at me, carpe ;<sup>1</sup>  
 And he was counted there the best,  
 That could deride and mocke me most. 52

This done, to make an end of all,  
 They gave mee vinegar and gall ;  
 And lastly, they did pierce my side,  
 Whence blood and water did proceed.<sup>2</sup> 56

The second part,

TO THE SAME TUNE.



These torments, Man, I did endure,  
 That thou mightst be for ever sure  
 Of life, and come with Faith to me,  
 That I from stane might set thee free. 60

<sup>1</sup> "carpe" = talk.

<sup>2</sup> The original word was probably "provide," in the sense of "supply."

Then come with Faith! doe not despaire!  
Although thy sinnes as crimson are,  
Yet hath my Blood them washed so,  
That they shall be as white as snow. 64

If thou a murtherer hast beene,  
Or given to adulterous sinne,  
View David, who was both, and yet,  
Repenting, he did mercy get. 68

If sottish drunken thou hast beene,  
Or stained with incestuous sinne,  
See Lot, who fell into that lust,  
Yet by God's love was counted just. 72

If thou, by cursed Perjury  
Hast cast thy soule in jeopardy,  
With Peter's teares wash off thy sinne,  
And thou with him shalt mercy winne. 76

If thou (of knowledge destitute)  
My Church didst ever persecute,  
Do not despaire, but looke on Paul,  
And then for mercy to me call. 80

The Prodigall, that thriftlesse sonne  
Who headlong into vice did runne,  
Was not cast off in misery,  
When once "Peccavi!" he did cry. 84

Mary a long time went astray,  
Yet did her teares wash sinne away;  
She thought it not too late, at last,  
Downe at my feet her selfe to cast. 88

The Theefe, that all his life had spent  
In sinne, not meaning to repent,  
Did at the length obtaine mercy,  
'Cause he with penitence did dye. 92

'Tis not the greatnesse of the crime  
Should make thee thinke it out of time  
For to repent, and on me call;  
My passion can suffice for all. 96



For all that sorrow for their sinne,  
 And never more delight therein ;  
 For those that truly will repent,  
 For such my Father hath me sent. 100

Then whatso'ere thou be, that art  
 With sinne polluted, cleanse thy heart ;  
 Come with a contrite soule to me,  
 And I thine Advocate will be. 104

Come ! come ! my Father's wrath prevent ;  
 Leave off your folly, and repent !  
 O come to me ! I call againe,  
 Let not my Passion be in vaine. 108

Now those that fondly doe presume,  
 Till utmost gaspe, in sinne to runne,  
 Let them assure themselves of this,  
 That of my mercy they may misse. 112

Finis.

London Printed for C. W.

### A Godly Song.

This song of longing for God, at the approach of death, shews that Thomas Byll, Parish Clerk of West Felton, in Shropshire, had made good use of his bible, and is altogether a creditable production for a parish clerk of the first half of the seventeenth century.

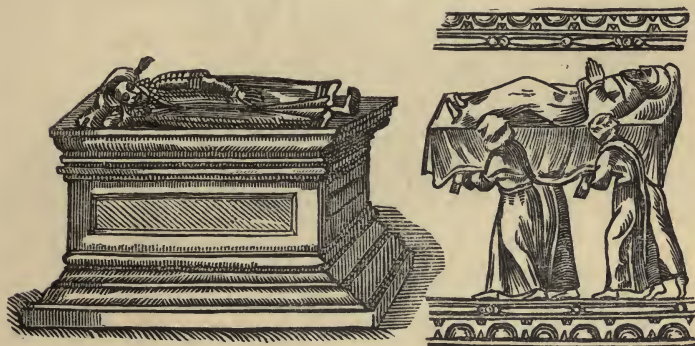
The date of the printer is from James I. to Charles I.

The Roxburghe copy is perhaps unique.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 136, 137.]

**A Godly Song, entituled, A fare-  
well to the world, made by a Godly Christian, named  
Thomas Byll, being the Parish Clerke of West-Felton,  
as he lay upon his Death-bed, shewing the vanitie of  
the World, and his desire to be dissolved.**

TO THE TUNE OF *Fortune, my Foe!*



Behold, O Lord, a Sinner in distresse,  
Whose heart is vext with inward heavinesse!  
Remit my sinnes, my God! and mercie showe,  
For here I live in griefe, perplext with woe. 4

All flesh is frayle, and brittle like to glasse;  
Man's life, like fading Flowers, away doth passe;  
My time is come that I from hence must goe,  
Then, for sweet Jesus' sake, Lord! mercy showe! 8

The day and houre is come that I must dye;  
I trust my Soule shall strait ascend the skye,  
Where Saints and Angells ever doe rejoyce,  
Giving him praises due, with heart and voice. 12

Oh! sinfull Man, deferre not thou the time;  
Up Jacob's Ladder, Father, let me clime,  
Where as thy Angells up and down descend,  
Betwixt my Soule and Bodie, at my end. 16

I must not die never to rise againe,  
 But I must die for to be freed from paine;  
 My Saviour, by his death, hath bought my life,  
 To raigne with him when finisht is this strife. 20

My earthly Spirits fayle, my time is run;  
 My face is wan; thy Messenger is come,—  
 A welcome Guest, that welcome is to mee,  
 To beare me hence unto felicitie. 24

My Sun is sette, I have not long to stay,  
 But, ere the morning, I shall see a day  
 That shall outshine the splendour of the Sun,  
 When to the holy Trinity I come. 28

Me thinks I (casting up my dying eyes)  
 Behold the Lord in glory on the skies,  
 With all his heavenly Angells in that place,  
 Smiling with joy to see his cheerefull face. 32

Both King and Kesar,<sup>1</sup> every one, must die,  
 The stoutest heart the sting of death must trie;  
 The Rich, the Poore, the Aged, and the Babe,  
 When Sickle comes, each flower then doth fade. 36

Then, World, farewell! I see all is but vaine;  
 From dust I came, to dust I must againe;  
 No humane pomps our life from death can stay;  
 When time is come, we must forthwith away. 40

For worldlie pleasure is but vanitie;  
 None can redeeme this life from death, I see;  
 Nor Cesus' wealth, nor Alexander's fame,  
 Nor Sampson's strength, that could Death's furytame. 44

Our Father Adam, he for sin did fall,  
 Which brought destruction present on us all;  
 But, heavenly Father! thou thy Sonne didst send  
 Us to redeeme, his deerest blood didst spend. 48

Farewell, deere Wife and my seven Children small,  
 For I must goe when as the Lord doth call;  
 The Glasse is run—my time is past away—  
 The trumpe doth sound—I can no longer stay. 52

---

<sup>1</sup> "Kesar" = Cæsar = Kaiser = Emperor.

Nothing but one I in this world doe crave,  
That is, to bring my Corpes dead to the Grave;  
And Angells shall my Soule in safetie keepe,  
Whilst that my Bodie in the grave doth sleepe. 56

The Bells most sweetly ringing doe I heere,  
And now sterne Death with speed approacheth neere;  
But the Bell towling doe I heare at last,—  
Sweet Lord! receive my Soule when death is past. 60

Finis.

Thomas Byll.

---

## The Soules Petition at Heaven Gate; Or, the Second Part of the Clerke of West= Felton, being Thomas Byll.

TO THE SAME TUNE.



O God! which framedst both the earth and skye,  
With speed give eare unto my wofull crye;  
Receive my Soule with thee for to remaine  
In Angells' blisse, where thou, O Lord! dost reigne. 64

Though I against thy Lawes rebelled have,  
For my rebellion, Lord! I mercie crave;  
Remit my sinnes, though I have done amisse,  
For Jesus' sake take me into true blisse, 68



Where joyes are evermore without an end,  
 And heavenly Quiristers<sup>1</sup> the time doth spend  
 In singing Himnes and praises to the Lord,  
 Lifting up heart and voice with one accord. 72

Oh! what a comfort is it for to see  
 The sacred Face of such a Majestie  
 As thou, O God! amongst thy Angells bright,  
 The which no mortall can behold with sight. 76

Cast me not, Lord, out from before that face,  
 But with thy Saints grant me a dwelling place;  
 And from thy Throane, O Lord, doe not expell  
 My Soule, but grant that it with thee may dwell. 80

Let me with David beg to keepe a doore  
 In that hie Court, where joyes are evermore;  
 In Abraham's bosome, Father, let me sit;  
 Cast not my Soule into the ferie pit. 84

Consume me not in thy provoked ire,  
 But mercie grant: O Lord, I thee desire!  
 And though I thee offended have by sinne,  
 Shut not the doore, but let me enter in. 88

I must confesse I thee offended have,  
 And am not worthy pardon for to crave;  
 But now with thee all mercy is alone,  
 To whom my Soule for mercy now is flowne. 92

Take pittie, then, O Lord, for Jesus' sake!  
 Into thy Tabernacle my Soule take;  
 Remember how thy Sonne for me hath dyde,  
 And for my sake deathes passions did abide. 96

He is the Key the gate for to unlock;  
 He makes me entrance when my soule doth knock;  
 Unto repentant Soules, by promise, gave  
 That they with him a place in Heaven should have. 100

Then open unto me, O Lord, thy Gate,  
 Where thou as King doth raigne in high estate;  
 Confound me not with them that wicked are,  
 But in thy mercies let me have a share. 104

---

<sup>1</sup> Quiristers = Choristers.

Deale not in justice with my Soule, O Lord !  
 For then a heaue sentence thou'lt aaward ;  
 If sinfull Soules should haue their due desert,  
 In Hell's hot flame they should for ever smart. 108

Grant that my Soule may enter in true blisse ;  
 Condemne me not, though I haue don amisse ;  
 But let my Soule with heavenly Angells sing  
 Most joyfully to thee, my Lord and King. 112

For there are joyes which ever shall endure,—  
 The waters sweet of Life flow there most pure ;  
 There shall no worldly cares our minds molest,  
 But there shall we remaine in truest rest. 116

Which blest inheritance, O Lord, I pray,  
 Give to each Christian in thy righteous way ;  
 Grant that we all may gaine felicitie,  
 In Heaven to dwell above the starrie skie. 120

Francis.

London, printed for Henry Gossen.

### Good Ale for my Money.

This spirited drinking song, which sets forth the superiority of ale to all other liquors, was written by Laurence Price, a famous ballad writer of Charles the First's reign.

He seems to have begun after the death of James 1st, and to have written on for forty or more years. There are about nineteen of his ballads in the Roxburghe Collection, and many more (not there included) are found in other Collections. He wrote also chap books, riddles, and political squibs in rhyme. Some of his productions are included in Mr. W. Carew Hazlitt's Hand Book, but this, for instance, is not among them. It trolls on glibly to the tune of *Stingo*, or *Oyle of Barley*, the second name seeming to have been derived from the burden of this ballad.

The tune had earlier titles, such as *The mother beguiled the Daughter*, and *The Country Lass*, but Martin Parker's ballad "The Country Lass" had afterwards a distinct air—the one to which Henry Carey's ballad of "Sally in our Alley" is now sung. Still the earlier tune retained its popularity, and even extended

[Roxb. Coll. I. 138, 139.]

## Good Ale for my money.

The Good-Fellowes resolution of strong Ale,  
That cures his nose from looking pale.

TO THE TUNE OF *The Country Lasse.*



Be merry, my friends, and list a while  
unto a merry jest ;  
It may from you produce a smile,  
when you heare it exprest,—

4

it to Scotland, through the instrumentality of Tom D'Urfey's song "Cold and raw the wind did blow" or "Up in the morning early."

This ballad was so peculiarly suited for pasting upon the walls of alehouses, owing to its subject, that an undue share of destruction seems to have fallen upon it by the very measures taken for its preservation. The Roxburghe copy (so far as we can ascertain) is the only one, in broadside form, extant.

Of a young man lately married,  
 which was a boone good fellow,  
 This song in 's head he alwaies carried  
 when drinke had made him mellow : 8  
*I cannot go home, nor I will not go home,*  
*it's 'long of the oyle of Barly ;*  
*Ile tarry all night for my delight,*  
*and go home in the morning early.* 12

No Tapster stout, or Vintner fine,  
 quoth he, shall ever get  
 One groat out of this purse of mine,  
 to pay his master's debt : 16  
 Why should I deal with sharking Rookes,  
 that seeke poore gulls to cozen,  
 To give twelve pence for a quart of wine ?  
 of ale 'twill buy a dozen.  
*Twill make me sing, I cannot, &c.* 21

The old renowned I-pocrist<sup>1</sup>  
 and Raspie<sup>2</sup> doth excell ;  
 But never any wine could yet  
 my humour please so well.<sup>3</sup> 25  
 The Rhenish wine, or Muskadine,  
 sweet Malmsie is too fulsome ;  
 No ! give me a cup of Barlie broth,  
 for that is very wholesome.  
*Twill make me sing, I cannot, &c.* 30

Hot waters ar[e] to me as death,  
 and soone the head oreturneth,  
 And Nectar hath so strong a breath ;  
 Canary, when it burneth, 34  
 It cures no paine, but breaks the braine,  
 and raps out oathes and curses,  
 And makes men part with heavie heart,  
 but light it makes their purses.  
*I cannot go home, &c.* 39

<sup>1</sup> Ipoerist = Hippoceras (wine mixed with spices and sugar, and strained).

<sup>2</sup> Raspie = raspberry wine.

<sup>3</sup> "honour please to swell" in copy.



- Some say Metheglin<sup>1</sup> beares the name  
 with Perry and sweet Sider ;  
 'Twill bring the body out of frame,  
 and reach the belly wider ; 43  
 Which to prevent I am content  
 with ale that's good and nappie,  
 And when thereof I have enough,  
 I thinke my selfe most happy.  
*I cannot go home, &c.* 48
- All sorts of men, when they do meet,  
 both trade and occupation,  
 With curtesie each other greet,  
 and kinde humiliation ; 52  
 A good coale fire is their desire,  
 whereby to sit and parly ;  
 They'le drinke their ale, and tell a tale,  
 and go home in the morning early.  
*I cannot go home &c.* 57
- Your domineering, swaggering blades,  
 and Cavaliers that flashes,—  
 That throw the Jugs against the walls,  
 and break in peeces glasses,— 61  
 When Bacchus round cannot be found,  
 they will, in merriment,  
 Drinke ale and beere, and cast off care,  
 and sing with one consent :  
*I cannot goe home, &c.* 66

---

<sup>1</sup> A Welsh drink made with honey and other materials fermented.

The second part.

TO THE SAME TUNE.



Here, honest John, to thee Ile drinke,  
 and so to Will and Thomas ;  
 None of this company, I thinke,  
 will, this night, part from us ;

70

While we are here, wee'll joyne for beere,  
 like lively lads together ;  
 We have a house over our heads,—  
 a fig for ranie weather.

74

*I cannot go home, nor I will not go home,  
 it's 'long of the oyle of barley ;*

*I stay all night for my delight,  
 and go home in the morning early.*

78

Heres Smug, the smith, and Ned, the cook,  
 and Frank, the fine felt-maker ;  
 Heres Steven, with his silver hooke,  
 and Wat, the lustie baker ;

82

Heres Harry and Dick, with Greg and Nicke ;  
 heres Timothy, the tailor ;  
 Heres honest Kit, nere spoke of yet,  
 and George, the joviall sayler,  
*That cannot, &c.* 87

Wee'll sit and bouse, and merrily chat,  
 and freely we will joyne ;  
 For care neere paid a pound of debt,  
 nor shall pay none of mine. 91  
 Here is but eighteen pence to pay,  
 since every man is willing ;  
 Bring drinke with all the speed you may,  
 wee'll make it up two shillings.  
*We cannot, &c.* 96

Let Father frowne, and Mother chide,  
 and Uncle seeke to finde us ;  
 Here is good lap, here will we hide,  
 weele leave no drinke behinde us. 100  
 A proverbe old I have heard told  
 by my deere dad and grandsire,  
 " He was hang'd that left his drinke behinde,"<sup>1</sup>  
 therefore this is our answer,  
*We cannot, &c.* 105

James, the Joyner, he hath paid,  
 and Anthony, the Glover ;  
 Our hostesse hath a pretty maid,  
 I cannot chuse but love her : 109  
 Her pot she'll fill with right good will ;—  
 here's ale as browne as a berry,  
 Twill make an old woman dance for joy,  
 and an old man's heart full merry.  
*I cannot, &c.* 114

'Twill make a Souldier domineere,  
 and bravely draw his rapier ;  
 Such vertue doth remaine in beere,  
 'twill make a Cripple caper : 118

---

<sup>1</sup> This proverb is said to have originated from a man's having refused Saint Giles's bowl (referred to in note 1, p. 285) when on his way to execution, and so lost the benefit of a reprieve, which arrived but a minute after he had been hung.

Women with men will, now and then, sit round and drinke a little ;	
Tom Tinker's wife, on Friday night, for drinke did pawne her kettle.	122
<i>She could not come home, nor would not come home, her belly began to rumble ;</i>	
<i>She had no power to go nor stand, but about the street did tumble.</i>	126
Thus to conclude my verses rude, would some good fellowes here	
Would joyne together pence a peece, to buy the singer beere :	130
I trust none of this company will be herewith offended ;	
Therefore, call for your Jugs a peece, and drink to him that pen'd it.	134

Finis.

Lawrence Price.

Printed at London.

### **A good Wife, or none.**

This ballad was very popular, and its "pleasant new tune" acquired the name of *The blazing Torch*, or *The glazing Torch*, from its association with this ballad.

The copy in the Rawlinson Collection (No. 198) was printed for Coles, Vere, and Wright: and that in the Pepys Collection (IV. p. 49) for Coles, Vere, Wright, and Clarke. Both these commence "The glazing torch" (glazing = shining), but the Roxburghe, which is older, has "blazing."

The subject of the ballad is fully explained by its title, "A good wife, or none" = she who shines not upon all, but one.



[Roxb. Coll. I. 140, 141.]

## A good Wife, or none.

TO A PLEASANT NEW TUNE.



The blazing Torch is soone burnt out,  
 the Diamond's light abides ;  
 The one in glory shines about,  
 the other its vertue hides :  
 That sparke (if any) shall be mine,  
 that else gives light to none ;  
 For if to every one shee shine,  
*I had rather lie alone.*

- The Glow-worm in the dark gives light  
unto the view of many ;  
The Moone she shewes her selfe by night,  
and yeelds herselfe to any : 12  
But if my Love should seeme to be  
of every one so knowne,  
She never more should shine on me,—  
*I had rather lie alone.* 16
- Ile not consume, nor pine away—  
as other lovers doe—  
For such as, wandring, walke astray,  
and never will prove true : 20  
Ile set as light by any shee,  
as shee by me hath done,  
And fixe my love on constancie,  
*or else will lye alone.* 24
- A willow Garland for my head  
I never meane to weare ;  
I need no pillow for my bed ;  
I yet am void of care : 28  
A single life is without strife,  
and freed from sigh and grone ;  
For such contentments of my life  
*Ile choose to lie alone.* 32
- Once did I love the fairest Love  
that ever eye did see ;  
But she did most unconstant prove,  
and set no love by me : 36  
And ever since my mind is such,  
to lend my love to none ;  
Because I have been crost so much,  
*Ile ever lie alone.* 40
- The beautie of the fairest Flowre,  
so pleasing to the eye,  
Doth fade and wither in an houre,  
and no man sets thereby : 44  
So deales my fairest faire with me,  
her joyes in love are gone ;  
Wherefore the wanton world shall see  
*Ile choose to lye alone.* 48

**The second Part.**

TO THE SAME TUNE.



Well may we picture Cupid blinde,  
 which, roving, shot his dart,  
 And made my lover most unkinde,  
 to steale away my heart,  
 Which cannot be restor'd againe,  
 it is so love sicke growne ;  
 For she hath kil'd it with disdaine,  
*therefore Ile lie alone.*

52

56

Within that face I once did see  
 two diamond eyes, whose bright  
 And glistring beames so dazled me,  
 that I was ravisht quite,

60

And struck so blind, I could not see  
the way that I had gone ;  
But from fond love I'm now set free,  
*and choose to lye alone.* 64

This single life breeds golden ease ;  
no jealous thoughts offend ;  
Unwedded wights goe where they please,  
and feare no changing friend ; 68  
While married mates, with musing mind,  
doe sob, and sigh, and grone,  
Because their Turtles prove unkind ;  
*therefore, Ile lye alone.* 72

What if the Willow Garland be  
appointed for my lot ?  
Yet this content shall comfort me,—  
false love is soone forgot : 76  
A second Love may make amends,  
now that the first is gone ;  
For Cresid kind had choyce of friends,  
*else still had lien alone.* 80

For if I could but cull my Choyce  
out of Diana's traine,  
Who will not heare the tempter's voice,—  
then might I love againe, 84  
And choose some yet more constant light  
then that which lately shone,  
My equall fancie to requite,  
*or still Ile lye alone.* 88

For time and opportunitie  
will win the coyest Dame,  
And overcome the chastest she  
that beares the bravest name : 92  
Yea, Man was made for Woman's good,—  
not like the idle drone,—  
But for to heat and stirre the blood ;  
*and not to lye alone.* 96



[Roxb. Coll. I. 142, 143.]

## Good Counsell for young Wooers :

Shewing the Way, the Meanes, and the Skill,  
 To wooe any Woman, be she what she will :  
 Then all young men that are minded to wooe,  
 Come, heare this new Ballad, and buy 't ere you goe.

To a dainty new tune, or else it may be  
 Sung to the tune of *Prettie Bessee*.



Come, all you young Pupils, that yet have no skill  
 In wooing to get a fine Lasses good will,  
 If you will be rulèd, and take my advice,  
 Ile teach you to wooe and [to] speed in a trice :

3

Advice to young wooers, from so great an authority upon all subjects as Martin Parker, must indeed have been an attractive subject to the ballad buyer! We may infer the number of edi-

You must not be daunted, whatever she say,—  
 He may speed tomorrow that's cast off to day. 6  
*[Then] if you will wooe a Wench with a blacke brow,*  
*Accept of my Counsell, and Ile tell you how :*  
*You must kisse her, and coll her, untill she doth yield,—*  
*A faint hearted Souldier will never win field.* 10

You must set her beauty at very high<sup>1</sup> rate,  
 And never leave wooing her, early and late ;  
 Tell her that her brow, like a black Loadstone, drawes  
 Thy Iron heart to her, as Jet will doe straws. 14  
 When she doth conceive and perceive thy respect,  
 Ere long thy industry shall find an effect.  
*Then, you that wil wooe a wench with a black brow,*  
*Accept of my counsell, &c.* 18

For take this from me, a blacke wench is still proud,  
 And loves well to heare her praise set forth aloud ;  
 Although she accuse thee of flattery oft,  
 And tell thee she cannot abide to be soft, 22  
 Yet never leave praying her—for, if thou dost,  
 Thy speeches, thy paines, and thy love is all lost.  
*Then, if you will wooe a Wench with [a] black brow,*  
*Accept of my Counsell, &c.* 26

Comply with her humour in every thing right,  
 For that's the chiefe course that can give her delight ;  
 If thou see her merry, then laugh, sing, and jest,  
 Or tell some love-tales (this a maiden likes best) ; 30  
 And when she is sad, then put finger i' th eye,—  
 For wooers (like women) must oft feigne a cry.  
*Then, if you will wooe a wench with a blacke brow,*  
*Accept of my Counsell, &c.* 34

tions through which the advice passed, from the imperfections of this only copy that seems to have escaped the destruction of time. Martin Parker was usually metrical, but the following ballad presents some very unmanageable lines. His dilatations are upon the theme of "Faint heart ne'er won fair lady," under the motto of "The faint-hearted soldier will never win field."

In default of the "dainty new tune," the ballad was to be sung to the air of *The blind beggar's daughter of Bethnal Green*, under the alias of *Prettie Bessie*.

<sup>1</sup> "the highest" in copy.

If great be her portion, and thou be but poore,  
 Thy duty and paines must be so much the more ;  
 Thou must vow [to] good husbandry during thy life,—  
 What wilt thou not promise to get such a wife? 38  
 Gownes, Kirtles, and toyes of the fashion, all new,—  
 What though all thy words prove not afterward true?  
*Then, if you will wooe a Wench with a black brow,*  
*Accept of my Counsell, &c.* 42

If thou from her sight have beene too long away,  
 Redeeme then<sup>1</sup> thy negligence with longer stay ;  
 And, if she be angry, be sure goe not thence 45  
 Untill thou force her with thy fault to dispence ;  
 And tell her not onely wilt thou<sup>2</sup> stay all day,  
 But (if she please) thou wilt her all night obey. 48  
*Then, if you will wooe a Wench with [a] black brow,*  
*Accept of my counsell, and Ile tell you how ;*  
*You must kisse her, and coll her, untill she doe yield,*  
*For a faint-hearted Souldier will never win field.* 52

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<sup>1</sup> "Then redeeme" (words transposed) in copy.

<sup>2</sup> "thou wilt not onely," words again misplaced in copy.

## The second part,

TO THE SAME TUNE.



Have her to weddings, [to] playes, and merry meetings,  
 Where she may take notice<sup>1</sup> of others' love-greetings;<sup>2</sup>  
 Such objects a motive may often-times<sup>3</sup> be 55  
 To make her love thee, if she were a Lady.  
 For when a Maid sees what is done by another,  
 It more will perswade than<sup>4</sup> advice from her Mother, 58  
*Then, if you will wooe a Wench with a black brow,*  
*Accept of my Counsell, and Ile tell you how;*  
*You must kisse her, and coll her, untill she doe yield,*  
*For a faint-hearted Souldier will never win field.* 62

<sup>1</sup> "notice take," words misplaced in copy.

<sup>2</sup> "Lovers greetings" in copy. It may have been written "*true* Lovers greetings," which would do equally well, but a syllable is wanting.

<sup>3</sup> "often-times a motive" in copy. It appears as if the ballad-printer's types had slipped, and the words of this part of the ballad were replaced hap-hazard.

<sup>4</sup> "then" in copy.



If unto a Faire thou doe goe, farre or nigh,  
 Although thou have other great matters to buy,  
 Yet, when thou com'st home againe, be not thou sparing 65  
 To say thou went'st onely to buy her a fayring :  
 By this she will thinke thou wilt be a kind wretch,  
 That would'st goe so farre [but] a fayring to fetch.  
*Then you that will wooe a Wench, &c.* 69

If she be in presence, when others are by,  
 Where words must be wanting, there wooe with thy eye;  
 Although it seeme strange, yet experience doth prove 72  
 That the eye doth convey the first motion of love ;  
 And thou maist perceive by her eye, whether she  
 Doe well correspond in affection with thee.  
*Then if thou wilt wooe a Wench, &c.* 76

When by these meanes (or by any of them)  
 Thou hast gotten the<sup>1</sup> favour of thy precious gem,  
 Be carefull to hold and keepe what thou hast got,— 79  
 The Proverbe says " Strike while the Iron is<sup>2</sup> hot ;"—  
 For, if thou protract, and let slip thy occasion,  
 She's not so soone woone with a second persuasion.  
*Then if thou wilt, &c.* 83

Thou well may'st perceive, by the words that are past,  
 That I doe advise thee to marry in haste ;  
 A thing may be dasht when it comes to the push, 86  
 And one bird in hand is worth two in the bush :  
 One day, nay, one houre (if thou like thy wife),  
 May make thee, or marre thee, all the dayes of thy life.  
*Then if you will wooe a Wench, &c.* 90

Although, in my counsell, I let others passe,  
 And only have mention made of a blacke Lasse,  
 Yet be thy sweet-heart either blacke, browne, or ruddy, 93  
 These Lessons, kind Wooer, are fit for thy study :  
 Be she fayre, be she<sup>3</sup> foule, be she Widdow or Maid,  
 In wooing, a man must doe as I have said.  
*All you that will wooe a Wench, &c.* 97

<sup>1</sup> "got this" in copy.

<sup>2</sup> "Strike the Iron while it is hot" in copy—out of metre.

<sup>3</sup> "or" in copy.

And now, with this counsell, my ditty Ile end,  
 And if any Carper my skill discommend,  
 Hee'le shew little wisdome my counsell to blame, 100  
 For the wisest [of] Wooer[s] may follow the same ;  
 And if they will not, for my part, let them chuse,  
 But once more I will them these Lines to peruse. 103  
*Then if you will wooe a Wench with a black brow,  
 Accept of my counsell, and Ile tell you how ;  
 You must kisse her, and coll her, untill she doe yield,  
 A faint-hearted Souldier will never win field.* 107

Finis.

M. P.

Printed at London for F. G.

### An hundred Godly Lessons.

Here is some excellent advice of a commonplace character, which was, no doubt, very beneficial to those who took it. But there is other intermixt, which ill deserves the epithet of "godly." To tell a child, as in lines 109 and 110,

"Trust not a reconcilèd friend  
 more than an open foe,"

may be teaching worldly prudence, but such advice is neither charitable nor christian. Again, in lines 127 and 128,

"Hate her that doth on every man  
 set her delights and joy."

Here we may suppose that "Shun her" would have been written, but that the word "shun" had been employed at the interval of only one line before. Perhaps, however, "hate" may have been intended, since the advice is professedly given by a mother, and women are, proverbially, said to be more bitter on those subjects than men.

Break a child's will, and let your reasoning be the rod. Such is the lesson taught in lines 137 to 140. It is the admired old system, which has been equally famous for making children deceitful, and for shewing the want of patience, or of brains, in the teacher. This sort of reasoning has been at the root of all religious persecutions by dominant sects.

Such, then, are the "hundred godly lessons," swelled out with superfluous admonitions, such as (in line 19)

"Refuse not good and lawful gains."

Still there were many buyers for such advice. We have four

[Roxb. Coll. I. 144, 145 ]

## An Hundred Godly Lessons,

That a Mother on her Death-Bed gave to her Children,  
whereby they may know how to guide themselves to-  
wards God and Man, to the benefit of the Common-  
wealth, joy of their Parents, and good to themselves.

TO THE TUNE OF *Dying Christian's Exhortation.*



My Children dear, mark well my words,  
and keep thy Parents will;<sup>1</sup>

editions extant,—the Roxburghe copy, printed by A. Milburn only; the Bagford, by the same, coupled with “the booksellers of London” (II. 41); the Pepys copy, by Thackeray and Passinger (II. 16); and Mr. W. Euing’s, by Coles, Vere, Wright, and Clarke (No. 143). This last gives the name of the tune as *Wigmore’s Galliard* (see *Pop. Mus.* I. 242), and from it we should infer the ballad to be Elizabethan, or at least, early James I. Mr. Euing’s copy, although the earliest now extant, cannot be dated before the Protectorate. That gentleman has been kind enough to collate it with our Rox. copy, and the changes of words are given in the notes. The woodcuts in Mr. Euing’s copy differ wholly from ours.

<sup>1</sup> “my Precepts well;”—*Euing.*

Consider daily in your minds the words which I shall tell :	4
The Gain is great which shall ensue ; good Counsel doth direct Their ways and actions for the best that do it not neglect.	8
First, worship God above all things ; vain swearing see you shun ; Hear much, but see you little say,— thereby much good is won.	12
Speak thou no ill of any man ; tend well thine own affairs ; Bridle thy wrath and anger so that thereof come no cares.	16
Be mild and gentle in thy speech both unto Man and Child ; Refuse not good and lawful gains ; with words be not beguil'd.	20
Forget not any good turn done, and help thy Neighbour's need ; Commit no ill in any case ; the hungry see thou feed.	24
Cast no man in the teeth with that which thou for him hast done ; Remember flesh is fond and frail, and hatred see thou shun.	28
Leave wicked things, then no mishap shall thee to trouble bring ; Crave no preferment of the Lord, nor honour of the King.	32
Boast not thy selfe before God's sight, who knows thy heart alway ; Offend not thou the multitude ; faint not when thou dost pray ;	36
Scorn not a Man in misery ; esteem not tatling Tales ; Consider, reason is exil'd when as a Drunkard rails.	40
Use not thy lips to loathsome lies ; by craft increase not <sup>1</sup> wealth ;	

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<sup>1</sup> "no" *Rox.*; "not" *Ewing.*



- And strive not with a mighty man ;  
with temperance nourish health. 44
- Look that thou order well thy words ;  
leave not thy Friend for gold ;  
Trust not too much before thou try ;  
in vent'ring<sup>1</sup> be not bold. 48
- In God repose thy strength and stay ;  
with Tongue extol his praise ;  
Honour thy Parents, and the Lord  
he will prolong thy days. 52
- He that his Father honour doth,  
God will forgive his sin ;  
He that his Mother loves, is like  
one that doth favour win. 56
- A child, obedient to the Lord,  
his Mother comfort shall ;  
The father's Blessing stays the house,  
his curse doth make it fall. 60
- A wise Child makes the father glad ;  
fools do their mothers<sup>2</sup> grieve ;  
And shame shall come to such as do  
their Parents not relieve. 64
- He that his Mother doth despise<sup>3</sup>  
shall come to naught and worse ;  
The Ravens shall pick out their eyes  
that do their Parents curse. 68
- From needy men turn not thy face ;  
let not thy right hand know  
What thou dost with thy left hand give,  
or on the Poor bestow. 72
- They that upon the Poor bestow  
unto the Lord doth lend ;  
And God unto such men again  
a thousand fold will send : 76
- As water doth the fire quench,  
whose fury great doth grow,  
Even so shall mercy quench their sins  
the which do mercy show. 80

<sup>1</sup> "venturing."—*Euing.*

<sup>2</sup> "Mother" *Rox.* ; Mothers" *Euing.*

<sup>3</sup> "defie."—*Euing.*

Hear thou God's word with earnest ear ;  
with wisdom answer make ;  
Be thou not mov'd with every wind—  
such course do sinners take. 84  
Thy talk will show thy fame or shame ;  
fools oft themselves annoy ;  
Trust not thy own will overmuch,  
for that may thee destroy. 88

They that the living God do fear  
a faithful friend shall find ;  
A true friend is a jewel rare  
and comfort to the mind. 92  
Hear Sermons, that good sentences  
thou mayst conceive aright ;  
In God's commandments exercise  
thy self both day and night. 96



Think on the pain thy Mother had  
 in bringing thee to life ;  
 Fear God, who knows thy secret thoughts,  
 and look thou make no strife. 100  
 Visit the sick with carefulness ;  
 the Prisoner's grief consider ;  
 Shew pity to the fatherless,  
 and God will thee deliver. 104

Help still to right the Widow's wrong ;  
 remember still thine end ;  
 So thou shalt never do amiss,  
 nor wilfully offend : 108  
 Trust not a reconcilèd Friend  
 more than an open Foe ;  
 Who toucheth Pitch shall be defil'd ;—  
 take heed thou do not so. 112

Take not a wife that wanton is,  
 and full of shameful words ;  
 The flattering of an Harlot is  
 at length more sharp than<sup>1</sup> Swords. 116  
 Cast not thy love on such a one  
 whose looks can thee allure ;  
 In every Face where Beauty is  
 the heart's not always pure. 120

A woman fair and indiscreet  
 is like a Ring of gold,  
 The which in a Swine's snout is set,  
 unseemly to behold. 124  
 The malice of lewd women shun,  
 for they will thee destroy ;  
 Hate her that doth on every man  
 set her delights and joy. 128

From others let thy praise proceed ;  
 boast not thyself in ought ;  
 Nor<sup>2</sup> do not hear a flattering tongue,—  
 thereby much ill is wrought. 132

<sup>1</sup> "then."—*Ewing.*

<sup>2</sup> "And."—*Ewing.*

The Child that doth his Parents rob,  
and counteth it no sin,  
A vile destroyer he is deem'd,  
and shall no favour win. 136

Correction bringeth wisdom sound ;  
fools hate good Counsell still ;  
That Child doth shame his Mother much  
that's let to have his will. 140

The good man's paths shine<sup>1</sup> as the light  
that beautifies the day ;  
The wicked know not where they walk,  
for darkness is their way. 144

Put far from thee a froward mouth ;  
a slanderous tongue is ill ;  
And do not thou an envious mind  
in any wise fulfill. 148

A Harlot brings a Man to beg ;  
in her is found no truth ;  
In gladness, therefore, live and dye  
with the wife of thy Youth. 152

Much babling breedeth great offence ;  
he that speaks least is wise ;  
God's blessing only makes men rich,—  
from thence all joys arise. 156

Better is little, fearing God,  
than bags of gold got ill ;  
And better is one bit of bread  
than a fat ox with ill will. 160

Who brooks no warning, hates his soul ;  
true Age worship aright ;  
A patient Man far better is  
than one indued with might. 164

Man's credit comes by doing good ;  
an humble mind, indeed,  
Is better than<sup>2</sup> a Lyar proud,  
from whence vain brags proceed. 168

<sup>1</sup> "path shines."—*Ewing.*

<sup>2</sup> "then."—*Ewing.*



By this, dear Children, you may learn  
 how to direct your ways  
 To God, to Prince, to Common-wealth,  
 whereon your welfare stays. 172  
 Print well in your Remembrance  
 the Lessons I have shown,  
 Then shall you live in happy state  
 when I am dead and gone. 176

Printed for A. Milbourn, in Green-Arbor-Court,  
 in the Little Old-Baily.

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### Have among you! good Women.

Again Martin Parker, and no other copy to be found in the great collections. "Have among you! *bad* women," would have been a more correct title. So prolific a writer as Martin Parker must often have been at a loss for a subject, and here he has resorted to a tirade against the lowest of the low. Perhaps there may be a pleasure to low women in hearing that there are others worse, even than themselves; otherwise so base a theme might well have been dispensed with.

The tune of *Oh! such a rogue should be hang'd* is one of the many aliases for *Old Simon the King*.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 146, 147.]

## Have among you! good Women:

Or,

A High-way Discourse betweene old William Starket  
 And Robin Hobs, going to Maidstone Market;  
 Good Women before hand let me you advise,  
 To keepe your owne counsell, and so be held wise.  
 If any one take in ill part what here's said,  
 Shee'l shew by her kicking that shee's a gauld jade.

TO THE TUNE OF *O such a Rogue.*



“ Good morrow, old father *Starket* !  
 whither goe you with such speed ?”

“ I me going to Maidstone Market  
 to buy such things as I need.”

“ I care not if I goe along with you,  
 if you goe no faster then I.”

“ I am very glad that I spide you,  
 for I love good company.”

4

8

- "What thinke you of Alce that sels butter?  
 her neighbor's head-clothes she off pluckt,  
 And she scolded from dinner to supper."  
 "oh! such a scold would be cuckt."<sup>1</sup> 12
- "There's many such birds in our towne,  
 whose fury no reason can swage;  
 Ide give very gladly a crowne  
 to heare them all sing in a Cage: 16  
 Poore men in subjection are held—  
 so are modest women likewise—  
 Unlesse their owne mind be fulfil'd,  
 they'll be ready to scratch out ones ies. 20  
 What thinke you of Jone the Spinner?  
 her husband's pocket she pickt,  
 And she grudges her servants their dinner:"  
 "Oh! such a Queane would be kickt." 24
- "Nay, kicking's too good for her;  
 her husband of her stands in awe;  
 Out of doores he dares not stirre  
 for feare that he feele club law: 28  
 If he to the Ale-house steale,  
 shee'll goe as fast, or faster,  
 And there she will ring him a peale  
 that is worse then Lord or Master. 32  
 What thinke you of Ruth the Seamstris?  
 her tongue can no way be reclam'd;  
 She rules o're poor Tom, like an Empresse:"  
 "Oh! such a proud wench would be tam'd." 36
- "'Tis pittty that men are such fooles  
 to make themselves slaves to their wives;  
 For still, where the foot the head rules,  
 'tis wonder if any thing thrives. 40  
 That man that will be his wife's drudge,  
 of such a conceat I am,  
 That if I might be his Judge,  
 he should eat none o' th roasted Ram. 44

<sup>1</sup> The "cucking stool," a kind of chair, in which scolds were fixed, and dipped in the water, was in use, in some places, till the middle of the last century.

What thinke you of Jone that cries pins?  
‘ come, eight rowes a penny!’ cries shee;  
She has broken her husband’s shins,  
and swears shee’ll be drunke before hee.” 48

“ Why, wherefore all this doth he suffer?”  
“ why, if he should give her a check,  
She tels her friends how he doth cuff her  
and threatens to break her neck: 52

So he, for feare shee’ll cry out,  
dares neither to strike nor [to] chide her,  
For shee’ll give the word all about  
that his Queans will not let him abide her. 56

What thinke you of drunken Sue?  
for drinke she will sell all her smocks;  
I’ th streets she will raile and spew:”  
“ ’tis fit she were tam’d in the stocks.” 60

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## The second Part,

TO THE SAME TUNE.



“Nay, sometimes, besides her own getting,  
 shee’ll pawne his shirt and his breeches,  
 Which all shall be spent at a sitting,  
 and thus she increaseth his riches.” 64

“What thinks her poore husband of that?”  
 “why, if he doe her reprehend,  
 His face she will scratch like a Cat,  
 and swears what she gets she will spend.” 68

What thinke you of Peg the Pie-woman?  
 her nose hath been cut and slasht,  
 Shee’s turn’d now a dayes very common :”  
 “Oh! such a Queane would be lasht.” 72

“Last Saturday noone, at dinner,  
 some spoke about her, I suppose,  
 How she was found nought with a Joyner,  
 whose wife came and cut her Nose :” 76

Indeed, no body can blame her,  
she has given her a mark to be knowne ;  
And if all that will not shame her,  
the Hangman has markt her for his own. 80  
What thinke you of snuffelling Kate?  
by her many women have smarted ;  
She sels Maidenheads at a rate :”  
“oh ! such a old Trot would be carted.” 84

“ Such cunning old sluts as she,  
indeed, are the ruine of many ;  
Such fast-holding Lime-twigs they be,  
that if they get hold of any, 88  
There’s no speech at all of dismissing,  
whiles money their turne can serve.  
Thus, whiles he his Minion is kissing,  
his poore wife and children may starve. 92  
What thinke you of Madge that cries wheat ?  
she makes her poor husband shed teares ;  
She useth to cozen and cheat,  
but the Pillory gapes for her eares. 96

“ I heard lately how she did deale  
with a Butcher, a notable blade,  
Whom she guld of a quarter of Veale,  
and thus she set up her trade : 100  
Since that she hath done many a sleight  
as bad, or rather worse ;  
If you in her company ’light,  
I wish you take heed of your purse. 104  
What thinke you of quarrelling Nan,  
that will to no goodnesse be turn’d ?  
She threatens to kill her good man :”  
“oh ! such a Queane would be burned.” 108

“ Ime sorry to heare that newes,  
when man and wife are at strife :”  
“ Alas ! neighbour, how can you chuse,  
when a man goe in danger on ’s life ? 112  
Loe ! thus we have talkt away time,  
and nowe perforce must we part ;  
The Market is now in the prime,  
then farewell with all my heart : 116

- Commend me to Doll at the Crowne,—  
 that message must not be mist;  
 Shee's the kindest Hostis in the towne:"  
 "oh! such a Lasse would be kist." 120
- "But stay, neighbour, harke you one word,  
 which I had forgotten before,—  
 What heare you of little Kate Bird?  
 some say she is turn'd arrant whore." 124
- "Indeed, neighbour, I thought no lesse,  
 since that with her I was acquainted;  
 A man can no otherwise guesse,  
 her face is most basely painted: 128  
 She lodges with mouldy fac't Nell,  
 and I doubt they will never be parted  
 'Till the one get the lash in Bridewell  
 and the other from Newgate be carted." 132

Finis.

M. P.

Printed at London for Thomas Lambert.

**Household Talk.**

This "household talk" takes place out of doors. It is advice to a jealous man, who is suspicious without proof. His neighbour's consolation may be summed up in: "Don't believe it! but, if true, never mind—forget it, and think your wife constant." This is one of Martin Parker's earliest ballads, and the only known copy is in the Roxburghe collection. The date of the printing is the reign of James I.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 148, 149.]

## Household Talke, or; Good Councell for a Married Man.

Delivered in a Prittie Dialogue, By Roger a Batchelor, to  
Simon, a (Jealous) Married-man.

TO THE TUNE OF *Buckle and Thong-a.*



SIMON.

Neighbour Roger, woe is me !

I am sorely discontented ;

No redresse at all I see ;

more and more I am tormented :

Night and Day

I pine away,

Whilst my dearest friends doe scoffe me ;

to my face they (boldly) say

My Cosen makes a Cuckold of me.

4

9



ROGER.

Neighbour Simon, be not sad,  
 let not passion over-sway thee ;  
 If thy Wife will be so bad  
 that in such false coine shee'lle pay thee, 13  
     Why, therefore,  
     Shouldst thou deplore,  
 Or weare stockings that are yellow ?  
 tush! be blith, (man!) grieve no more,  
 A Cuckold is a good man's fellow. 18

SIMON.

Ah! how can I chuse but be  
 griev'd and vexèd out of measure,  
 When, with mine owne eyes, I see  
 him a Rivall in my pleasure? 22  
     With sore sobs  
     My bosome throbs,  
 When I heare my Neighbours scoffe me ;  
 of all joy my heart it robs,  
 My Cosen makes a Cuckold of me. 27

ROGER.

Jealousie's a mad disease,  
 and upon the braine it worketh ;  
 Like tormenting Lice, or Fleas,  
 it in secret corners lurketh ; 31  
     But yet<sup>1</sup> he,  
     Who ere he be,  
 Shewes himselfe in wit but shallow,  
 to be vext with Jealousie ;—  
 A Cuckold is a good man's fellow. 36

SIMON.

'Tis a saying, long agoe  
 us'd by those that know it truely,  
 " Every man can tame a Shroe  
 but he who hath a wife unruly : " 40  
     And he that weares  
     The Shooe declares  
 Best where it wrings him—doe not scoffe me—  
 this report still fills mine eares,  
 My Cosen makes a Cuckold of me. 45

<sup>1</sup> "that" in copy.

ROGER.

Tush, then ! it seemes 'tis bare report !  
not apparant by probation ;  
Neighbour, I am sorry for 't,  
that, on such a weake foundation, 49  
    You should frame  
    Such a Fame  
Of your wife ; 'tis nought, I tell you ;  
    yet, suppose she were to blame,  
A Cuckold is a good man's fellow. 54

SIMON.

Alas ! deare neighbour, you mistake ;  
'tis not on meere supposition  
That I this relation make,—  
    I have grounds for my suspition. 58  
    He and shee  
    So agree  
That unto my face they scoffe me ;  
    any man may easily see  
My Cosen makes a Cuckold of me. 63

ROGER.

Presuppose that all be true  
    (as I hardly can beleeve it),  
Yet it is but vaine for you  
    in the worst sence to conceive it ; 67  
    I dare say  
    (as I may)  
It's but flammes some Gossips tell you ;  
    Yet, if she have gone astray,  
A Cuckold is a good man's fellow. 72

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**The Second Part,**

TO THE SAME TUNE.



SIMON.

Truely, neighbour Roger, now  
 I perceive that you are leaning  
 To defend (if you knew how)  
 the knave and queane,—I find your meaning! 76  
 I suppose  
 Y' are one of those  
 That behind my backe will scoffe me!—  
 now I finde the game, how't goes,—  
 My Cosen makes a Cuckold of me. 81

ROGER.

Jealous Coxcombe! leave thy prate;  
 doe not thus bewray thy folly;  
 If cornuting be thy fate,  
 be not mad with melancholy! 85

I doe scorne  
 To subborne  
 He or she, in vice to wallow ;  
 yet I'de have thee hide thy horne,—  
 A Cuckold is a good man's fellow. 90

SIMON.

Neighbour Roger, when you come  
 into th' row of neighbours married,  
 I beleeve you'le not be dumbe,  
 if things be no better carried 94  
 Than<sup>1</sup> they be  
 Now with me ;

Farre and neere the people scoffe me ;  
 like you, I wish that I were free ;  
 My Cosen makes a Cuckold of me. 99

ROGER.

Neighbour Sim, I doe not know  
 what my fate may be in choosing ;  
 But, if I e're come i' th' row,  
 I'me resolv'd not to be musing 103  
 Whether she  
 Be true to me,—

I will not shew myselfe so shallow,—  
 for, if I be like to thee,  
 A Cuckold is a good man's fellow. 108

SIMON.

Honest Roger, by my troth,  
 thou hast given me satisfaction ;  
 From henceforth, upon my oath,  
 (unlesse I take them in the action) 112  
 I will not  
 My selfe besot

With Jealousie, that made some scoffe me ;  
 yet, 'twill hardly be forgot,  
 My Cosen makes a Cuckold of me. 117

ROGER.

Prethee, Sim, forget it quite,  
 thinke thy wife is constant to thee ;  
 This is one thing, marke it right,  
 many good turnes it will doe thee. 121

<sup>1</sup> "then" in copy.



If thou seeke  
 Her use to breake,  
 Rather strive to stop a Billow  
 of the Sea ; tush ! never speake ;  
 A Cuckold is a good man's fellow. 126

SIMON.

Now I am resolv'd to th' full,  
 never more I will be jealous,  
 Nor will I mistrust my Scull ;  
 Ile be merry with good fellowes ; 130  
     Home Ile hie,  
     By and by,  
 Kisse my Wife (with due submission) ;  
 thankes, sweete Roger, heartily,  
 For thy holsome admonition. 135

Finis.

M. P.

London, Printed for the Assignes of Thomas Simcock,  
 and are to bee sold by Francis Grove, dwelling upon Snow-hill.

### **A Health to all Good-fellowes.**

Another old drinking song, of which no second copy is known. The date of the printing is from 1607 to 1640. No author's initials to this copy. Suspicion rests upon Martin Parker or Laurence Price.

The bold tune has been referred to before.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 150, 151.]

# A Health to all Good-Fellowes ;

OR

## The good Companion's Arithmaticke.

TO THE TUNE OF *To drive the cold Winter away.*



Be merry, my hearts, and call for your quarts,  
 and let no liquor be lacking ;  
 We have gold in store ; we purpose to roare  
 untill we set care a packing. 4  
 Then, Hostis, make haste, and let no time waste ;  
 let every man have his due ;  
 To save shooes and trouble, bring in the pots double,  
 for he that made one, made two. 8

Ile drinke up my drinke, and speak what I thinke ;  
 strong drinke will make us speake truely ;  
 We cannot be termed all drunkards confirmed,  
 so long as we are not unruly. 12

Wee'le drinke and be civill, intending no evil ;  
 if none be offended at me,  
 As I did before, so Ile adde once more,  
 and he that made two, made three. 16

The greedy Curmudgin sits all the day snudging  
 at home with browne bread and small beare ;  
 To coffer up wealth he starveth himselfe,—  
 scarce eats a good meale in a yeare : 20  
 But Ile not do so, how ere the world go,  
 so long as I've money in store ;  
 I scorne for to faile—go, fill us more Ale,  
 for he that made three, made foure. 24

Why sit you thus sadly ? because I call madly  
 I meane not to leave in the lurch ;  
 My reckoning Ile pay ere I go away,  
 else hang me as high as a Church. 28  
 Perhaps you will say this is not the way ;  
 they must pine that in this world will thrive ;  
 No matter for that, wee'le laugh and be fat,  
 for he that made foure, made five. 32

To those my good friends my love so extends,  
 I cannot truely expresse it ;  
 When with you I meet, your words are so sweet,  
 I am unwilling to misse it. 36  
 I hate all base slaves, that their money saves,  
 and all those that use base tricks ;  
 For with joviall blades I'm as mery as the maids ;  
 and he that made five, made six. 40

Then drinke about round, till sorrow be drownd,  
 and let us sing *hey downe a derry* ;  
 I cannot endure to sit thus demure,  
 for hither I came to be merry : 44  
 Then plucke up a good heart before we depart ;  
 with my Hostesse we will make even ;  
 For I am set a madding, and still will be adding ;  
 for he that made six, made seven. 48

The second part.

TO THE SAME TUNE.



Sad melancholly will bring us to folly,  
and this is Death's principall magnet;<sup>1</sup>  
But this course I will take,—it never shall make  
me looke otherwise than an agnet.<sup>2</sup> 52  
And in more content my time shall be spent,  
and Ile pay every man his right;  
Then, Hostesse, go fill, and stand not so still,  
for he that made seven, made eight. 56

At home, I confesse, with my wife, honest Besse,  
I practise good husbandry well;  
I followed my calling to keepe me from falling;  
my neighbours about me that dwell 60

<sup>1</sup> "magnet," misprinted "magent" in copy.

<sup>2</sup> "agnet" = agnate = a brother, or other descendant, from the same father. Misprinted "agent" in copy.



- Wil praise me at large for maintaining my charge ;—  
 but when I to drinking incline,  
 I scorne for to shrink, —go fetch us more drinke ;  
 for he that made eight, made nine. 64
- Then while we are here wee'le drinke Ale and Beer,  
 and freely our money wee'le spend :  
 Let no man take care for paying his share,—  
 if need be, Ile pay for my friend. 68.
- Then, Hostesse, make haste, and let no time waste ;  
 You're welcome all, kind Gentlemen :  
 Never feare to carowse while there is beere in the house ;  
 for he that made nine, made ten. 72
- Then, Hostesse, be quicker, and bring us more liquor,  
 and let no attendance be missing ;  
 I cannot content me to see the pot empty,—  
 a full cup is well worth the kissing. 76
- Then, Hostesse, go fetch us some, for till you do come  
 we are of all joyes bereaven ;  
 You know what I meane, make haste, come againe ;  
 for he that made ten, made eleven. 80
- With merry sollaces, quite voyd of all malice,  
 with honest good fellowes that's here,  
 No cursing nor swearing, no staring nor tearing,  
 amongst us do seeme to appeare. 84
- When we have spent all, to labour we fall,  
 for a living wee'le dig or wee'le delve ;  
 Determin'd to be bounteous and free :  
 he that made eleven, made twelve. 88
- Now I think it is fit, and most requisit,  
 to drinke a health to our wives ;  
 The which being done, wee'le pay and be gone,—  
 strong drinke all our wits now deprives : 92
- Then, Hostesse, let's know the summe that we owe,—  
 twelve pence there is for certaine ;  
 Then fill t' other pot, and here's money for't ;  
 for he that made twelve, made thirteene. 96

Finis.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 152, 153.]

## Halfe a dozen of good Wives :

All for a penny.

Kind Cozens, or Country-men, what ere you be,  
If you want a good penny-worth, come, buy it of me ;  
Sixe Wives for a penny, a young one or old,  
A cleanly good huswife, a Slut or a Scold.

To THE TUNE OF *The cleane contrary way.*



If any standers by  
that leads a single life,  
Desirous be of marriage,  
and faine would have a Wife,  
Unto the signe of Fortune  
let him forthwith repaire,  
And either she, or I, will helpe  
such customers to ware :

4

8

The title of this ballad is to be reversed. It is to be taken "*the cleane contrary way*"—viz. of *bad* wives, such as would have been very dear at a penny. This is one of the numberless songs and ballads against women, whom men seem to have taken

For, in my time, I have  
 made prooffe of halfe a dozen,  
 And if thou hast a mind unto 't  
 come, take one, honest Cozen,  
 oh! come, take her, honest Cozen. 13

The first of all my Wives  
 did prove so crosse a Dame,  
 What ere I said, she still would doe  
 contrary to the same:  
 She is so obstinate 18  
 that she must have her will,  
 And, let me doe the best I can,  
 she will be Master still:  
 Oh, this was my good Wife,  
 the best [of the half dozen], &c. 23

Besides all these good parts,  
 sh'as humours five or sixe,  
 Though I please her nere so well at home,  
 she'le play the meretrice;<sup>1</sup>  
 For, if my backe be turn'd, 28  
 abroad she straight must gad,  
 And, to be briefe, she is so crosse,  
 as I am ene horne-mad.  
 O, this was my first Wife,  
 the best, &c. 33

a special delight in libelling. The attacks upon them are in the ratio of about a hundred to one upon their own sex. Was it that men thought to raise themselves in the social scale by lowering the character of their wives? Every imaginable fault has been laid to the charge of women by the very men who trusted their wives, allowed them undisputed rule over the household, and gave them more liberty abroad than was enjoyed by women in any other country. This was expressed in a proverb, which, in the mouth of a Frenchman, was, "England is the Paradise of Women, as *Spain* and *Italy* are their purgatory." The Italian or Spaniard repeated the first part of the proverb, but removed the site of woman's purgatory from his own country to his neighbour's.

We know of no other copy of the ballad. For the tune see *Pop. Mus.*

<sup>1</sup> A Latin word. We have rejected the substantive, but retain the adjective "meretricious," derived from it.

- The second wife I had  
was not so light as she ;  
But yet she had, I speake to her praise,  
as rare a quality.
- A thrifty Dame she was, 38  
which prov'd her greatest fault,  
She let the Maggots crawle i' th' meat  
to save the charge of salt.
- Oh, this was my good Wife,*  
*the best of the half dozen, &c.* 43
- And, when she went to Market,  
good penny worths she bought ;  
The cheap'st she laid her hands upon  
she alwayes with her brought ;
- But if that I dislik'd 48  
what she had done that day,  
Shee'd keepe the best untill it stunke  
and throw the rest away.
- O, this was my good Wife,*  
*the best, &c.* 53
- The third was somewhat cleanly,  
but yet a drunken Sot ;  
Shee'd pawne all things for Ale and Beere,  
whatever she had got ;
- Shee scarce would leave a smocke 57  
or shooe unto her foot,  
But at the Alehouse all these went,  
and somewhat else to boot.
- 61  
*O, this was my good Wife,*  
*the best of the halfe dozen ;*  
*And if thou'rt weary of a single life,*  
*Then take her, honest Cozen ;*  
*O, then take her, honest Cozen.* 66



**The second part.**

TO THE SAME TUNE.



But yet she had skill in spinning,  
 with her the world runs on wheelles ;  
 On any ground where ere she comes,  
 she cannot stand, but reeles. 70

And yet but once a weeke  
 with drinke shee's overtaine,  
 Which lasteth still from Sunday night  
 till Sunday come again. 74

*Oh, this was my good wife,  
 the best of the halfe dozen,  
 And if th'art wearie of a single life,  
 then take her, honest cozen ;  
 oh, then take her, honest cozen. 79*

The fourth good Wife of mine  
 was wondrous carefull bent ;  
 She had a care of the maine chance,  
 to see how all things went ;

She never would be quiet,  
 if from her sight I were,  
 For feare lest I should spend it all,  
 and she not have a share.

84

*Oh, this was my good wife,  
 the best, &c.*

89

And if unto a Taverne  
 without her I had gone,  
 She would be there as soone as I,—  
 Oh! 'twas a loving one!

And for my ill husbandry  
 shee'd keepe a pittious coyle,

94

And call me Rogue and Cuckold too,—  
 but what was she the while?

*I thinke one of my Aunts,<sup>1</sup>  
 the best, &c.*

99

The fifth was a good old woman,  
 and had great care of mee;  
 How could she chuse? for, by her ago,  
 she might my Grandham bee;

And, though I say it myselfe,  
 she stood me in great stead,

104

I durst trust her in any place  
 and never feare my head.

*O, this was one of my wives,  
 the best, &c.*

109

Yet, if I chanc'd to kisse,  
 or on a young wench lookt,  
 You would not thinke, poore harmles soule,  
 how pitiously she took 't;

For often times she 'd blame me  
 that I abroad should rome,

114

And love another, when I had  
 so good a piece at home.

*O, this was my good wife,  
 the best, &c.*

119

But, oh! the last of all,  
 she had an excellent tongue,  
 Which is the rarest property  
 that does to a woman belong:

---

<sup>1</sup> "Aunt," old slang for a woman of bad character.

- And if I had but vext her, 124  
 she us'd her tongue so well,  
 As, when she to the purpose spake,  
 it sounded like a Bell.  
*O, this was my good Wife,*  
*the best, &c.* 129
- She was so good a wife,  
 I must praise her againe,  
 For she excellèd all the Scolds .  
 that dwell in Turne-agen-Lane ; 133  
 I speake as I have felt her,  
 for shee bang'd me once so sore,  
 As I have vow'd, ere since that time,  
 never to marry more, 137  
*But here doe leave my wives,*  
*in number halfe a dozen,*  
*And for a penny will sell all ;*  
*then take them, honest cozen ;*  
*oh ! then take them, honest cozen.* 142
- But now, good women all,  
 whosoever heares this Song,  
 I doe no private person taxe,  
 to doe them any wrong ; 146  
 But if you take exceptions,  
 The thorne, you know, will pricke,  
 And if you touch a gall'd Horse backe,  
 the Proverbe sayes, hee'l kicke. 150  
*For I make mention of*  
*no lesse than halfe a dozen ;*  
*Then whosoere is angry now,*  
*will prove my honest cozen,*  
*Oh ! will prove my honest cozen.* 155

Finis.

Printed at London for F. C., dwelling  
 in the Old-Bayly.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 154, 155.]

## Here is an Item for you.

Or, The Countryman's bill of charges, for his coming up to  
London, Declared by a Whistle.

TO THE TUNE OF *King Henry, &c.*



This is evidently a first edition of a ballad, and therefore more correctly printed than usual. It is the account of a coun-



Diogenes, that laugh'd to see  
 a Mare once eat a Thistle,  
 Would surely smile, and laugh the while,  
 to heare me sing my whistle ; 4  
 For now, 'tis meant, wee must invent  
 a silent way of ringing,  
 And so, for feare lest some should heare,  
 must whistle 'stead of singing. 8  
*With a hay downe, with a ho downe,*  
*With a hay downe, downe, downe derry ;*  
*since that wee may*  
*nor sing nor say,*  
*Weele whistle and be merry.* 13

A Country-man to London came  
 to view the famous Citie,  
 And here his charge did grow so large,  
 it made me write this Dittie ; 17  
 For, in a Bill, he set downe still  
 his charge from the beginning,  
 Which I did find, and now doe mind  
 to whistle stead of singing.  
*With a hay downe, &c.* 22

Imprimis, comming into towne,  
 and at my Inne alighting,  
 I almost spent a noble crowne  
 in potting and in piping.<sup>1</sup> 26

---

tryman's visit to London, and of his return to the country, pleasantly and rhythmically told. The allusion to the silencing of church bells, in the first stanza, shews that it was written after the Puritan rule had commenced, and this date agrees precisely with that of the printer, M. F.

Miles Flesher published an edition of Dekker's *Belman of London* in 1640. This edition, and some others, have escaped Mr. Hazlitt.

One other copy of the ballad (the same edition) is included in the Pepys Collection, I. 202.

The tune is that of a ballad commencing: *King Henry's going to Bulloigne.*

<sup>1</sup> drinking, and paying the piper (more likely than smoking at an inn *circa* 1640). New-comers to inns were welcomed with music.

- Item, that the Tapster there  
 my Jugges halfe full did bring in ;  
 I dare not say he was a R[ogue],  
 but Ile whistle stead of singing.  
*With a hay downe, &c.* 31
- Item, that I went abroad,  
 and had my purse soone pickèd ;  
 While I did stare on London ware  
 by a Pick-purse I was fitted. 35
- Item, that I met a wench  
 that put me downe in drinking ;  
 I dare not say what she made me pay,  
 but Ile whistle stead of singing.  
*With a hay downe, &c.* 40
- Item, that I met withall  
 a very loving Cosen,  
 Who needs would bee of my Country,  
 and gave me halfe a dozen ;<sup>1</sup> 44  
 And at the last a pare<sup>2</sup> of Cards  
 they cunningly did bring in ;  
 I will not say what they made me pay,  
 but Ile whistle stead of singing.  
*With a hay downe, &c.* 49
- Item, that I daily went  
 unto my Lawyer's Chamber,  
 And hee did say I should win the day,  
 without all feare or danger : 53  
 But then, at last, for charge and cost,  
 he such a Bill did bring in,  
 I will not say what he made me pay,  
 But Ile whistle stead of singing.  
*With a hey downe, &c.* 58
- Item, that I payed there for  
 a bagpipe in a bottle,<sup>3</sup>  
 Which did begin to hisse and sing  
 when we did stirre the stople. 62

<sup>1</sup> More cousins to cozen him.

<sup>2</sup> "A pair of cards" = a pack of cards (not two). We still say "a pair of steps" for "a set of steps," "up a pair of stairs," for "one flight of stairs," etc.

<sup>3</sup> Some effervescing drink, perhaps bottled beer or cider. The date is too early for champagne, which we owe to a jovial monk of the eighteenth century.

Item, that one night I did lye  
 in the Counter for my drinking,  
 I will not say what I paid next day,  
 but Ile whistle in stead of singing.  
*With a hey downe, &c.*

67

Item, that at last I came  
 to take my horse againe,  
 But my poore horse lookt never worse,—  
 his belly did complaine;  
 For he, alas! for want of hay,  
 stood ore the manger grinning,  
 Yet they made me pay for night and day,  
 but Ile whistle stead of singing.  
*With a hey downe, &c.*

71

76

---

[Second Part.]

**The Country-man's going downe  
 into the Country. Declared by a whistle.**

TO THE SAME TUNE.





Thus, having got from London once,  
 he rid full heavy-hearted,  
 For, like an honest man, he had  
 from all his mony parted. 80  
 His Cloake-bag full of papers was,  
 instead of money gingling ;  
 I dare not bost what those papers cost !  
 but Ile whistle stead of singing. 84  
*With a hay downe, with a ho downe,*  
*With a hay downe, downe, downe derry ;*  
*since that we may*  
*nor sing, nor say,*  
*Weele whistle and be merry.* 89  
 Imprimis, comming home, he found  
 his good wife Joane a brewing,  
 And did not deferre, but unto her  
 his papers fell to shewing : 93  
 But when she saw nothing but law,  
 she fell to scold and flinging ;  
 But all that day he kept away,  
 and whistled stead of singing.  
*With a hay downe, &c.* 98  
 Item, then he went to plough,  
 which whiles that he was driving,  
 "Alas !" sayes he, "what fooles are we  
 in law to fall a striving ! 102



For now, I meane to keepe my teeme,  
 which shall good profit bring in ;  
 I must drive on,—my money's gone,—  
 and whistle stead of singing.”  
*With a hay downe, &c.* 107

Item, that his neighbour came  
 to aske what newes at London ;  
 “ Alas !” sayes he, “ more wiser be !  
 for feare that you be undone. 111

Spend not at Terme what you doe erne  
 whilst that your wives are spinning,  
 Which makes me now to drive the plough,  
 and whistle stead of singing.  
*with hey downe, &c.* 116

“ For, be it knowne unto you all,  
 that I my money spende ;  
 Such fooles as I will beggers dye  
 before their lives are ended ! 120  
 Therefore beware ! and have more care  
 when that your mony's gingling,  
 Least, when 'tis spent, you doe repent,  
 and whistle stead of singing.  
*With a hay downe, &c.* 125

“ For I so many Items had,  
 yet could not I beware—  
 For this and that, and I know not what !—  
 this Item brings my care. 129  
 Yet let this be, to all of ye,<sup>1</sup>  
 an Item which I bring in,  
 Lest money spent makes you repent  
 and whistle stead of singing.  
*With a hay downe, &c.* 134

Yet one more Item I will add,  
 since that my song is ended ;  
 My Item's this, that I would wish  
 no man to be offended 138

<sup>1</sup> “you” in copy, but it should rhyme with “be,” in the middle of the line.

With all my Items, but to save  
his money when t'is gingling,  
Least, when 'tis spent, he doe repent,  
and whistle stead of singing. 142  
*With a hay downe, with a ho downe,*  
*With a hay downe, downe, downe derry ;*  
since that we may  
nor sing, nor say,  
*Weele whistle and be merry.* 147

Finis.

Printed at London by M. F.

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### The Honest Wooer.

There are but two copies of this ballad generally known, one in the Roxburghe Collection, from which the following is taken, and the other in the Pepys Collection, I. 302. The publisher of the first was Francis Coules, and of the second, H. G[osson].

The Pepys edition bears the initials of R. W. as the author. But who was R. W.? He is unknown to us as a ballad writer. From internal evidence he would appear to be one who preferred fact to fiction, and one who had read Ancient History. We infer his acquaintance with the latter from his having introduced Hypsicratea, the queen of Mithridates, who followed her husband "round the world," into a ballad. (The ingenious printer has changed her name to Hypsocrats.) There are two men of James the First's time who may be suspected of being the R. W., viz. Richard West, who wrote "Newes from Bartholomew Fair," and "The Court of Conscience, or Dick Whipper's Sessions," about 1606 or 1607, and Rowland Willett, who translated from the French, "Merry Jestes concerning Popes, Monkes, and Friars," 8vo, 1617. Of these, the former seems more likely to have been the writer. Others, who are known to have published under the initials of R. W., seem either to have lived too early or too late.

For the pretty tune of *Lulling beyond her*, see *Popular Music*, I. 259.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 156, 157.]

## The Honest Wooer,

His minde expressing in plaine and few termes,  
By which to his Mistresse his love he confirms.

TO THE TUNE OF *Lulling beyond her.*



Fairest Mistresse, cease your moane,  
    spoil not your eyes with weeping ;  
For certainly, if one be gone,  
    you may have another sweeting :  
I will not complement with oathes,  
    nor speake you faire to prove you,  
But save your eyes to mend your cloths,  
    *for it is I that love you.*

I will not boast of substance great,  
    wherewith I can endow you,  
Nor what apparell, nor what meat,  
    I'm able to allow you.

4

8

12

You know 'tis time that all things tries ;  
 let, then, my affection move you,  
 And weep no more, but save your eyes,  
*for it is I that love you.* 16

If I should say y'have golden haire,  
 I should both lye and flatter ;  
 Why should I say thine eyes are stars,  
 when there is no such matter? 20

Every like is not the same,  
 yet none I prize above you ;  
 To sigh so sore you are much to blame,  
*for it is I that love you.* 24

With courtly words I cannot court,  
 like one whose tongue is filèd ;  
 By subtill speakers, in that sort,  
 poore women are oft beguilèd : 28  
 I speake no more but what I meane,  
 then doe as it doth behove you,  
 And doe not waste your teares in vaine,  
*for it is I that love you.* 32

You may, I know, have choice of men  
 that many wayes excell me ;  
 But yet in love I passe all them,  
 my conscience this doth tell me. 36  
 Then let no riches buy my prise,  
 nor flattering words remove you ;  
 To sigh and sob you are very unwise,  
*for it is I that love you.* 40

I am thy constant Pyramus,  
 be thou my constant Thysbe ;  
 That such a match is made by us  
 let this a sealing kisse be : 44  
 I never will revoke my vow,  
 nor deeme any Lasse above you ;  
 Then, dearest, leave your sorrow now,  
*for it is I that love you.* 48

Now if you doe my love deny,  
 and utterly refuse me,  
 I will not say for love Ile dye,—  
 in that you shall excuse me : 52



Some say so, yet meane much<sup>1</sup> lesse,  
 but pittie, I hope, will move you  
 Not to put me to that distresse,  
*for it is I that love you.*

56

**The second part ;**

**Being an answer of the Maiden kinde,  
 Correspondent to the plaine Young-man's minde.**

TO THE SAME TUNE.



As the lost infant doth rejoyce  
 when he hath found his Mother,  
 So am I glad to heare the voyce  
 of you, my constant Lover :

60

<sup>1</sup> "nothing" in copy.

Beleeve me, Harry, if you will,  
 since I so true doe prove you,  
 Come when you will, and welcome still,  
*for it is I that love you.* 64

I loved a false disloyall youth,  
 which caus'd my thus lamenting,  
 For in his words there were no truth,  
 but subtill circumventing; 68  
 You use plaine dealing, which is best;  
 so, still, it doth behove you,  
 And therefore set your heart at rest,  
*for it is I that love you.* 72

And now, henceforth, I will give ore  
 to weepe for him that jeeres me,  
 And his affection Ile abhorre,  
 for no true love he beares me: 76  
 With you I will rejoyce, my deare;  
 let no false tales remove you;  
 Beleeve not every newes you heare,  
*for it is I that love you.* 80

As Hypsocrats,<sup>1</sup> of Pontus Queene,  
 did follow her Mithridates  
 Thorow uncouth woods and forrests green,  
 so nothing shall separate us; 84  
 Ile circulate the wor[l]d with you;  
 nought shall from me remove you;  
 Thinke not that I speake more than 's true,  
*for it is I that love you.* 88

Nor Lucrece, nor Penelope,  
 shall be more chaste than I will;  
 Ere Ile forsake my honesty,  
 ten thousand deaths I dye will: 92  
 You need not to repent your choice,  
 but let me true still prove you,  
 And so we shall together rejoyce,  
*for it is I that love you.* 96

<sup>1</sup> Hypsicratea.

Judge not amisse, because so soone  
 I yeeld to your requesting ;  
 Love is a thing that ought to be done  
 without any fraud or jesting : 100  
 You love plaine dealing, as you say,  
 then why should I disprove you ?  
 Against my mind I cant say nay,  
*for it is I that love you.* 104

And thus, with mind reciprocal,  
 this couple were well matchèd ;  
 The Parson told the Parish all,  
 and then 'twas quite dispatchèd. 108  
 I hope the love that 'twixt them past,  
 unto delight would move you ;  
 Each of them us'd this Phrase to th' last,—  
*“for it is I that love you.”* 112

Finis.

Printed at London for F. Coules dwelling  
 in the Old-Baily.

### The industrious Smith.

The industrious smith of this ballad sets up an alehouse, to which his wife is to attend, and so to improve his fortunes, while he works on at his trade. He finds out that some of his customers become quarrelsome by drinking, others too amative, and that some, again, run up scores with him, and do not pay. Moreover that he, as a host, is called upon to treat many to liquor and to drink with them, which results in his being made drunk too. He therefore discontinues it. The sting of the ballad is for alehouse keepers, who are said seldom “to break” in business, because they resort to “filling their measure with nothing but froth.”

This alehouse-picture is drawn by “Humfrey Crowch,” a writer of many ballads and small books, who began employing his pen in Charles the First’s reign. There are four, or more, of his ballads in the Roxburghe Collection. A list of his works will be found in Mr. W. C. Hazlitt’s *Handbook*, to which may be added Crowch’s account of the five plagues of London in 1592, 1603, 1625, 1630, and 1636, written during the last of them, and

[Roxb. Coll. I. 158, 159.]

The industrious Smith, wherein is showne  
 How plain dealing is overthrowne;  
 That, let a man do the best that he may,  
 An idle huswife will work his decay;  
 Yet art is no burthen, though ill we may speed,  
 Our labour will help us in time of our need.

TO THE TUNE OF *Young man, remember delights are but vain.*



entitled "London's Lord have Mercy upon us," by H. C. Folio, without date. Printed for Richard Harper, the publisher of this ballad.

The song about Queen Dido, introduced by "Discretion" into Crowch's "Love's Court of Conscience" (and quoted by Mr. Payne Collier in his *Bibliographical Catalogue*, I. 168), was taken by Crowch from "The Ayres that were sung and played at Brougham Castle in Westmoreland, in the King's (James I.) Entertainment, given by the Earl of Cumberland." Printed by Thomas Snodham, 1618.

The copy from which the following ballad is taken is perhaps unique.



There was a poor Smith liv'd in a poor town,  
 That had a loving wife, bonny and brown,  
 And though he were very discreet and wise,  
 Yet would he do nothing without her advise. 4  
 His stock it grew low, full well he did know ;  
 He told his wife what he intended to do ;  
 Quoth he, " Sweet wife, if I can prevail,  
 I will shoo horses, and thou shalt sell Ale. 8

"I see by my labour but little I thrive,  
 And that against the stream I do strive ;  
 By selling of Ale some mony is got,  
 If every man honestly pay for his pot : 12  
 By this we may keep the Wolf from the door,  
 And live in good fashion, though now we live poor ;  
 If we have good custome, we shal have quick sale ;  
 So may we live bravely by selling of Ale." 16

" Kind husband," quoth she, " let be as you said,  
 It is the best motion that ever you made ;  
 A Stan of good Ale let me have in,  
 A dozen of good white bread in my Bin : 20  
 Tobacco, likewise, we must not forget,  
 Men will call for it when malt's above wheat :  
 When once it is known, then ore hill and dale  
 Men will come flocking to taste of our Ale." 24

They sent for a wench, her name it was *Besse*,  
 And her they hired to welcome their ghesse :  
 They took in good Ale, and many things mo,—  
 The Smith had got him two strings to his bow : 28  
 Good fellows come in, and began for to rore,—  
 The Smith he was never so troubled before ;  
 " But," quoth the good wife, " Sweet hart, do not rayl,  
 These things must be, if we sell Ale." 32

The Smith went to his work every day,  
 But still one or other would call him away ;  
 For now he had got him the name of an Host,  
 It cost him many a pot and a toste ; 36  
 Besides, much precious time he now lost,  
 And thus the poor Smith was every day crost ;  
 " But," quoth the good wife, " Sweet hart, do not rayl,  
 These things must be, if we sell Ale." 40

Men run on the score, and little they paid,  
Which made the poor Smith be greatly dismayd ;  
And bonny Besse, though she were not slack  
To welcom her guesse, yet things went to wrack ; 44  
For she would exchange a pot for a kisse,  
Which any fellow should seldom times misse ;  
“ But,” quoth the good wife, “ Sweet hart, do not rayl,  
These things must be, if we sell Ale.” 48

The Smith went abroad : at length hee came home,  
And found his maid and man in a room  
Both drinking together, foot to foot ;  
To speak unto them he thought 'twas no boot, 52  
For they were both drunk, and could not reply  
To make an excuse as big as a lye.  
“ But,” quoth the good wife, “ Sweet hart, do not rayl,  
These things must be, if we sell Ale.” 56

He came home again, and there he did see  
His Wife kindly sitting on a man's knee ;  
And though he said little, yet he thought the more,  
And who could blame the poore Wittal therfore ? 60  
He hugd her and kist her, though Vulcan stood by,  
Which made him to grumble, and look all awry ;  
“ But,” quoth the good wife, “ Sweet hart, do not rayl,  
These things must be, if we sell Ale.” 64

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I owe to your wife, and her I will pay."  
Alas! who could blame him if now he do rayl;  
These things should not be, though they sold Ale. 79

Old debts must be paid—O why should they not?  
The fellow went home to pay the old shot,  
The Smith followed after, and they fell at strife,  
For he found this fellow in bed with his Wife. 83  
He fretted and fumed, he curst and he swore;  
Quoth she, "he is come to pay the old-score."  
And still she cryde "Good sweet hart, do not rayl,  
For these things must be, if we sell Ale." 87

A stock of good fellows, all Smiths by their trade,  
Withiu a while after, a holiday made;  
Unto the Smith's house they came then with speed,  
And there they were wondrous merry indeed: 91  
With my pot, and thy pot, to rayse the score hier,  
Mine Oast was so drunk, he fell in the fire:  
"But," quoth the good Wife, "Sweet hart, do not rayl,  
These things must be, if we sell Ale." 95

Mine Oast being drunk, and loose in his joynts,  
He took an occasion to untrusse<sup>1</sup> his points;  
The vault it was nere, but bords but slight,  
The Smith he was heavy, and could not tred light; 99  
The bords broke asunder, and down he fell in,  
It was a worse matter then breaking his shin:  
"But," quoth the good Wife, "Sweet heart, do not rayl,  
These things must be, if we sell Ale." 103

Happy is he who, when he doth stumble,  
Knowes the ground well before he do tumble;  
But so did not he, for he had forgotten  
The bords which he trod on were so [very] rotten. 107  
He movèd the house to mirth and to laughter,—  
His clothes they stunk at least a month after:  
"But," quoth the good Wife, "Sweet hart, do not rayl,  
These things must be, if we sell Ale." 111

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<sup>1</sup> "untruss" = unlace.



But men ran so much with him on the score,  
 That Vulcan at last grew wondrous[ly] poor;  
 He owèd the Brewer and Baker so much,  
 They thretned to arrest him, his case it was such. 115  
 He went to his Anvill, to my pot and thine,  
 He turn'd out his Maid, he puld downe his Signe;  
 "But O" (quoth the good Wife), "why should we fail?  
 These things should not be, if we sell Ale." 119

The Smith and his boy went to work for some chink,  
 To pay for the liquor which others did drink.  
 Of all trades in London, few break, as I heare,  
 That sell Tobacco, strong Ale, and good Beer. 123  
 They might have done better, but they were loth  
 To fill up their measure with nothing but froth.  
 Let no Ale-house keeper at my Song rayl,  
 These things must be if they sell Ale. 127

Finis.

Humfrey Crowch.

London, Printed for Richard Harper in Smithfield.



[Roxb. Coll. I. 160, 161.]

**A New Song, called**  
**Jacke Dove's Resolution, by which he doth show**  
**That he cares not a rush how ere the world goe.**

TO THE TUNE OF *To drive the cold winter away.*



To all my good Friends these presents I send,  
 yet neyther to beg nor to crave ;  
 For though some have store, and I am but poore,  
 I'me content with that little I have ; 4  
 And Ile nere, for my want, turne Sycophant,  
 (though many there be that doe so),  
 But Ile honest bee, love them that loves mee,  
 and care not how ere the world goe. 8

And though fortune frowne, Ile not cast my selfe downe,  
 but mildly beare what doth fall ;  
 Care will make me but worse, and nere fill my purse,  
 but the day may come will mend all. 12

Jack Dove's determination is "to laugh and grow fat—for care kills a cat;" so "he'll care not howe'er the world go." This spirited theme is carried through the song, which trolls on to a tune which is perfectly in character with the words.

The author, "G. B.," is unknown to ballad fame. In this case only, are such initials found in the Roxburghe Collection.

The date of the copy is about James the First's time. No other is to be found in the oft-quoted collections.

Then tis but a folly for that to be sorry  
 which must be, whether I will or no ;  
 But in patience Ile rest,<sup>1</sup> then Ile hope for the best,  
*and care not how ere the world goe.* 16

For why should a man care, or drowne in despaire,  
 though his fortunes be nere so unkind ?  
 Why should I be sad, for what I nere had,  
 or foolishly trouble my mind ? 20

O no ! I doe hate to pine at my fate,  
 (there is none but fooles will doe so),  
 Ile laugh and be fatte, for Care kils a Catte,  
*and I care not how ere the world goe.* 24

To sigh and to waile, what will it prevaile,  
 or any whit better my fare ?  
 When a little good mirth mong'st friends is more worth  
 and better then a great deal of care. 28

Then Ile cheere up my selfe, for content is great wealth ;  
 let sighing and sorrowing goe,  
 Ile laugh and be merry with a cup of old Sherry,  
*and care not how ere the world goe.* 32

Though many a Chuffe<sup>2</sup> hath more then enough,  
 why should I repine at their blisse ?  
 If I am content with what God hath sent,  
 I thinke I doe not amisse : 36

Let others have wealth, so I have my health  
 and money to pay what I owe ;  
 Ile laugh and be merry, sing "Downe a downe derry,"  
*and care not how ere the world goe.* 40

Ile make much of none,<sup>3</sup> for, when I am gone,  
 then what's all the world unto mee ?  
 Ile not be a slave to that which I have,  
 but 'mongst my friends let it flee ; 44

And least there rise debate about my estate,  
 when my head's laid full low,  
 Or some knaves circumvent it, for whom I nere meant it,  
*Ile spend it, how ere the world goe.* 48

<sup>1</sup> "impatience in rest" in copy.

<sup>2</sup> "chuff" = old miser.

<sup>3</sup> "ons" in copy.

## The second part,

TO THE SAME TUNE.



Some Men doe suppose, to goe in brave Cloathes  
 doth purchase a great deale of respect ;  
 Though I am but poore, I run not on score,  
 I thinke myselfe honestly deckt : 52  
 Let others goe brave, 'tis my owne that I have,  
 and I thinke they can not say so ;  
 And I like that I weare, though it cost not so deare,  
 and I care not how ere the world goe. 56

I'de rather goe meane, then be like to them,  
 which, living in pompe and state,  
 Maintaine all their braverie with private knaverie,  
 getting gold at any rate : 60  
 Such conscience professe, but use something lesse,<sup>1</sup>  
 deceiving the world with a show,  
 But the time it may come will pay such knaves home,  
 but I care not how ere the world goe. 64

<sup>1</sup> "nothing lesse" in copy.



Your delicate Cates<sup>1</sup> your Hippocrites eates,  
 and Wine of the best doe drinke ;  
 Much money they spend, but to little end,  
 and ne're on their end they thinke : 68

Low Shrubbes be secure, when Cedars endure  
 all stormes and tempests that blow ;  
 Let others rise high, but so will not I,  
*for I care not how ere the world goe.* 72

For ambition's best sceane is but a fine dreame,  
 which for a time tickles the minde,  
 And the hap of an houre with such envy may lowre  
 as may turne all ones hope into winde ; 76  
 Then, worse then before, they may sigh and deplore  
 to see themselves cast off so low,  
 When I, all the while, doe sit and [doe] smile,  
*and care not how ere the world goe.* 80

The flattering Cures, which fawne upon fures,  
 and hang on the Noble-man's becke,  
 That crouch at their heele whilst their bounty they feele,  
 professing all love and respect ; 84  
 Yet, when they doe fall, they runne away all,  
 but I hate to dissemble so ;  
 What I doe for my part shall come from my heart,  
*and I care not how ere the world goe.* 88

Ile wrong none, not I, but if some, through envy,  
 doe wrong me without a cause,  
 Or if me they disdain, Ile slight them againe,  
 and reckon not of it two straws : 92  
 Dissembling I scorne, for I am free borne,  
 my happinesse lies not below ;  
 Though my words they want art, I speake from my heart,  
*and I care not how ere the world goe.* 96

Finis.

G. B.

Printed at London for John Wright, and are to be sold at his  
 Shop in Giltspur-street at the signe of the Bible.

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<sup>1</sup> "cates" = provisions.

## Jane Shore.

The life of Jane Shore has been a favourite subject with the poet, the dramatist, and the ballad-writer. The first known ballad was by Churchyard, which was reprinted some forty or fifty years ago in Brayley's *Graphic Illustrator*, with a life of Jane Shore, by the Rev. Mark Noble, F.S.A. (p. 58 *et seq.*)

The following ballad, of which the first part may be attributed to T. Deloney, was entered on the books of the Stationers' Company to William White, printer, on the 11th of June, 1603. No copy of White's edition is now known. There are three in the Roxburghe Collection, one, or more, in the Pepys, two in the Bagford, and two in Mr. W. Euing's Collection; but, among them all, not one earlier than Charles the Second's time, or, at most, than the Protectorate.

The earliest is probably Mr. Euing's No. 394, printed for Coles, Vere, and Wright, and the second is perhaps, the Pepys copy (L. 486), printed by Clarke, Thackeray, and Passinger. We have not yet seen any ballad with Passinger's name to it, that could with certainty be dated before 1670, although some of the undated may have been earlier. We can but give approximate dates to Stationers who were not printers.

Between the last two columns of this ballad is a short "Description of Jane Shore" in prose, which points to Sir Thomas More's History for its source. The passages which relate to Jane Shore have been extracted from More by Dr. Percy, and are printed with extracts from Michael Drayton, etc., in the *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*. As little can be added, we transcribe from him:

"Now then by and by, as it wer for anger, not for covetise, the protector sent into the house of Shores wife (for her husband dwelled not with her) and spoiled her of al that ever she had, (above the value of 2 or 3 thousand marks) and sent her body to prison. And when he had a while laide unto her, for the maner sake, that she went about to bewitch him, and that she was of counsel with the lord chamberlein to destroy him: in conclusion when that no colour could fasten upon these matters, then he layd heinously to her charge the thing that herselfe could not deny, that al the world wist was true, and that natheles every man laughed at to here it then so sodainly so highly taken,—that she was naught of her body. And for thys cause (as a goodly continent prince, clene and fautless of himself, sent oute of heaven into this vicious world for the amendment of mens maners) he caused the bishop of London to put her to open penance, going before the crosse in procession upon a sonday with a taper in her hand. In which she went in countenance and pace demure so womanly; and albeit she was out of al array save her

kyrtle only, yet went she so fair and lovely, namelye, while the wondering of the people caste a comly rud in her chekes (of which she before had most misse) that her great shame wan her much praise among those that were more amorous of her body, then curious of her soule. And many good folke also, that hated her living, and glad wer to se sin corrected, yet pittied thei more her penance then rejoiced therin, when thei considred that the protector procured it more of a corrupt intent, then any virtuous affection.

“This woman was born in London, worshipfully frended, honestly brought up, and very wel maryed, saving somewhat to soone; her husbände an honest citizen, yonge, and goodly, and of good substance. But forasmuche as they were coupled ere she wer wel ripe, she not very fervently loved, for whom she never longed. Which was happely the thinge, that the more easily made her encline unto the king’s appetite, when he required her. Howbeit the respect of his royaltie, the hope of gay apparel, ease, plesure, and other wanton welth, was able soone to perse a soft tender hearte. But when the king had abused her, anon her husband (as he was an honest man, and one that could his good, not presuming to touch a kinges concubine) left her up to him al together. When the king died, the lord chamberlen [Hastings] toke her<sup>1</sup>: which in the kinges daies, albeit he was sore enamoured upon her, yet he forbare her, either for reverence, or for a certain frendly faithfulness.

“Proper she was, and faire: nothing in her body that you wold have changed, but if you would have wished her somewhat higher. Thus say thei that knew her in her youthe. Albeit some that NOW SEE HER (FOR YET SHE LIVETH) deme her never to have bene wel visaged. Whose judgement seemeth me somewhat like, as though men should gesse the bewty of one longe before departed, by her scalpe taken out of the charnel house; for now is she old, lene, withered, and dried up, nothing left but ryvilde skin, and hard bone. And yet, being even such, whoso wel advise her visage, might gesse and devise which partes how filled, wold make it a fair face.

“Yet delited not men so much in her bewty, as in her pleasant behaviour. For a proper wit had she, and could both rede wel

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<sup>1</sup> After the death of Hastings, she was kept by the Marquis of Dorset, son to Edward IV.’s queen. In Rymer’s *Fœdera* is a proclamation of Richard’s, dated at Leicester, Oct. 23, 1483, wherein a reward of 1000 marks in money, or 100 a year in land, is offered for taking “Thomas late Marquis of Dorset,” who, “not having the fear of God, nor the salvation of his own soul, before his eyes, has damnably debauched and defiled many maids, widows, & wives, and lived in actual adultery with the wife of Shore.” Buckingham was at that time in rebellion, but as Dorset was not with him, Richard could not accuse him of treason, and therefore made a handle of these pretended debaucheries to get him apprehended. *Vide Rym. Fœd.* tom. XII. p. 204.



and write ; mery in company, redy and quick of aunswer, neither mute nor ful of bable ; sometime taunting without displeasure, and not without disport. The king would say, That he had three concubines, which in three divers properties diversly excelled. One the meriest, another the wiliest, the thirde the holiest harlot in his realme, as one whom no man could get out of the church lightly to any place, but it wer to his bed. The other two wer somewhat greater personages, and natheles of their humilitè content to be nameles, and to forbere the praise of those properties ; but the meriest was the Shoris wife, in whom the king therfore toke special pleasure. For many he had, but her he loved, whose favour, to sai the trouth (for sinne it wer to belie the devil) she never abused to any mans hurt, but to many a mans comfort and relief. Where the king toke displeasure, she would mitigate and appease his mind : where men were out of favour, she wold bring them in his grace : for many, that had highly offended, shee obtained pardon : of great forfeitures she gate men remission : and finally in many weighty sutes she stode many men in gret stede, either for none or very smal rewardes, and those rather gay than rich : either for that she was content with the dede selfe well done, or for that she delited to be sued unto, and to show what she was able to do wyth the king, or for that wanton women and welthy be not alway covetous.

“I doubt not some shal think this woman too sleight a thing to be written of, and set amonge the remembraunces of great matters : which thei shal specially think, that happely shal esteeme her only by that thei NOW SEE HER. But me semeth the chaunce so much the more worthy to be remembred, in how much she is NOW in the more beggerly condicion, unfrended and worne out of acquaintance, after good substance, after as grete favour with the prince, after as grete sute and seeking to with al those, that in those days had busynes to spede, as many other men were in their times, which be now famouse only by the infamy of their il dedes. Her doinges were not much lesse, albeit thei be muche lesse remembred because thei were not so evil. For men use, if they have an evil turne, to write it in marble ; and whoso doth us a good tourne, we write it in duste.<sup>1</sup> Which is not worst proved by her ; for AT THIS DAYE shee beggeth of many at this daye living, that at this day had begged, if shee had not bene.” See More’s workes, folio, bl. let. 1557, pp. 56, 57.

“DRAYTON has written a poetical epistle from this lady to her

<sup>1</sup> These words of Sir Thomas More probably suggested to Shakespeare that proverbial reflection in Henry VIII., act IV. sc. 2 :

“Men’s evil manners live in brass : their virtues  
We write in water.”

Shakespeare, in his play of Richard III., follows More’s History of that reign, and therefore could not but see this passage.



royal lover, and in his notes thereto he thus draws her portrait: 'Her stature was meane, her haire of a dark yellow, her face round and full, her eye gray, delicate harmony being betwixt each part's proportion, and each proportion's colour, her body fat, white and smooth, her countenance cheerfull and like to her condition. The picture which I have seen of hers was such as she rose out of her bed in the morning, having nothing on but a rich mantle cast under one arme over her shoulder, and sitting on a chaire, on which her naked arm did lie. What her father's name was, or where she was borne, is not certainly knowne: but Shore a young man of right goodly person, wealth and behaviour, abandoned her bed after the king had made her his concubine. Richard III. causing her to do open penance in Paul's churchyard, COMMANDED THAT NO MAN SHOULD RELIEVE HER, which the tyrant did, not so much for his hatred to sinne, but that by making his brother's life odious, he might cover his horrible treasons the more cunningly.' See England's Heroical Epistles, by Mich. Drayton, Esq; Lond. 1637, 12mo."

The history of Jane Shore receives new illustration from the following letter of King Richard III., which is preserved in the Harl. MSS. no. 433, article 2378, but of which the copy transmitted to the Editor has been reduced to modern orthography, &c. It is said to have been addressed to Russel, Bishop of Lincoln, Lord Chancellor, anno 1484.

"BY THE KING. Right Reverend Father in God, &c. Signifying unto you, that it is shewn unto us, that our servant & solicitor, Thomas Lynom, marvellously blinded and abused with the late wife of William Shore, now living in Ludgate by our commandment, hath made contract of matrimony with her, as it is said, & intendeth, to our full great marvel, to effect the same. WE, for many causes, would be sorry that he should be so disposed; pray you therefore to send for him, &, in that ye goodly may, exhort, and stir him to the contrary: & if ye find him utterly set for to marry her, & none otherwise would be advertised, then, if it may stand with the laws of the church, we be content the time of marriage be deferred to our coming next to London; that, upon sufficient surety found of her good abearing, ye do so send for her keeper, & discharge him of our said commandment, by warrant of these, committing her to the rule & guiding of her father, or any other, by your direction, in the mean season.

"Given, &c.

"Ric. Rex."

It appears from two articles in the same manuscript, that King Richard had granted to the said Thomas Linom the office of King's Solicitor (article 134) & also the manor of Colmeworth, com. Bedford, to him and his heirs male. (article 596.)

"An original Picture of JANE SHORE almost naked is preserved

[Roxb. Coll. I. 162, 163.]

**The Woful Lamentation of Mrs.  
Jane Shore, a Gold-smith's Wife of London, some-  
time King Edward the Fourth's Concubine, who for  
her Wanton Life came to a Miserable End. Set forth  
for the Example of all wicked<sup>1</sup> Livers.**

TO THE TUNE OF *Live with me.*

in the Provost's Lodgings at Eton; and another picture of her is in the Provost's Lodge at King's College Cambridge: to both which foundations she is supposed to have done friendly offices with EDWARD IV. A small quarto Mezzotinto Print was taken from the former of these by J. FABER."

The tune of the ballad derives its name of *Live with me* from Kit. Marlowe's famous song, "Come live with me and be my love." *Pop. Music*, I. 215.

<sup>1</sup> In Mr. Euing's copy it is "of all *lewd* livers" and "a Goldsmith's wife in London."

IF Rosamond that was so<sup>1</sup> fair,  
 Had cause her sorrows to declare,  
 Then let Jane Shore with sorrow sing, 3  
 That was belovèd of a King.

*Then, wanton Wives, in time amend,  
 For love and beauty will have end.*<sup>2</sup> 6

In maiden<sup>3</sup> years my beauty bright  
 Was lovèd dear of Lord and Knight;  
 But yet the love that they requir'd,  
 It was not as my friends desir'd. 10

My Parents they, for thirst of gain,  
 A husband for me did obtain;  
 And I, their pleasure to fulfil,  
 Was forc'd to wed against my will. 14

To Matthew Shore<sup>4</sup> I was a wife,  
 Till lust brought ruine to my life;  
 And then my life, so<sup>5</sup> lewdly spent,  
 Now<sup>6</sup> makes my soul for to lament. 18

In Lumbard-street I once did dwell,  
 As London yet can witness well;  
 Where many Gallants did behold  
 My beauty in a shop of Gold. 22

I spread my plumes, as wantons do,  
 Some sweet and secret friend to woove,  
 Because my<sup>7</sup> love I did not find  
 Agreeing to my wanton mind. 26

At last my name in Court did ring  
 Into the ears of England's King,  
 Who came and lik'd, and love required,  
 But I made coy what he desired: 30

Yet mistress Blague, a neighbour near,  
 Whose friendship I esteemèd dear,  
 Did say it was a gallant thing  
 To be belovèd of a King. 34

<sup>1</sup> "so" omitted in Rox.; corrected by Euing, 394.

<sup>2</sup> This burden of two lines should follow every stanza, but is omitted after this first, in the original, as well as here, to save space.

<sup>3</sup> "maiden's" in Rox.; corrected by Euing.

<sup>4</sup> He is described as *William Shore*, in the proclamation of King Richard III., quoted by Percy.

<sup>5</sup> "I lewdly spent."—*Percy*.

<sup>6</sup> "Which" in Rox.; corrected by Euing.

<sup>7</sup> "chaste."—*Percy*.

By her perswasions I was led  
 For to defile my marriage-bed,  
 And wrong my wedded husband, Shore,  
 Whom I had lov'd ten years<sup>1</sup> before. 38

In heart and mind I did rejoyce  
 That I had made so sweet a choice ;  
 And therefore did my state resign,  
 To be King Edward's Concubine. 42

From City then to Court I went,  
 To reap the pleasures of content ;  
 And had the Joys that love could bring,  
 And knew the secrets of a King. 46

When I was thus advanc'd on high,  
 Commanding Edward with mine eye,  
 For mistris Blague I, in short space,  
 Obtain'd a living of<sup>2</sup> his Grace. 50

No friend I had but in short time  
 I made unto promotion climb ;  
 But yet, for all this costly pride,  
 My husband could not me abide. 54

His bed, though wrongèd by a King,  
 His heart with grief<sup>3</sup> did deadly sting ;  
 From England then he goes away,  
 To end his life upon<sup>4</sup> the Sea. 58

He could not live to see his name  
 Imparèd by my wanton shame ;  
 Although a Prince of peerless might  
 Did reap the pleasure of his right. 62

Long time I livèd in the Court  
 With Lords and Ladies of great sort ;<sup>5</sup>  
 For when<sup>6</sup> I smil'd, all men were glad,  
 But when I mourn'd,<sup>7</sup> my Prince grew sad. 66

<sup>1</sup> "had married yeares."—*Percy*.

<sup>3</sup> "deadlye grieffe."—*Percy*.

<sup>5</sup> "of great port."—*Ewing*.

<sup>7</sup> "frown'd."—*Percy*.

<sup>2</sup> "from."—*Percy*.

<sup>4</sup> "beyond."—*Percy*.

<sup>6</sup> "And when."—*Percy*.



But yet an honest<sup>1</sup> mind I bore  
 To helpless people that were poor ;  
 I still redrest the Orphan's cry,  
 And sav'd their lives condemned to die. 70

I still had ruth on widows' teares,  
 I succour'd babes of tender years ;  
 And never lookt for other gain  
 But love and thanks, for all my pain. 74

At last my Royal King did dye,  
 And then my days of woe drew nigh ;  
 When Crook-back Rich[ard] got the crown,  
 K[ing] Edward's friends were soon put down. 78

I then was punisht for my sin  
 That I so long had livèd in ;  
 Yea, every one that was his friend,  
 This tyrant brought to shameful end. 82

Then for my rude<sup>2</sup> and wanton life,  
 That made a Strumpet of a wife,  
 I pennance did in Lumbard-Street,  
 In shameful manner in a sheet, 86

Where many thousands did me view,  
 Who late in Court my credit knew ;  
 Which made the tears run down my face,  
 To think upon my foul disgrace. 90

Not thus content, they took from me  
 My goods, my livings, and my fee,  
 And charg'd that none should me relieve,  
 Nor any succour to me give. 94

Then unto mistress Blague I went,  
 To whom my Jewels I had sent,  
 In hope thereby to ease my want,  
 When riches fail'd, and love grew scant. 98

But she deny'd to me the same,  
 When in my need for them I came ;  
 To recompence my former love,  
 Out of her doors she did me shove. 102

<sup>1</sup> "gentle."—*Percy.*

<sup>2</sup> "lewd."—*Percy.*

So love did vanish with my state,  
Which now my soul repents too late ;  
Therefore example take by me,  
For friendship parts in poverty. 106

But yet one friend, among the rest,  
Whom I before had seen distrest  
And sav'd his life, condemn'd to die,  
Did give me food to succour me : 110

For which, by law, it was decreed  
That he was hangèd for that deed ;  
His death did grieve me so much more,  
Then had I dyed myself therefore. 114

Then those to whom I had done good  
Durst not restore<sup>1</sup> me any food ;  
Whereby in vain I beg'd all day,<sup>2</sup>  
And still in streets by night I lay. 118

My Gowns, beset with pearl and gold,  
Are<sup>3</sup> turn'd to simple garments old ;  
My chains and jems and golden Rings,  
To filthy rags and loathsome things. 122

Thus was I scorn'd of maid and wife  
For leading such a wicked life ;  
Both sucking babes and children small  
Did make a<sup>4</sup> pastime at my fall. 126

I could not get one bit of bread,  
Whereby my hunger might be fed ;  
Nor drinke, but such as channels yield,  
Or stinking ditches in the field. 130

Thus, weary of my life, at length  
I yielded up my vital strength  
Within a Ditch of loathsome scent,  
Where carrion dogs do much frequent : 134

<sup>1</sup> "afford."—*Percy*.

<sup>3</sup> "Were."—*Percy*.

<sup>2</sup> "Whereby I begged all the day."—*Percy*.

<sup>4</sup> "their."—*Percy*.

The which now since my dying day  
Is Shoreditch call'd,<sup>1</sup> as writers say;  
Which is a witness of my sin,  
For being Concubine to a King. 138

You wanton wives, that fall to lust,  
Be you assur'd that God is just;  
Whoredom shall not escape his hand,  
Nor Pride unpunisht in this land. 142

If God to me such shame should<sup>2</sup> bring,  
That yielded only to a king,  
How shall they 'scape, that daily run  
To practise sin with every one?<sup>3</sup> 146

You Husbands, match not but for love,  
Lest some disliking after prove!  
Women, be warn'd, when you are wives,  
What plagues are due to sinful lives! 149  
*Then, maids and wives, in time amend,  
For love and beauty will have end.*<sup>4</sup> 152

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## The second part of Jane Shore,

wherein her sorrowful husband bewaileth his own Estate and Wife's Wantonness, the wrong of Marriage, the Fall of Pride; being a Warning for Women.

If she that was fair London's pride,  
For beauty fam'd both far and wide,  
With swanlike song in sadness told 155  
Her deep distresses manifold,  
Then in the same let me also  
Now bear a part of such like woe. 158

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<sup>1</sup> But it had this name long before; being so called from its being a common sewer (vulgarly *shore*) or drain. See Stow.—(*Percy*.)

<sup>2</sup> "did."—*Percy*. <sup>3</sup> "man" in copy.

<sup>4</sup> *Percy* ends here. He does not print, or notice, the second part, which is probably by another hand, and of later date. Mr. Euing's copy adds "To the same tune" and ends "a Warning for all Women to take."

- Kind Matthew Shore men callèd me,  
A goldsmith once of good degree,  
And might have livèd long therein, 161  
Had not my wife been wed to sin.  
    Oh, gentle Jane! thy wanton race  
    Hath brought me to this foul disgrace! 164
- Thou hadst all things at wish and will  
Thy wanton fancy to fulfill,—  
No London Dame, nor Merchant's wife, 167  
Did lead so sweet and pleasant life;  
    Then, gentle Jane, the truth report,  
    Why left'st thou me to live in Court? 170
- Thou hadst both gold and silver store,—  
No wife in London then had more,—  
And once a week to walk in field, 173  
To see what pleasure it would yield.  
    But, woe to me! that liberty  
    Hath brought me to this misery. 176
- I married thee whilst thou wert young,  
Before thou knewst what did belong  
To husband's love, or marriage state, 179  
Which now my soul repents too late:  
    Thus wanton pride made thee unjust,  
    And so deceivèd was my trust. 182
- But when the King possest my room,  
And cropt my rosie, gallant bloom—  
Fair London's blossom, and my joy— 185  
My heart was drown'd in deep annoy  
    To think how unto publick shame  
    Thy wicked life brought my good name. 188
- And then I thought each man and wife,  
In jesting sort, accus'd my life;  
And every one to the other said, 191  
That Shore's fair wife the wanton plaid.  
    Thereby in mind I grew to change  
    My dwelling in some Country strange. 194
- My lands and goods I sold away,  
And so from England went to Sea,  
Opprest with grief and woful mind, 197  
But left my cause of grief behind,—



- My loving wife, whom I once thought  
Would never be<sup>1</sup> to lewdness brought. 200
- But women, now I well espy,  
Are subject to unconstancy ;  
And few there be so true of love, 203  
But by long suit will wanton prove ;  
For flesh is frail, and woman weak,  
When kings for love long suit do make. 206
- But yet from England my depart  
Was with a sad and heavy heart ;  
Whereat, when as my leave I took, 209  
I sent back many a heavy look,  
Desiring God, if it might be,  
To send one sigh, sweet Jane, to thee. 212
- For if thou hadst but constant been,  
These days of woe I ne're had seen ;  
But yet I grieve, and mourn<sup>2</sup> full sore, 215  
To think what plagues are left in store  
For such as careless tread awry<sup>3</sup>  
The modest paths of constancy. 218
- Ah ! gentle Jane, if thou didst<sup>4</sup> know  
The uncouth paths I daily go,  
And woful tears for thee I shed, 221  
For wronging thus my marriage bed,  
Then sure I am thou wouldst confess  
My love was sure, though in distress. 224
- Both Flanders, France, and Spain I past,  
And came<sup>5</sup> to Turkey at the last ;  
And there, within that mighty Court, 227  
I livèd long in honest sort ;  
Desiring God, that sits in heaven,  
That lovers' sins might be forgiven ; 230
- And there advanc'd thy loving name,  
Of living wights the fairest dame,  
The praise of England's beauty-stain, 233  
All which thy husband did maintain,

<sup>1</sup> "me" in Rox. ; corrected by Euing.

<sup>2</sup> "mourn and grief" in Rox. ; corrected by Euing.

<sup>3</sup> "away" in Rox. ; corr. by Euing.      <sup>4</sup> "dost" in Rox. ; corr. by Euing.

<sup>5</sup> "come" in Rox. ; corr. by Euing.

- And set thy Picture there in gold,  
For Kings and Princes to behold. 236
- But when I thought upon thy sin,  
Thy wanton thoughts delighted in,  
I griev'd that such a comely face 239  
Should hold true honour in disgrace :  
And counted it a luckless day  
When as thou first didst go astray. 242
- Desiring then some news to hear  
Of her my soul did love so dear,  
My secrets then I did impart 245  
To one well skill'd in Magick-art,  
Who, in a Glass, did truely show  
Such things as I desired to know. 248
- I there did see thy Courtly state,  
Thy Pomp, thy Pride, thy Glory great,  
And likewise there I did behold 251  
My Jane in Edward's arms infold !  
Thy secret love I there espy'd,  
Thy rice, thy fall, and how thou died. 254
- Thy naked body in the street  
I saw do penance in a sheet :  
Barefoot before the Beadle's wand, 257  
With burning taper in thy hand,  
And babes, not having use of tongue,  
Stood pointing as thou went'st along. 260
- Thus ended was the shame of thine,  
Though God gave yet no end to mine :  
When I suppos'd my name forgot, 263  
And time had washt away my blot,  
And in another Prince's reign,  
I came to England back again : 266
- But, staying there, my friends decay'd,  
My Prince's laws I disobey'd,  
And by true Justice judg'd to dye— 269  
For clipping Gold in secresie.  
By Gold was my best living made,  
And so by Gold my life decay'd. 272

Thus have you heard the woful strife  
 That came by my unconstant wife ;  
 Her Fall, my Death, wherein is shew'd 275  
 The story of a Strumpet lewd,  
 In hope thereby some<sup>1</sup> women may  
 Take heed how they the wanton play. 278

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### THE DESCRIPTION OF JANE SHORE.

This woman's beauty hath been highly praised by a famous Writer, that liv'd in her time, nam'd Thomas Moor, who describ'd her in this manner.

Before her death she was poor and aged, her stature was mean, her hair of a dark yellow, her face round and full, her eyes gray, her body fat, white, and smooth, her countenance chearful, like to her conditions.

There is a picture of hers to be seen in London; it is such as she was when she rose out of her bed in the morning, having nothing on but a Rich Mantle cast under her Arm, over which her naked arm did lye.

What her Fathers name is, or where she was born, is not certainly known; but her husband, Mathew Shore, a Young Man of right good Parentage, wealth, and behaviour, abandon'd her bed after the King had made her his Concubine.

Printed by and for A. Millbourn, in Green-Arbour-Court, in the Little Old Baily.

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<sup>1</sup> Euing's copy reads "*all* women."

### Impossibilities.

This ballad of "impossibilities" seems to have been intended as a satire upon the age. It is by Edward Ford. The Roxburghe Collection includes two other of his ballads with the name in full. Mr. Hazlitt mentions one book by this author, "Wine and Women," printed by John Hammond in 1647; but omits the three ballads. The copy from which the following is derived is perhaps unique.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 164, 165.]

## Impossibilities.

©R,

A matter of no thing, yet some thing youle finde,  
 I know, in the reading, will pleasure your minde;  
 Then hear it, I pray, and when you have done,  
 You'le say that the thread is handsomely spunne.

TO THE TUNE OF *I sigh, I sob, &c.*



*Imprimis*—When men doe beginne  
 To follow virtue, leave off sinne;  
 When women thinke it no disdain  
 To doe, indeede, the very same, 3  
     Then you may say, and justly too,  
     The old world now is turned a-new, 6

When Newgate is a place for Nuns,  
 And through Cheapside a river runs;



- When Charing Crosse has such a face  
 To justle Paul's out of her place,  
*Then you may say, and not till then,  
 The world is full of honest men.* 12
- When wood doth hew into the saw,<sup>1</sup>  
 And coaches doe the horses draw :  
 When darknesse doth out-shine the light,  
 And Snailes surpasse the arrowes flight,  
*Then you may say, &c.* 17
- When Lucifer an Angell turnes,  
 And when in hell no fire burnes ;  
 When stars as thicke as haile doe fall,  
 And new Bridewell's no hospitall,  
*Then you may say, &c.* 22
- When men are prone<sup>2</sup> to such good will  
 That they, to no one, doe no ill ;  
 When Ships doe saile on rocks of stone,  
 And when the Whale has nere a bone,  
*Then you may say, &c.* 27
- When what is worst doth turne to best,  
 When Crabs with Swallows build their nest ;  
 And when Musicians scornes to use  
 Such crotchets, as they *should* refuse,  
*Then you may say, &c.* 32
- When morning dew doth fall at night,  
 And men lift crutches with a flight ;<sup>3</sup>  
 When little children, yet unborne, 35  
 Doe say that many weares the horne,  
*Then you may say, and not till then,  
 The world is full of honest men.* 38
- When Westminster doth eastward stand,  
 And touches neither sea nor land ;  
 And when therein you cannot see 41  
 A Lawyer that will take his fee,  
*Then you may say, and justly too,  
 The old world now is turned a-new.* 44

<sup>1</sup> "sea" in copy.<sup>3</sup> "flight," a light arrow.—*Hollivell.*<sup>2</sup> "proned" in copy.

When Usurers will gratis lend,  
And every one their lives doe mend ;  
When the Moore has washt him cleane,  
And Turnbull street has nere a Queane,  
*Then you may say, &c.*

49

When hens tread cocks, and cocks tread geese,  
And ganders kitten, like cats and mise ;  
When as the earth doth beare no moles,  
And little foxes have no holes,  
*Then you may say, &c.*

54

When oyle and water doe agree,  
And deadly foes attoned will bee ;  
When Smithfield is a field of grasse,  
And when the Oxe doth ride the Asse,  
*Then you may say, &c.*

59

When Sorcerers doe leave their charme,  
When spiders doe the fly no harme,  
And when the Black-bird leaves to sing,  
And likewise Serpents for to sting,  
*Then you may say, and justly too*  
*The old world now is turned a-new.*

65



**The second part.**

TO THE SAME TUNE.



When men their chiefest care doe make  
 To feed the poore, for pitties sake,  
 And when tradesmen doe apply  
 To doe as they would be done by, 68  
     *Then you may say, and not till then,*  
     *The world is full of honest men.* 71

When Letchers they doe leave their lust,  
 And doe those things are good and just;  
 When Harlots doe Susannas prove,  
 And none but husbands dearely love,  
     *Then you may say, &c.* 76

When the blasphemers leaves to swears,  
 And unto goodnesse doth repaire;  
 When old men doe incounter youth,  
 And lyers speake the very truth,  
     *Then you may say, &c.* 81

When lovers they doe constant prove,  
 And never daine for to remove ;  
 When little vallies top tall hills,  
 And bad men leave their wonted ills,  
*Then may you say, &c.* 86

When rich men doe esteeme the poore,  
 And feast 'em till they cry no more ;  
 And when the streets you may passe free,  
 And yet not scarce a begger see,  
*Then you may say, &c.* 91

When servants doe their Masters sway,  
 And blinde men lead the ready way ;  
 When dumb men talke with eloquence,  
 And lame men run with eminence,  
*Then you may say, &c.* 96

When Gunpowder doth leave his force,  
 And every Pharoah feeles remorse ;  
 And when no sessions needs to be,  
 Because all men loves honestie,  
*Then you may say, &c.* 101

When all the prisons here about  
 Have justled all their prisoners out,  
 Because, indeede, they have no cause  
 To keepe 'em in, by common lawes,  
*Then you may say, &c.* 106

When birds in waters deepe doe lie,  
 And fishes in the aire doe flie ;  
 When water burnes, and fire doth freeze, 109  
 And oysters grow as fruits on trees,  
*Then you may say, and justly too,*  
*The old world now is turned a-new.* 112

When as the spruce, and courtiour too,  
 Shall bid to compliments adew ;  
 When little Bees shall castles beare,  
 And flie so with 'em through the ayre,  
*Then you may say, &c.* 117



When as Zacheus shall restore  
 His ill-got goods unto the poore ;  
 And when the Camell shall espy  
 A way to passe the nedle's eye,  
*Then you may say, &c.* 122

When snow falls blacke, and crowes be white,  
 And all things that are wrong turne right ;  
 When silly lambs doe causes plead,  
 And weare long gownes of melted lead,  
*Then you may say, &c.* 127

When Turkes doe leave their Mahomet,  
 And all day long in churches set ;  
 When Pagans doe beleeve in God,  
 And likewise feare his direfull rod,  
*Then you may say, &c.* 132

When men with pearle do fatten hogs,  
 And coward deere doe menace dogs ;  
 When men on sands their seeds doe sow,  
 And peare trees, they doe downwards grow,  
*Then you may say, &c.* 137

When Phœbus spreads his beames by night,  
 And Cynthia doth by day give light ;  
 When God in mercy is resolved 140  
 That this same world shall be dissolved,  
*Then you may say, and justly too,*  
*The old world now is turned a-new.* 143

Finis.

E. F.

London, Printed for Edward Wright, dwelling  
 at Christs-Church gate.

### The Jobial Broom-man.

This ballad, in the Baron Munchausen style, is by Richard Climsell. No other copy known.

The tune in *Popular Music*, p. 446.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 166, 167.]

# The Iobiall Broome man :

Or,

A Kent Street Souldier's exact relation  
Of all his Travels in Every Nation.  
His famous acts are all shewne here,  
As in this story doth appeare.

TO THE TUNE OF *Slow men of London.*





Roome for a Lad that's come from seas,  
*Hey jolly Broome-man,*  
 That gladly now would take his ease,  
*And therefore make me roome, man.*<sup>1</sup>

4

To France, the Netherlands, Denmark, Spaine,  
 I crost the seas, and backe againe.

6

Yet in these Countries livèd I,  
 Saw<sup>2</sup> many a valiant souldier dye.

8

<sup>1</sup> The burden in the second and fourth lines is intended to be sung throughout, but being always the same, is omitted here, to save space.

<sup>2</sup> "And see" in copy.



An hundred gallants there I kill'd,  
And beside, a world of blood I spild. 10

In Germany I tooke a towne ;  
I threw the walls there upside downe. 12

And when that I the same had done,  
I made the people all to run. 14

And when the people all were gone,  
I held the towne myselfe alone. 16

When valiant Ajax fought with Hector,  
I made them friends with a bowle of Nectar. 18

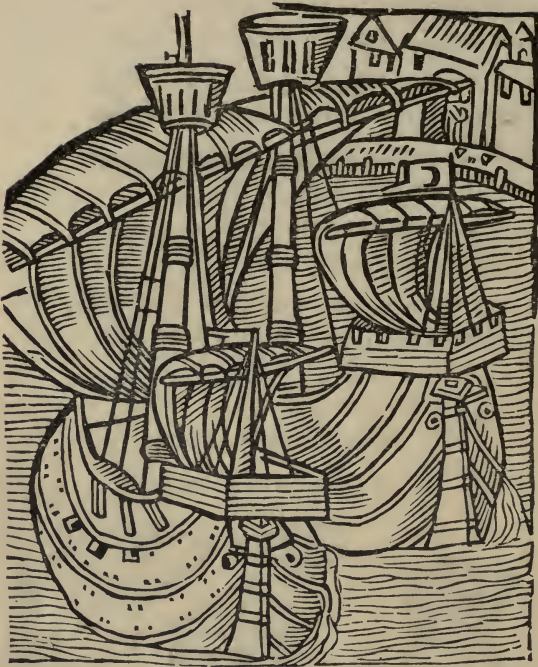
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**The Second Part.**

TO THE SAME TUNE.







[This cut is turned upside down in the Rox. copy.]

- When Saturne warr'd against the Sun,  
Then through my helpe the field he won. 20
- With Hercules I tost the Club ;  
I rol'd Diogenes in a Tub. 22
- When Tamberlaine overcame the Turke,  
I blew up thousands in a worke. 24
- When Cæsar's pompe I overthrew,  
Then many a Roman Lord I slew. 26
- When the Ammorites besieg'd Rome['s] wals,  
I drove them backe with fiery balls. 28
- And when the Greekes besiegèd Troy,  
I rescued off dame Hellen's joy. 30
- And when that I had won this fame,  
I was honor'd of all men for the same. 32

At Tilbury Campe with Captaine Drake, I made the Spanish Fleet to quake.	34
At Holland's Leaguer there I fought, But there the service prov'd too hot.	36
Then from the League returned I, Naked, hungry, cold, and dry.	38
But here I have now compast the Globe, I am backe return'd, as poore as Job.	40
And now I am safe returned backe, Here's to you in a cup of Canary Sacke.	42
And now I am safe returned here, Here's to you in a cup of English Beere.	44
And if my travels you desire to see, <i>Hey, jolly Broome-man,</i>	46
You may buy 't for a peny heere of mee, <i>And therefore make me roome, man.</i>	48

Finis.

R. C.

London, Printed for *Richard Harper*,  
in Smithfield.

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### John and Joan.

This ballad of Martin Parker's is of a mad couple who, having wasted their store, turn sober at the end. No other copy known to be extant. *The Paratour* is the name given to the tune. Probably "The Apparitor," or summoning officer of the Ecclesiastical Court, is meant. He had enough employment in the seventeenth century, and there may have been many ballads about him that have passed away. Some one has written in ink on the Rox. copy, after "Paratour," "or, *A balett late was made.*"

[Roxb. Coll. I. 168, 169.]

**John and Joan :**

OR,

**A mad couple well met.**TO THE TUNE OF *The Paratour.*

You nine Castalian Sisters,  
 that keep Parnassus hill,  
 Come down to me,  
 and let me bee  
 inspirèd with your skill,  
 That well I may demonstrate  
 a piece of household stuffe ;  
 you that are wed,  
 mark what is sedd,  
 Beware of taking snuffe.

5

10

- A mad phantastick couple,  
a young man and a Lasse,  
with their content,  
and friends consent,  
resolv'd their times to passe 15  
As man and wife together ;  
and so they marry'd were.  
Of this mad match  
I made this Catch,  
which you that please may hear. 20
- They both had imperfections,  
which might have causèd strife ;  
the man would sweare  
and domineere—  
so also would his wife. 25  
If John went to one Alehouse,  
Joan ran unto the next ;  
betwixt them both  
they made an oath  
That neither would be vext. 30
- What ever did the good man,  
his wife would doe the like ;  
if he was pleas'd,  
she was appeas'd ;  
if he would kick, shee'd strike. 35  
If queane or slut he call'd her,  
she call'd him rogue and knave ;  
if he would fight,  
shee'd scratch and bite,—  
He could no victory have. 40
- If John his dog had beaten,  
then Joan would beat her cat ;  
If John, in scorne,  
his hand would burn,  
Joan would have burnt her hat. 45  
If John would breake a Pipkin,  
then Joan would break a pot ;  
thus he and she  
did both agree  
To waste all that they got. 50



If John would eate no victuals,  
 then Joan would be as crosse ;  
 they would not eat,  
 but sav'd their meat—

In that there was no losse.

55

If John were bent to feasting,  
 then Joan was of his mind ;  
 in right or wrong  
 both sung one song,  
 As Fortune them assignd.

60

---

**The second part.**

TO THE SAME TUNE.



In Taverne or in Alehouse,  
 if John and Joan did meet,  
 who ere was by  
 in company,  
 might tast their humours sweet :

65

- What ever John had cal'd for,  
Joan would not be out-dar'd ;  
    those that lack'd drink,  
    through want of chink,  
For them the better far'd. 70
- Thus would they both sit drinking  
as long as coine did last ;  
    nay, more than this,  
    ere they would misse  
good liquor for their taste, 75  
John would have damm'd<sup>1</sup> his doublet,  
    his cloak, or anything,  
    and Joan would pawne  
    her coife of Lawne,  
Her bodkin, or her ring. 80
- If John were drunk, and reelèd,  
then Joan would fall i' th fire ;  
    if John fell downe  
    i' th midst o' th towne,  
beewraid in dirt and mire, 85  
Joan, like a kind co-partner,  
scorn'd to stand on her feet,  
    but down shee'd fall  
    before them all,  
And role about the street. 90
- If John had cal'd his Host " knave,"  
Joan cal'd her Hostis " whore ;"  
    for such like crimes  
    they oftentimes  
were both thrust out of dore. 95
- If John abus'd the Constable,  
Joan would have beat the Watch :  
    thus man and wife,  
    in peace or strife,  
Each other sought to match. 100
- But mark now, how it chanced,  
after a yeare or more,—  
    this couple mad  
    all wasted had,  
and were grown very poore. 105

---

<sup>1</sup> "damm'd," slang for "sold" ?

John could no more get liquor,  
 nor Joan could purchase drink ;  
     then both the man  
     and wife began  
 Upon their states to thinke. 110

Thus beat with their own wepons,  
 John thus to Joan did say,  
     “ Sweet heart, I see  
     we two agree  
 the cleane contràry way ; 115  
 Henceforth let 's doe in goodnesse  
 as we have done in ill ;  
     Ile doe my best,  
     doe thou the rest :”  
 “ A match !” quoth Joan, “ I will.” 120

So, leaving those mad humors  
 which them before possest,  
     both man and wife  
     doe lead a life  
 in plenty, peace, and rest. 125  
 Now John and Joan both, jointly,  
 doe set hands to the Plough.  
     Let all doe so  
     in weale or woe,  
 And they'l do well enough. M. P. 130

*Finis.*

Printed at London for *Tho : Lambert.*

### Joy and Sorrow mixt.

This ballad, by Richard Climsell, expresses the joy of a young man about to be married, in the first part, but finding out soon that his wife is not all that he expected, he expresses his sorrows in the second part. It is written to the tune of *Old Simon the King*, under the name of one of the many ballads that were sung to the air. This ballad seems either to have been written out, or printed, very carelessly, for several transpositions of words are necessary for the tune. No other copy is known to collate with.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 170, 171.]

**Joy and sorrow mixt together :**  
 Or, a pleasant new Ditty, wherein you may find  
 Conceits that are pretty to pleasure your mind.

TO THE TUNE OF *Such a Rogue would be hang'd.*



Hang sorrow ! let's cast away care,  
 for now I do meane to be merry ;  
 Wee'l drink some good Ale and strong Beere,  
 with Sugar, and Clarret, and Sherry. 4  
 Now Ile have a Wife of mine own :  
 I shall have no need for to borrow ;  
 I would have it for to be known  
 that I shall be married to morrow. 8  
*Here's a health to my Bride that shall be !  
 come, pledge it, you boon merry blades ;  
 The day I much long for to see,  
 we will be as merry as the<sup>1</sup> Maides.* 12  
 I long have sought out for a Wife,  
 before that I any could see ;  
 But now, for to end all the strife,  
 I have found one that pleaseth me ; 16

<sup>1</sup> "the" is a superfluous syllable for the tune, but it is so printed throughtout.



She is a brave gallant, indeed ;  
 besides, she is loving and kind ;  
 Good luck had I so well to speed,  
 she accordeth so well<sup>1</sup> to my mind. 20  
*Here's a health to my Bride that shall be !*  
*come, pledge it, you boon merry blades ;*  
*To morrow's the day you shall see,*  
*we will be as merry, &c.* 24

Dame Nature hath shewèd her Art  
 in framing my Love so compleat ;  
 Shee's handsomely made in each part,—  
 her like is not, in my conceit :  
 Her haire it doth glitter like gold, 29  
 her eyes like to Stars do appeare ;  
 Shee's beautious for to behold,  
 yet she is *my* joy and *my* deere.  
*Here's a health to my Bride that shall be !*  
*come, pledge it, &c.* 34

There's many a one will admire  
 how I should obtain such a Lasse ;  
 But now she's mine, gold shall not buy her,  
 for ever I will her imbrace : 38  
 Besides, she's a friend that will give  
 ten pound to me when I am married ;  
 This will maintain us while we live,  
 an if things be orderly carried.<sup>2</sup>  
*Here's a health, &c.* 43

This man is a friend to my Lasse,  
 I doubt not [that] so hee 'l remain :  
 He tels me, what ere come to passe,  
 my labour shall not be in vain. 47  
 If he his own promise do keep,  
 'tis likely with me to go well ;  
 This makes me, both waking and sleep,  
 to think of my bonny sweet Nell.  
*Here's a health, &c.* 52

<sup>1</sup> "she is according" in copy, so the accent thrown on "ding."

<sup>2</sup> "and if things be orderly carried" in copy. "An if" was a tautological vulgarism at the date of the writer, but it was old. Climsell wanted the two syllables to complete his line.

Now is the sad night overpast, and chearefully day <sup>1</sup> doth appeare ; To Church with my Nell Ile make haste, to 'voyd all suspicion and feare :	56
All you that will now go along, I pray you to use no <sup>2</sup> delay ; Delay oftentimes causeth wrong ; I'm joyfull of this happy day.	60
<i>Now, here's a health to my Bride ! come, pledge it, you boon merry blades ; And to all married couples beside : wee'll now be as merry as the Maides.</i>	64
Now, wedding and all being done and finished, as he did desire, The Company homewards were gone, the Bride a bed, and he lay by her :	68
Some speches there past them between, which made him his bargaine repent ; The next morning, as it doth seem, the Bridegroom began to relent.	72
<i>He'l now drink no more to his Bride, nor yet to no boon merry blades ; Now he layes his joyes all aside ; he is not so merry as the Maides.</i>	76

<sup>1</sup> "day chearefully" in copy.

<sup>2</sup> "not to use" in copy.

The second part now makes the young man complain;  
 He wisheth with heart he were unwedded again.

TO THE SAME TUNE.



You young men, I'm married too soon;  
 my Wife she is not what she seem'd;  
 Alas! I am now quite undone;  
 now sorrow comes which I ne'er<sup>1</sup> deem'd. 80  
 In wiveing I have made too much hast;  
 I would the fast knot were untide;  
 If my wedding day were not past,  
 I would not be tide to my Bride. 84  
*I'm wedded to sorrow and pain;*  
*now, farewell! all my merry blades;*  
*Would I were unmarried again,*  
*I would be as merry as the Maides. 88*

<sup>1</sup> "never" in copy.

My Wife's not what I thought she was,—  
 the more is my grief and my care ;  
 She proves to me but a crackt glasse ;  
 alas ! I am catcht in a snare. 92

She was promisèd<sup>1</sup> me to be sound,  
 but now I find 'tis nothing so ;  
 Would I were rid of her ten pound,  
 so that I were rid of her too.  
*I'm wedded to sorrow, &c.* 97

The man that did give me the money,  
 I doubt that he had the best share ;  
 It seems he did love my sweet honey,  
 and still doth so, I greatly feare. 101

But here is the worst now of all,<sup>2</sup>—  
 my Wife she proves to be with Barn ;  
 The Child it will me Father call,  
 although it me nothing concern.  
*I'm wedded, &c.* 106

My Wife was with Child long before  
 that I married her, [now] I do find ;  
 'Tis folly to say any more,  
 and yet it doth trouble my mind. 110

If I ask her, [though] in loving sort,  
 to whom she did<sup>3</sup> her Maiden-head give,  
 With words she doth cut me off short,  
 saying, I shall not<sup>4</sup> know while I live.  
*I'm wedded, &c.* 115

What Man living can brook this wrong,  
 to Father another Man's Child ?  
 Yet I were as good hold my tongue,  
 now I find [how] that I am beguil'd : 119

With patience I must be content ;  
 'tis many men's Fortune like mine ;  
 Now I have no way to prevent  
 this, I might have foreseen in time.  
*I'm wedded to sorrow, &c.* 124

<sup>1</sup> "promis'd" in copy.

<sup>2</sup> "But now here is the worst of all" in copy.

<sup>3</sup> "did" comes immediately before "give," in copy.

<sup>4</sup> "never" in copy.



Before I was wed I nere thought  
of any such matter at all ;  
I thought a great prize<sup>1</sup> I had caught,  
but now my reward is but small : 128  
'Tis true indeed I have ten pound,  
and a dainty fine curious<sup>2</sup> Wife ;  
But had I known what I have found,  
I would have lived a single life.  
*I'm wedded, &c.* 133

Let young men take warning by me,  
for Maidens are dangerous ware ;  
A wife I have got<sup>3</sup> and some money,  
and yet I have bought her too deare : 137  
For cunningly I am beguild ;  
unto all my Neighbours 'tis known  
[That] now I must father a Child,  
although it be none of mine own. 141  
*I'm wedded to sorrow and pain ;  
now, farewell ! all my merry blades ;  
Would I were unmarried againe,  
I would be as merry as the Maids.* 145

Finis.

Richard Climsall.

London, Printed for John Wright the younger, dwelling in  
the Old Bayley.

<sup>1</sup> "price" in copy.

<sup>2</sup> "curious fine" in copy.

<sup>3</sup> "I have got a wife" in Rox.

### The kind beleebing Hostesse.

The "kind believing hostess" is one who gives trust to a swindler, who has, all along, intended to cheat of her money, and who paints her in the vilest colours as a sort of palliation for his roguery. Some debauched tavern-hunter must have written this ballad. Even the stationer seems to have been half ashamed of it, by giving only his initials. No other copy is known.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 172, 173.]

## The kind beleebing Hostesse.

I owe my Hostesse money,  
 Shee takes me for her debter;  
 On the buttery doore  
 Stands my Score,—  
 The further on the better.

TO THE TUNE OF *When Willy once had strayed.*



I have an Hostesse pretty,  
 exceeding faire and witty;  
 Where she doth dwell  
 I shall you tell,  
 If you will list to my ditty.

*The Kind beleiving Hostesse.*

- I owe my Hostesse money ;  
shee takes mee for her Debtor ;  
on the buttery doore  
stands my Score,—  
the further on the better.* 10
- Neere London is her dwelling ;  
To trust me shee is willing ;  
Her pots are small, 13  
And little withall,  
But I will looke to her filling.  
*I owe my Hostesse money, &c.* 16
- To me she beares affection,  
And calls me her owne complection ;  
Her husband John— 19  
Poore silly old man !  
She keepes under subjection.  
*I owe my Hostesse money, &c.* 22
- To speake, poore man, he dares not ;  
My Hostesse for him cares not ;  
Sheele drinke, and quaffe, 25  
And merrily laugh,  
And she his anger feares not.  
*I owe my Hostesse money, &c.* 28
- All night she will sit smoaking,  
For roaring gallants looking ;  
And those which stay 31  
Are sure to pay ;—  
I doe not like such rooking.  
*I owe my Hostesse money, &c.* 34
- Tobacco and hot waters,  
And female rooking Cheaters  
Are bravely drest ; 37  
But I protest  
I hate such sharking Creatures.  
*I owe my Hostesse money, &c.* 40

*The Kind beleeving Hostesse.*

517

Shee keeps both Besse and Dolly,  
Brave wenches stout and jolly ;  
But Ile have a care  
Of them to beware, 43  
I know they are given to folly.  
*I owe my Hostesse money, &c.* 46

Thei'le trade with Dutch and Danish,  
The French, and lustful Spanish ;  
But when the whores  
Come in a doores, 49  
Away I bid them vanish.  
*I owe my Hostesse money, &c.* 52

I'me sure they shall not cheate me ;  
I care not though they hate me ;  
Like Crocodiles,  
Their teares and smiles  
Shall not a foole create me. 57  
*I owe my Hostesse money ;  
She takes me for her debter ;  
On the buttery doore  
Stands my Score,—  
The further on the better.* 62

---



**The second part.**

TO THE SAME TUNE.



The trueth for to speake rightly,  
 They get their money lightly  
 By lustfull sinne,  
 Comes jnyngling in  
 Unto them day and nightly.

65

*I owe my Hostesse money, &c.*

68

Ther's swaggering Nathaniel,  
 With roaring Jacke and Daniel,  
 For their delight  
 That loves to keepe  
 A Hawk, a Horse, a Spaniel.

71

*I owe my Hostesse money, &c.*

74

Ther's swearing Sim and Sanders,  
 Are new come ore from Flanders,  
 That swears and roares,  
 And beates the Whores,  
 Yet never were commanders.

77

*I owe my Hostesse money, &c.*

80

You may have, for your money,  
A Rabbit, or young Coney ;  
Most dainty words 83  
Her love affords,—  
Sheele call you her owne sweet hunny.  
*I owe my Hostesse money, &c.* 86

If you on the sport be eager,  
And that you will not swagger,  
Kind Gentlemen, 89  
You neede not then  
Goe unto Holland's Leaguer.<sup>1</sup>  
*I owe my Hostesse money, &c.* 92

For Wenches she can get yee,  
And of all sorts can fit yee,  
Most bravely clad, 95  
As may be had,  
If leasure but permit yee.  
*I owe my Hostesse money, &c.* 98

A Girle, attir'd in Sattin,  
Can speake both French and Latine ;  
If you have gold, 101  
You may be bold,  
And have a fine roome to chat in.  
*I owe my Hostesse money, &c.* 104

A Country Lasse that's pretty,  
Or one fetcht from the City,  
Or for your sport, 107  
One tall or short,  
A handsome Wench that's witty.  
*I owe my Hostesse money, &c.* 110

If so beleving came yee,<sup>2</sup>  
As for the rest, to damme<sup>3</sup> yee—  
They will<sup>4</sup> be kind 113  
Unto your mind—  
The Whores will finely flam yee.  
*I owe my Hostesse money, &c.* 116

<sup>1</sup> "leaguer" = camp.

<sup>3</sup> "O damme" in Rox.

<sup>2</sup> "am yee" in Rox.

<sup>4</sup> "But will" in Rox.

By others harmes be warned,  
 With wisdomes eye discerne it,  
 And have a care 119  
 You come not there,  
 From them the French to learne it.  
*I owe my Hostesse money, &c.* 122

With hony words I will 'screw her,  
 And many a fine tricke shew her;—  
 Ile keepe me away  
 When shee is to pay  
 Her Baker and her Brewer. 127

*I owe my Hostesse money ;  
 Shee takes me for her debter,  
 and lookes for the day  
 when her I should pay,—  
 the more it is, still the better.* 132

Finis.

London, Printed for B. B.

### The King and Northern-man.

This very popular story was versified by Martin Parker. The first edition was probably that of 1640. It was reprinted for the Percy Society just two hundred years after, under the careful editorship of Mr. Payne Collier. That edition is entitled "The King & a Poore Northerne Man. Full of simple mirth & merry plaine jests. By Martin Parker."

The extant broadsides are all abbreviations of Martin Parker's little book. Some thirty or forty stanzas have been cut out, and the first two rewritten, to bring it within ballad-length. There are two of these in the Roxburghe, two in the Pepys, and one in the Bagford, Collections, but, among them, no one that was printed before 1660, if quite so early. The second Roxburghe copy (III. 698) is only of the last century.

The same subject was turned into a West-country song about the commencement of the present century.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 174, 175.]

## The King & Northern-man,

Shewing how a poor Northumber-land-Man (Tennant to the King) being wronged by a Lawyer (his Neighbour) went to the King himself to make known his grievance.

TO THE TUNE OF [The] Slut.



To drive away the weary day,  
 a book I chanced to take in hand,  
 And therein I read assuredly  
 a story—as you shall understand.

4

Perusing many a History over,  
 amongst the Leaves I chanc'd to view  
 The Book's name, and Title is this,  
 THE SECOND LESSON—*Too good to be true.*

8



- There read I of a Northumberland-man,  
 that was born and brought up in the King's land ;  
 He paid twenty shillings Rent a year  
 to the King, as I do understand. 12
- By him there dwelt a Lawyer false,  
 that with his Farm was not content,  
 But over the poor man still hang'd his nose,  
 because he did gather the King's Rent. 16
- He told him he his Lease had forfeit,  
 and that he must there no longer abide ;  
 "The K[ing] by such Lownes hath mickle wrong done,  
 and, for you, the world is broad and wide." 20
- The poor man pray'd him for to cease,  
 and content himself if he would be willing ;  
 And "pick no vantage in my Lease,  
 and I shall give thee forty shilling." 24
- "It's neither forty Shillings nor forty pound,  
 ise warrant thee, so can agree thee and me,  
 Unless thou yield me thy farm so round,  
 and stand unto my courtesie." 28
- The Poor man said he might not do so,  
 his wife and his Barns will make ill wark ;  
 "If thou with my Farm wilt let me go,  
 thou seem'st a gude fellow, ise give thee 5 mark." 32
- The Lawyer would not be so content,  
 but further i'th matter he means to smell :  
 The neighbours bad the poor man provide his rent,  
 and make a submission to the King himsel. 36
- He got a humble staff on his back,  
 a jerkin, I wot, that was of grey,  
 With a good blew Bonnet—he thought he'd<sup>1</sup> no lack—  
 to the King he is ganging as fast as he may. 40
- He had not gone a mile out o'th town,  
 but one of his Neighbors he did espy ;  
 "How far is it to th' King? for thither I'm boun  
 as fast as ever I can hye." 44

---

<sup>1</sup> "he thought *it* no lack" in both copies.

“I am sorry for you, neighbour,” he said;  
“for your simplicity I make moan;  
Ice warrant you, you may ask for the King,  
when nine or ten days journey you have gone.” 48

“Had I wist the King had wond<sup>1</sup> so far,  
Ise never a sought him a mile out o’th town;  
He’s either had sought me, or we’d nere a come near,  
at home I had rather ha spent a Crown.” 52

But when he came to the City of London,  
of every man he for the King did call;  
They told him that him he need not to fear,  
for the King he lies now at the White-Hall. 56

And with spying of Farlies<sup>2</sup> in the City,  
because he had never been there beforne,  
He lee so long a bed the next day,  
the Court was remov’d to Winsor that morn. 60

“You ha lay too long,” then said his Host;  
“you ha lay too long by a great while!  
The King is now to Winsor gone;  
he’s further gone by twenty mile.” 64

“I think I was curst,” then said the poor man:  
“if I had been wise, I might ha consider;  
Belike the King of me has gotten some weet,<sup>3</sup>  
he had ne’r gone away had not I come hither.” 68

“He fled not for you,” then said his Host,  
“but hye you to Winsor as fast as you may;  
Besure it will requite<sup>4</sup> your cost,  
for look, what is past the King will pay.” 72

But when he came to Winsor Castle,  
with his humble staff on his back,  
Although the Gates wide open stood,  
he laid on them till he made ’um crack. 76

<sup>1</sup> wond = dwelt.

<sup>3</sup> “weet” = wete, knowledge.

<sup>2</sup> “farlies” = wonders, strange things.

<sup>4</sup> “require” in Rox.

- “Why stay, pray, friend, art mad?” quoth the Porter;  
 “what makes thee keep this stir to day?”  
 “Why, I am a Tennant of the King’s,  
 who have a Message to him to say.” 80
- “The King hath men enough,” said the Porter,  
 “your message well that they can say.”  
 “Why, ther’s ne’r a Knave the King doth keep  
 shall ken my secret mind to day.” 84
- I were told ere I came from home,  
 ere I got hither it would be dear bought;  
 Let me in, Ise give thee a single Penny,  
 I see thou’lt ha summat<sup>1</sup> ere thiou do it for nought.” 88
- “Gramercy,” said the Porter then,  
 “thy reward is so great I cannot say nay;  
 Yonder’s a Noble Man within the Court,  
 I’le first hear what he doth say.” 92
- When the Porter came to the Noble man,  
 he said he would shew him pretty sport;  
 “There’s sike a Clown come to the gate,  
 as came not these seven years to the Court.” 96
- He calls all Knaves the King doth keep;  
 he raps at the Gates, and makes great din;  
 He’s passing liberal of reward,  
 he’d give a good single Penny to be let in.” 100
- “Let him in,” then said the Noble man;  
 “Come in, Fellow,” the Porter gan say;  
 “If thou come within thy self,” he said,  
 “thy staff behind the Gate must stay,” 104
- And this Cuckold’s Cur must lig behind:  
 what, a Deel! what a Cur hast got with thee!  
 The King will take him up for his own sell,  
 Ise warrant, when as he doth him see.” 108
- “Beshrew thy Limbs,” then said the poor man,  
 “then maist thou count me fool, or worse,  
 I wot not what Bankrupt lies by the King,  
 for want of Money he may pick my purse.” 112

<sup>1</sup> “I see thou *wilt* ha *small*” in both copies.

“Let him in with his Staff and Dog,” said the Lord.  
He gave a nod with ’s head, and a beck with ’s knee,—  
“If you be Sir King,” then said the poor man,  
“as I can very well think ye be, 116

For, as I was told ere I came from home,  
you’r goodliest man that e’re I saw befor<sup>1</sup>,  
With so many jingles jangles about one neck  
as is about yours I never saw none!” 120

“I am not the King,” said the Noble man,  
“fellow, although I have a proud Coat.”  
“If you be not the King, help me to the speech of him ;  
you seem a gude fellow, ise give you a Groat.” 124

“Gramercy,” said the Noble man,  
“thy reward is so great, I cannot say nay ;  
Ile go know the King’s pleasure, if I can,  
till I come again be sure you stay.” 128

“Here’s sike a staying,” then said the poor man,  
“belike the king’s better than any in our country ;  
I might a gane to the farthest nuke<sup>2</sup> i’th’ house,  
neither Lad nor Lown to trouble me.” 132

When the Noble man came to the King,  
he said he could shew his Grace good sport ;  
“Here’s such a Clown come to the gate,  
as came not this seven years to the Court. 136

He calls all knaves your Highness keeps,  
and more than that, he terms them worse ;  
He’l not come in without his Staff and Dog,  
for fear some Bankrupt will pick his purse.” 140

“Let him in with his staff,” then said our King,  
“that of his sport we may see some ;  
We’l see how he’l handle every thing,  
as soon as our match of Bowls is done.” 144

The Noble man led him through many a room,  
and through many a Galleray gay ;  
“What, a Deel ! doth the King with so many houses,  
that he gets them not fill’d with Corn and Hay ?” 148

<sup>1</sup> “beforn” = before.

<sup>2</sup> “nuke,” nook, corner.



At last they spied the King in a Garden,  
 yet from his game he did not start;  
 The day was so hot, he cast off his Doublet,  
 he had nothing, from the wāst up, but his shirt. 152

“Lo! yonder’s the King,” said the Noble-man;  
 “behold! fellow; lo, where he goes.”  
 “Believ’t he’s some unthrift,” says the poor man,  
 “that has lost his money, and pawn’d his cloths.” 156

But when he came before the King,  
 the Noble-man did his courtesie;  
 The poor man followed after him,  
 and gave a nod with’s head, and a beck with’s knee. 160

“If you be Sir King,” then said the poor man,  
 “as I can hardly think ye be;  
 Here is a gude fellow that brought me hither,  
 is liker to be the king than ye.” 164

“I am the king,” his Grace now said;  
 “fellow, let me thy case understand.”  
 “If you be Sir King, I’m a Tenant of yours,  
 that was born and brought up in your own land. 168

There dwells a Lawyer hard by me,  
 and a fault in my Lease he saith he hath found,  
 And all was for felling five poor Ashès,  
 to build an house upon your own ground.” 172

“Hast thou a Lease here?” said our king,  
 “or canst thou shew to me the Deed?”  
 He gave it into the king’s own hand,  
 and said “Sir, here ’tis, if that you can read.” 176

“Let’s see thy Lease,” then said the king:  
 then from his Black Box he pull’d it out,  
 He gave it into the king’s own hand,  
 with four or five knots ty’d fast in a clout. 180

“We’st never unlose these knots,” said the king:  
 he gave it to one that behind him did stay.  
 “It is a proud Horse,” then said the poor man,  
 “will not carry’s own provender along the highway. 184

Pay me forty shillings, as Ise pay you,  
I will not think much to unloose a knot ;  
I would I were so occupied every day,  
I'd unloose a score on um for a groat." 188

When the King had gotten these Letters read,  
and found the truth was very so,  
"I warrent thee, thou hast not forfeit thy Lease  
if thou hadst feld five Ashes mo." 192

"I,<sup>1</sup> every one can warrant me,  
but all your warrants are not worth a flee ;  
For he that troubles me and will not let me go,  
neither cares for warrant of you nor me." 196

"Thou'st have an Injunction," said our king ;  
"from troubling of thee he will cease ;  
He'l either shew thee a good cause why,  
or else he'l let thee live in peace." 200

"What's that Injunction?" said the poor man,  
"good Sir, to me I pray you say."  
"Why, it is a Letter I'le cause to be written,—  
but art thou so simple as thou shewst to day?" 204

"Why, if it be a Letter, I'me never the better ;  
keep it to thyself, and trouble not me ;  
I could ha had a letter written cheaper at home,  
and nere a come out of my own country." 208

"Thou'st have an Attachment," said our King ;  
"charge all that thou seest take thy part ;  
Till he pay thee an hundred pound  
be sure thou never let him start." 212

If any seem against thee to stand,  
be sure thou come hither straightway."  
"I,<sup>1</sup> marry, is that all Ise get for my labour ?  
then I may come trotting every day." 216

"Thou art hard of belief," then said our King,—  
to please him with Letters he was willing,—  
"I see you have taken great pains in writing,  
with all my heart Ise give you a Shilling." 220

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<sup>1</sup> I=aye.

- "I'le have none of thy shilling," said our King;  
 "man with thy money, God give thee win;"<sup>1</sup>  
 He threw it into the King's bosome;  
 the money lay cold next to his skin. 224
- "Beshrew thy heart," then said our King,  
 "thou art a carle something too bold!  
 Dost thou not see I am hot with bowling,  
 and the money next to my skin lies cold?" 228
- "I never wist that before," said the poor man,  
 "before sike time as I came hither;  
 If the Lawers in our Country thought 'twas cold,  
 they would not heap so much together." 232
- The King called up his Treasurer,  
 and bad him fetch him twenty pound;  
 "If ever thy Errand lye here away,  
 i'le bear thy Charges up and down." 236
- When the poor man saw the Gold down tendred,  
 for to receive it he was willing:  
 "If I had thought the King had had so mickle Gold,  
 beshrew my heart, I'de a kept my shilling." 240
- The poor man got home the next Sunday;  
 the Lawer soon did him espy:  
 "O Sir, you have been a stranger long,  
 I think from me you have kept you by." 244
- "It was for you indeed," said the poor man,  
 the matter to the King as I have tell;  
 I did as my neighbour put into my head,  
 and made a submission to him mysell." 248
- "What, a Deel! didst with the K[ing]?" qd the Lawyer,  
 "could not neighbours and friends agree thee and me?"  
 "The deel a neighbour or friend that I had,  
 that would ha been such a day's man as he! 252
- He has gi'n me a Letter, but I know not what they cal't,  
 but if the king's words be true to me,  
 When you have read and perused it over,  
 I hope you'l leave and let me be. 256

<sup>1</sup> "win" may mean "success" (to win), or "win," a friend; in either case a good wish—perhaps proverbial.

He has gi'n me another, but I know not what too,  
but I charge you all to hold him fast ;  
Till he pay me an hundred pound,  
I will go tye him fast tull a Post." 260

"Marry, God forbid !" the Lawyer said :  
then the Tachment was red before them there,—  
"Thou must needs something credit me,  
till I go home and fetch some mear." 264

"Credit ! nay, that's it the king forbad ;  
he bade, if I got thee, I should thee stay."  
The Lawyer paid him an hundred pound  
in ready money ere he went away. 268

Would every Lawyer were served thus !  
from troubling poor men they would cease :  
They'd either shew him good cause why,  
or else they'd let him live in peace. 272

And thus I end my merry song,  
which shews the plain men's simpleness,  
And the king's great mercy in righting wrongs,  
and the Lawyer's fraud and wickedness. 276

Printed by and for Alex. Milbourn, at the Stationers-Arms  
in Green-Arbor-Court, in the Little Old-Baily.

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### King Edward IV and the Tanner of Tamworth.

This was a favourite story among our ancestors, and one that was re-versified at various dates. It is quoted by Puttenham, in his *Art of English Poesie* (1589), and by Selden, under the head of "Esquire," in his *Titles of Honour* (1614).

The earliest entry upon the Registers of the Stationers' Company (which commence in 1557) is to William Griffith, in 1564. Griffith's edition is unknown to bibliographers. The earliest printed copy known to be extant, is of 1596, "at London for John Danter." (Bodl. Lib. 4to, C. 39. Art. Seld.) Danter's widow assigned this edition to William White on 6th October,



1600, and the ballad was again entered to John Trundle, on 2nd December, 1615.

Danter's copy is entitled "A merrie, pleasant & delectable Historie, betweene King Edward the fourth & a Tanner of Tamworth, as he rode vpon a time with his Nobles a hunting toward Drayton Basset. Uerie pleasant & merrie to read." (1596.) It differs from the edition quoted by Puttenham, for the line which he cites as an example of vulgar speech, is, "I *hope* I shall be hanged to-morrow," meaning "I *expect* to be hanged," etc., is not to be found there. The edition of 1596 has "I *trow*" instead of "I *hope*," and the copy from which the following is taken has only "I *shall* be hang'd tomorrow."

The edition of 1596 consists of 224 lines. The Roxburghe edition has been, in great part, re-rhymed, and consists of but 156 lines. The former is therefore of but little use for collation. Eight lines will afford a specimen of it, and the following eight are selected, in continuation of the description of the miller, because they are from one of the parts of the ballad, at which the Roxburghe copy stops short:—

"A pair of rough mittens the Tanner did weare,  
his hood was buckled vnder his chin,  
Yonder comes a good fellow, said our King;  
that cares not whether he lose or win.  
The Tanner came singing on his Mare,  
with one so merry a note;  
He sung out of tune, he was past care,  
he had no neede to grease his throte."

Dr. Percy printed a peculiar version of the ballad in his *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*. It is avowedly made up from two copies, the text being "selected and corrected." The corrections include sundry substitutions, made with his usual taste. He used Danter's edition, and one of later date from the Pepys library,—but seemingly not one bound up with the collection of ballads. It appears to have been very like, if not identical with the Roxburghe edition. In this way Dr. Percy polished and reversified the subject, as, at least, three others had done before. His edition will stand apart, upon its own merits.

Of extant copies, Mr. Euing's Nos. 273 and 274 appear to be the earliest of this version of the ballad, and they state that it was to be sung "to an excellent new tune," which the Roxburghe edition omits. Mr. Euing's may be dated from the Protectorate to within a few years after the beginning of Charles the Second's reign, and the Roxburghe copy may be ten years later. There is a still later edition in the Roxburghe Collection, but one of little import. It is an Aldermary Churchyard publication, therefore probably after 1700. (Rox. III. 526.)

[Roxb. Coll. I. 176, 177.]

A Pleasant new Ballad betweene  
King Edward the Fourth and a Tanner of Tamworth,  
as hee rode upon a time with his Nobles on Hunting,  
towards Drayton Bassett.



In Summer time, when leaves grew greene,  
 and birds sate<sup>1</sup> on every tree:  
 King Edward would a hunting ride,  
 some pastime for to see. 4

Our King he would a hunting ride  
 by eight a clocke of the day,  
 And well was he 'ware of a bold Tanner  
 come riding on the way. 8

A good russet coat the Tanner had on,  
 fast buttoned under his chin,  
 And under him a good cow-hide,  
 and a mare of foure shilling.<sup>2</sup> 12

Now stand you here, good my Lords all,  
 under this trusty tree,  
 And I will wend to yonder fellow,  
 to know from whence came hee. 16

"God speed! God speed!" then said our King,  
 "thou art welcome, good fellow!" (quoth hee),  
 "Which is the way to Drayton Basset?  
 I pray you shew it to me." 20

"The way to Drayton Basset,  
 from this way as thou dost stand?  
 The next paire of Gallowes thou comcest to,  
 thou must turne upon the left hand." 24

"That is not the way," then said our King;  
 "the readiest way, I pray thee, shew mee."  
 "Whether thou be thiefe or true man," quoth the Tanner,  
 "I am weary of thy company,— 23

Away, with a vengeance!" quoth the Tanner,  
 "I hold thee out of thy wit;  
 For this day have I ridden and gone,  
 and I am fasting yet." 32

<sup>1</sup> "sitting" in Rox.

<sup>2</sup> Percy quotes a Will of 1466, in which a lady of rank leaves her son 13s. 4d., "to buy him an horse," to prove that four or five shillings might be a reasonable valuation for a tanner's mare.

- “Goe with me to Drayton Basset,” said our King,  
“no Dainties we will lacke;  
For wee’l have meat and drinke of the best,  
and I will pay for the snacke.”<sup>1</sup> 36
- “Godamercie for nothing,” quoth the Tanner,  
“thou shalt pay for no dinner of mine;  
I have more groats and nobles in my purse  
than thou hast pence in thine.” 40
- “God save your goods,” then said our King,  
“and send them well to thee!”  
“Be thou thiefe or true man,” said the Tanner,  
“I am weary of thy company.” 44
- Away, with a vengeance!” quoth the Tanner,  
“of thee I stand in feare;  
The apparell thou wearest on thy backe  
may beseeme<sup>2</sup> a good Lord to weare.” 48
- “I never stole them,” said our King,  
“I sweare to you by the rood.”  
“Thou art some Ruffian of the Country,  
thou ridest in the midst of thy good.”<sup>3</sup> 52
- “What newes doe you heare?” then said our King;  
“I pray what newes d’you heare?”  
“I heare no newes,” answered the Tanner,  
“but that Cow-hides be deare.” 56
- “Cow-hides! Cow-hides!” then said our King,  
“I marvell what they be!”  
“Why, art thou a foole?” quoth the Tanner,  
“looke! I have one under mee.” 60
- “Yet one thing of thee I would thee pray,  
so that thou would not be strange;  
If thy Mare be better than my Steed,  
I pray you let us change.” 64

<sup>1</sup> This line is printed “And I will pay for the shot.” To “pay the shot” would be a corruption of “pay the scot” (or reckoning). Few would pay for it. But the original word must have rhymed with “lacke.” In Levins’s *Manipulus Vocabulorum* is first “the snacke of a dog, *morsus*,” and secondly, “to snacke, byte, *morsitare*.”—*Nec tu mensarum morsus horresce futuros.* Virg. *Æneid.* III. 394.

<sup>2</sup> “seeme” in copy; “beseem” = become.

<sup>3</sup> to “stand in the midst of one’s goods” is an idiomatic expression for possessing no more than a man carries about him. Compare “all thy inheritance hangs on thy back,” line 28 of next ballad.



“But if thou, needs, with me wilt change,  
as change full well may yee,  
By the faith of my body,” quoth the Tanner,  
“I looke to have boot of thee.”

68

“What boot wilt thou aske?” then said the King,  
“what boot wilt thou aske, on this ground?”  
“No pence, nor halfpence,” said the Tanner,  
“but a Noble in gold so round.”

72

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The second part of King Edward the fourth and the  
Tanner of Tamworth.



“Here’s twenty good groats then,” said the King,  
“so, well paid see that you be!”  
“I love thee better than I did before,  
I thought thou hadst ne’re a penny.”

76

But if so be we must needs change,  
as change[d] we must abide,  
Though thou hast gotten Brocke, my Mare,  
thou shalt not have my Cow-hide.”

80

The Tanner he tooke the good Cow-hide,  
that of [f] the Cow was hilt,<sup>1</sup>  
And threw it upon the King's saddle,  
that was so fairely gilt. 84

“ Now, helpe ! helpe me up ! ” quoth the Tanner,  
“ full quickly that I were gone ;  
For when I come home to Jillian my wife,  
shee'l say I am a Gentleman. ” 88

The Kinge tooke the Tanner by the leg,  
he girded<sup>2</sup> a fart so round ;  
“ You are very homely, ” then said the King,  
“ were I aware, I'de a laid you o'th ground. ” 92

But when the Tanner was in the King's Saddle,  
astonied<sup>3</sup> that hee was ;  
Hee knew not the stirrups that hee did weare,  
whether they were gold or brasse. 96

But when the Steed saw the black Cow-taile wag,  
for and<sup>4</sup> the blacke Cow-horne,  
The Steed began to run away,  
as the Devill the Tanner had borne, 100

Untill he came unto a nooke,  
a little beside an Ash ;  
The Steed gave the Tanner such a fall,  
his necke was almost brast.<sup>5</sup> 104

“ Take thy horse again, with a vengeance ! ” hee said,  
“ with mee hee shall not abide. ”  
“ It is no marvell, ” said the King, and laught,  
“ he knew not your Cow-hide. ” 108

But if that wee must needs now change here,  
as change well that we mote,  
Ile sweare to you plaine, if you have your Mare,  
I doe looke to have some boot. ” 112

<sup>1</sup> “ hilt ” = skinned.

<sup>3</sup> astonied = astonished.

<sup>5</sup> “ brast ” = broken.

<sup>2</sup> to gird = to break wind, to crack.

<sup>4</sup> “ for and ” = and also.

- “What boot wilt thou aske?” quoth the Tanner;  
 “what boot wilt thou aske on this ground?”  
 “No pence nor halfepence,” said the King,  
 “but of thy<sup>1</sup> gold twenty pound.” 116
- “Here’s twenty groats,” said the Tanner,  
 “and twenty more I had of thine;  
 I have ten groats more in my purse,  
 wee’l drinke five of them at the Wine.” 120
- The King set a Bugle-horne to his mouth,  
 that blew both loud and shrill;  
 Then five hundred Lords and Knights  
 came riding over a hill. 124
- “Away, with a vengeance!” quoth the Tanner,  
 “with thee Ile no longer abide!  
 Thou art a strong thiefe, yonder be thy fellowes,  
 they will steale away my Cow-hide.” 128
- “No, I protest!” then said our King,  
 “for so it may not be;  
 Thay be Lords of Drayton Basset,  
 come out of the North country.” 132
- But when they came before the King,  
 full loe they fell on their knee;  
 The Tanner had rather than a hundred pound  
 hee had been out of their company. 136
- “A collar! A collar!” then said the King,  
 “A collar!” that he did cry:  
 Then would he ha’ given a thousand pound  
 he had not been so nie. 140
- “A collar! a collar!” quoth the Tanner,  
 “that is a thing will breed sorrow!  
 For after a collar commeth a halter,  
 and I shall be hangd tomorrow!” 144
- “No, do not feare,” the King did say,  
 “for pastime thou hast showne me;  
 No collar nor halter thou shalt have,  
 but I will give thee a fee; 148

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“but in” in copy; “but of thy” in edit. 1596.

For Plumpton Parke I will thee give,  
with the Tenements three beside,—  
Which is worth five hundred pound a yeare,—  
to maintaine thy good Cow-hide.” 152

“Godamercie! Godamercie!” quoth the Tanner,  
“for this good deed thou hast done,  
If ever thou commest to merry Tamworth,  
t’shalt have leather to clout thy shoone!”<sup>1</sup> 156

Finis.

London, Printed by A. M.

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<sup>1</sup> “thou shalt have clouting leather for thy shone” (which is quite out of measure) in copy.

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### **King Henry II and the Miller of Mansfield.**

The large number of extant ballads in the form of dialogues between Kings and men of low birth, has been commented on by Percy and by the editor of the Percy folio manuscript. To bring together the highest and the lowest afforded a strong dramatic contrast, which was often heightened by concealing the rank of the former for a time. In the following, the King is separated from his companions in the ardour of the chase, and, losing his way, asks shelter for the night from a miller, whom he meets in the forest. The miller grants his request, suspiciously at first, but at length entertains him with venison which he had poached, and which he habitually poached, from Sherwood forest. When the rank of the king is discovered by the appearance of his nobles in the morning, the miller expects to be hung on the next tree, for his infringement of the forest laws, but, instead of this, he is lavishly rewarded, and dubbed a knight.

There is not a shadow of probability that such a story, told of one of our kings of the Norman race, can have any foundation in fact. Moreover, it is probable that all our extant tales of this kind have been creations of the minstrel or ballad-maker, for, if even the first known of them—that of King Alfred and the Shepherd’s wife—have an historical foundation, the superstructure is, at least, imaginary, and strong doubts have been thrown out that its supposed historical basis has been interpolated into



the Life of Alfred the Great by the so-called Asser—which history, according to Mr. T. Wright, is but a monkish compilation of the tenth century.

In the sequel to this story, the newly made knight and his family are invited to Court by the King, to give him further amusement through the display of their vulgarities. As a reward for the entertainment they then afford, the habitual poacher is made Overseer of Sherwood Forest, with an additional salary of three hundred pounds a year. Our Norman race of kings was hardly quite so playful with men of the miller's stamp. It is evident then, that probabilities might sometimes be dispensed with in ballads, although these ballads formed the people's History of England.

We have no earlier trace of the following than the end of Elizabeth's reign or the beginning of James the First's. Mr. W. C. Hazlitt mentions an edition printed by Edward Allde, which would be of that time. Roxb. I. 228, printed by E. Wright, may be dated between 1621 and 1655, and Percy's folio manuscript falls within the same range of date. All other known copies of the "pleasant ballad" were printed in or after the reign of Charles II. There are three in the Roxb. Coll. (I. 178, I. 228, and III. 853), the last with the publisher's name cut off; one in the Pepys (I. 528), and one in the Bagford (II. 25). It also appears in the Collection of Old Ballads, attributed to Ambrose Phillips (I. 53, 1727).

In collating with the Percy folio, it has not been thought necessary to mark all the variations between the copies, because the folio has been printed. Taken as a whole, the broadside copy is to be preferred.

The ballad tune will be found in *Pop. Music*, I. 169. It is here named *The French Levalto*—at p. 228 "*Lavolta*." The ballad cannot have been sung to any dance tune of the Lavolta kind, because that was an anapæstic dance, like the modern Polka, having the accent on the third, instead of on the first, syllable, as here required. Sir John Davies describes the Lavolta in his poem on dancing, entitled *Orchestra*:—

"Yet is there one, the most delightful kind,  
A lofty jumping, or a leaping round,  
Where arm in arm, two dancers are entwin'd,  
And whirl themselves with strict embracements bound:  
An *anapest* is all their music's song,  
Whose first two feet are short, and third is long."

What the proper name of the tune should be, it is difficult to say. A copy of the music transcribed from an old Virginal book by Sir John Hawkins, gives the variation of "*The Revolto*."

[Roxb. Coll. I. 178, 179. Corrected by Percy's Folio MS.]

## A Pleasant Ballad of King Henry the second, and the Miller of Mansfield, and how he was Entertained and Lodged at the Miller's House, and of their pleasant Communication.

TO THE TUNE OF *The French Levalto*, &c.

Henry, our Royal King, would ride a Hunting  
to the green Forrest so pleasant and fair;  
To have the Hart chasèd—the dainty Does tripping— 3  
unto merry Sherwood his Nobles repair.  
Hawk and Hound was unbound, all things prepar'd  
For the same—to the game with good regard. 6

All a long Summer's Day rode the King pleasantly,  
with all his Princes and Nobles each one,  
Chasing the Hart and Hind, and the Buck gallantly, 9  
till the dark Evening forc'd him to turn home.  
Then at last, riding fast, he had lost quite  
All his Lords in the Wood, in the<sup>1</sup> dark Night. 12

Wandring thus wearily<sup>2</sup> all alone, up and down,  
with a rude Miller he met at the last;  
Asking the ready way unto fair Nottingham— 15  
“Sir,” (quoth the Miller) “your way you have lost,<sup>3</sup>  
Yet I think what I think, truth for to say,  
You do not lightly<sup>4</sup> ride out of the way.” 18

“Why, what dost thou think of me,” quoth our King  
merily,  
“passing thy judgment upon me so brief?” 20  
“Good faith,” (said the Miller) “I mean not to flatter thee,  
I guess thee to be but some Gentleman-Thief;  
Stand thee back in the dark! 'light thee not down!  
Least that I presently crack thy Knave's crown.” 24

<sup>1</sup> “late in dark” in Rox.; “in the darke” P. Folio.

<sup>2</sup> “warily” in Rox.

<sup>3</sup> Instead of “your way you have lost,” P. Fol. has “I meane not to jest.”

<sup>4</sup> “likely” in Rox.; “lightye” in MS.

“Thou hast abus’d me much,” (quoth the King) “saying thus;

I am a Gentleman, and Lodging I lack.”

“Thou hast not” (quoth the Miller) “one groat in thy purse; 27

all thy Inheritance hangs on thy back.”

“I have gold to discharge all that I call;

If it be Forty Pence, I will pay all.” 30

“If thou beest a True-man,” (then quoth the Miller)

“I swear by my tole-dish, I’ll lodge thee all night.”

“Here’s my hand,” (quoth the King) “that was I ever.” 33

“Nay, soft,” (qd. the Miller) “thou may’st be a Spright!

Better I’ll know thee, ere<sup>1</sup> hands I will take;

With none but honest men hands will I shake.” 36

Thus they went all along unto the miller’s house,

where they were seething of Puddings and Souse :<sup>2</sup>

The Miller first entred in, then after him the King; 39

never came he in so smoaky a house.

“Now” (quoth he) “let me see here what you are.”

Quoth our King, “Look your fill, and do not spare.” 42

“I like thy countenance; thou hast an honest face;

with my Son Richard this night thou shalt lye.”

Quoth his wife, “By my troth, it is a handsome Youth, 45

yet, it is best, (husband) to deal<sup>3</sup> warily:

Art not thou a Run-away? prethee, Youth, tell;

Shew me thy Pasport, and all shall be well.” 48

Then our King presently, making low courtesie,

with his Hat in his hand, thus he did say:

“I have no passport, nor never was Servitor, 51

but a poor Courtier, rode out of my way;

And for your kindness here offered to<sup>4</sup> me,

I will requite it in every degree.” 54

Then to the Miller his wife whispered secretly,

saying, “it seems this Youth’s of good kin,

Both by his aparel, and eke by his manners; 57

to turn him out certainly ’twere a great sin.”

<sup>1</sup> “e’er” in Rox.

<sup>2</sup> boiling puddings, and pork that had been “soused” or pickled.

<sup>3</sup> “for to deal” in Rox.

<sup>4</sup> “to” in P. Fol.; omitted in Rox.

“Yea,” (quoth he) “you may see he hath some grace  
When he doth speak to his betters in place.” 60

“Well,” quoth the Miller’s wife, “young man, welcom here!  
and, tho’ I say it, well lodg’d thou shalt be;  
Fresh straw I will have laid on thy bed so brave,  
good brown hempen-sheets likewise,” quoth she. 63

“Ay,” quoth the good man, “and when that is done,  
You shall lye with no worse than my own Son.” 66

“Nay, first,” (quoth Richard) “Goodfellow, tell me true,  
hast thou no Creepers within thy gay Hose?  
Or art thou not troubled with the Scabbado?” 69

“I pray,” quoth our King, “what things are those?”  
“Art thou not lousie, nor scabby?” quoth he;  
“If thou beest, surely thou ly’st not with me.” 72

This caus’d the King suddenly to laugh most heartily,  
till the tears tricklèd down from his eyes.  
Then to their supper were they set orderly, 75  
with hot<sup>1</sup> bag-pudding and good apple-pies;  
Nappy ale, good and stale, in a brown bowl,  
Which did about the board merrily trowl. 78

“Here,” quoth the miller, “good fellow, I’ll drink to thee,  
and to all Courtnals<sup>2</sup> that courteous be.”<sup>3</sup>  
“I’ll pledge you,” quoth our King, “and thank you heartily 81  
for your good welcome in every degree;  
And here, in like manner, I’ll drink to your Son.”  
“Do so,” quoth Richard, “but quick let it come.”<sup>4</sup> 84

“Wife,” quoth the Miller, “fetch me forth Light-foot,  
that we of his sweetness a little may taste.”  
A fair venison-pasty then brought she forth presently; 87  
“Eat,” quoth the Miller, “but, Sir, make no waste.”  
“Here’s dainty Light-foot, in faith,” said our King,  
“I never before eate<sup>5</sup> so dainty a thing.” 90

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<sup>1</sup> “a hot” in Rox. ; not in MS.

<sup>2</sup> Courtnolls = Court noddles = courtiers.

<sup>3</sup> “wherever they be” in Rox. ; corrected by Percy folio.

<sup>4</sup> “quick let it come” = don’t drink all.

<sup>5</sup> “*did* eat” in copy, “eate” in Percy fol.



- “*I wis,*” said Richard, “no dainty at all it is,  
for we do eat of it every day.”
- “In what place,” said the King, “may be bought like to  
this?” 93
- “We never pay penny for it, by my fay;  
From merry Sherwood we fetch it home here;  
Now and then we make bold with our King’s deer.” 96
- “Then I think,” said our King, “that it is venison.”  
“Each fool,” quoth Richard, “full well may see that;  
Never are we without two or three in<sup>1</sup> the roof,  
very well fleshed and excellent fat: 99  
But, prethee, say nothing, where ever thou go;  
We would not, for two pence, the King should it know.” 102
- “Doubt not,” then said the King, “my promis’d secresie;  
the King shall never know more on’t for me.”
- A cup of lambs-wool they drank unto him then, 105  
and to their beds they past presently.  
The Nobles, next morning, went all up and down,  
For to seek out the King in every town. 108
- At last, at the miller’s house soon they espy’d him plaine,  
as he was mounting upon his fair Steed;  
To whom they came presently, falling upon their knee; 111  
which made the miller’s heart woefully bleed;  
Shaking and quaking, before them he stood,  
Thinking he should have been hang’d by the rood.<sup>2</sup> 114
- The King perceiving him fearful and trembling,  
drew forth his sword, and nothing he said:  
The miller down did fall, crying before them all, 117  
doubting the King would have cut off his head.  
But he,<sup>3</sup> his kind Courtesie for to requite,  
Gave him a living, and made him a knight. 120

<sup>1</sup> “under” in copy, “in” in Percy folio.

<sup>2</sup> “rood” = gibbet.

<sup>3</sup> “he” in Percy folio, omitted in copy.

**The Second Part of the King and  
the Miller, shewing how he came to Court with his  
wife and son, and what merry Conceits passed be-  
tween the King and them.**

When as our Royal King came home from Nottingham,  
and with his Nobles at Westminster lay,  
Recounting the sports and pastimes they had tane, 123  
in this late Progress, along by the way;  
Of them all, great and small, he did protest  
The Miller of Mansfield's sport likèd him best. 126

“And now, my Lords,” quoth the King, “I am determinèd,  
against St. George's next sumptuous feast,  
That this old miller, our youngest<sup>1</sup> confirmed knight, 129  
with his son Richard, shall both be my Guests;  
For, in this merriment, 'tis my desire  
To talk with the jolly knight and the young Squire.” 132

When as the noble<sup>2</sup> Lords saw the king's pleasantness,  
they were right joyfull and glad in their hearts:  
A Pursevant<sup>3</sup> there was sent straight on the business, 135  
the which had oftentimes been in those parts.  
When he came to the place where he did dwell,  
His message orderly then he did tell. 138

“God save your worship!” then said the Messenger,  
“and grant your Lady her own<sup>4</sup> heart's desire;  
And to your Son Richard good fortune and happiness, 141  
that sweet young Gentleman and gallant Squire!<sup>5</sup>  
Our king greets you all, and thus [he] doth say,  
You must come to the Court on St. George's day: 144

Therefore, in any case, fail not to be in place.”  
“I wis,” quoth the Miller, “this is an odd jest!  
What should we do there?” he said,—“faith, I am half  
afraid.” 147  
“I doubt,” quoth Richard, “be hang'd at the least.”

<sup>1</sup> “last” in Rox., “youngest” in Percy folio.

<sup>2</sup> “noble” in Percy folio, omitted in Rox.

<sup>3</sup> Pursuivant.

<sup>4</sup> “own” in Percy folio, omitted in Rox.

<sup>5</sup> “gallant young Squire” in Rox., but not in Percy folio.

“Nay,” quoth the messenger, “you do mistake,  
Our king he provides a great feast for your sake.” 150

Then said the miller, “Now, by my troth, messenger,  
thou hast contented my worship full well.  
Hold! here’s 3 farthings to ’quit thy great gentleness 153  
for these happy tydings which thou dost me tell.  
Let me see! here’s to thee! tell to our King,  
We’ll wait on his mastership in every thing.” 156

The Pursevant smilèd at their simplicity,  
and, making many legs, took their Reward;  
And taking then his leave with great humility, 159  
to the King’s Court again he repair’d,  
Shewing unto his Grace in each degree  
The Knight’s most liberal gift and bounty. 162

When he was gone away, thus did the miller say:  
“here comes expences and charges indeed!  
Now we must needs be brave, though we spend all we  
have; 165  
for of new Garments we have [a] great need:  
Of horses and serving men we must have store,  
With bridles and saddles, and twenty things more.” 168

“Tush, Sir John!” quoth his wife, “neither do<sup>1</sup> fret nor  
frown,  
you shall be at no more charges for me!  
For I will turn and trim up my old Russet Gown, 171  
with every thing else<sup>2</sup> as fine as may be;  
And on our mill-horses full swift we will ride,  
With pillows and pannels, as we shall provide.” 174

In this most stately sort rode they unto the Court,  
their jolly son Richard [the] foremost of all;  
Who set up, by good hap, a Cock’s Feather in his cap, 177  
and so they jetted down towards the King’s Hall,  
The merry old miller with his hands on his side,  
His Wife, like maid Marrian did mince,<sup>3</sup> at that tide. 180

<sup>1</sup> “never” in Rox.; “neither do” in Percy folio,

<sup>2</sup> “else” in Percy folio, not in Rox.

<sup>3</sup> Maid Marian in the Morris dance was represented by a man in woman’s clothes, who was to take short steps to sustain the female character.—*Percy*.

- The King and his nobles, that heard of his coming,  
 meeting this gallant knight with his brave train,  
 "Welcome, Sir knight," quoth he, "with this your gay  
 Lady; 183  
 good Sir John Cockle, once welcome again!  
 And so is this Squire of courage so free!"  
 Quoth Dick, "A bots on you! do you know me?" 186
- Quoth our King gently, "How should I forget thee?  
 thou wast my own Bedfellow, well that I wot."  
 "But I think of a trick, tell me that, prethee, Sir,<sup>1</sup> 189  
 how thou with farting didst make the bed hot?"  
 "Thou whorson happy knave!" then quoth the knight,  
 "speak cleanly to our king, or else go shite." 192
- The King and his Courtiers heartily laugh'd at this,  
 while the King took them both by the hand;  
 With Ladies and their Maids, like to the Queen of Spades, 195  
 the Miller's wife did so orderly stand,—  
 A Milk-maid's courtesie at every word;  
 And down the Folks were set at the side board, 198
- Where the king royally, in Princely majesty,  
 sat at his dinner with joy and delight.  
 When they had eaten well, to jesting then he<sup>2</sup> fell; 201  
 taking a bowl of wine, drank to the knight:  
 "Here's to you both," he said, "in wine, ale, and beer,  
 Thanking you heartily all for your country Cheer."<sup>3</sup> 204
- Quoth Sir John Cockle, "I'll pledge you a pottle,  
 were it the best ale in Nottingham-shire:"  
 But then said the king, "I do think of a thing,— 207  
 some of your Lightfoot I would we had here."  
 "Ho, ho!" quoth Richard, "full well I may say it,  
 'Tis knavery to eat it and then to betray it." 210
- "Why art thou angry?" quoth our king merrily;  
 "in faith, I take it [as] very unkind;  
 I thought thou wouldst pledge me in ale and wine heartily." 213  
 "You're like to stay," quoth Dick, "till I have din'd;

<sup>1</sup> "prethee, Dick" in both, but must be an error by the context.

<sup>2</sup> "they" in Rox., "he" in folio.

<sup>3</sup> "heartilye for all my good cheere" in Percy folio, "all for your Country cheer" in Rox.



You feed us with twatling dishes so small,  
Zounds! a black Pudding is better than all." 216

"Ay, marry," quoth our king, "that were a dainty thing,  
if a man could get one, here for to eat."  
With that Dick straight<sup>1</sup> arose, and pluckt one from<sup>2</sup> his  
hose, 219

which, with heat of his breech, began for to sweat.  
The king made a proffer to snatch it away,—  
"'Tis meat for your Master! good Sir, you must stay!" 222

Thus in great merriment was the time wholly spent,  
and then the Ladies preparèd to dance:  
Old Sir John Cockle and Richard, incontinent, 225  
unto this practice, the king did advance.  
Here with the Ladies such sport they did make,  
The Nobles with laughing did make their hearts ake. 228

Many thanks for their pains did the king give them then,  
asking young Richard if he would be<sup>3</sup> wed;  
"Among these Ladies free, tell me which liketh thee?" 231  
Quoth he, "Jug Grumbol, with the red head:  
She's my love; shes my life; she will I wed;  
She hath sworn I shall have her maiden-head." 234

Then Sir John Cockle the king callèd unto him,  
and of merry Sherwood made him Over-seer;  
and gave him out of hand three hundred pound yearly. 237  
"and now, take heed, *you* steale no more of my Deer!  
And once a quarter let's here have your view;  
And thus, Sir John Cockle, I bid you adieu!" 240

Printed by and for A. Milbourn in Green-Arbour  
Court in the Little Old Baily.

<sup>1</sup> "straight" in folio, not in Rox.  
"be wed" in folio, not in Rox.

<sup>2</sup> "out of" in both copies.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 180, 181.]

## A Lanthorne for Landlords.

TO THE TUNE OF *The Duke of Norfolk.*



With sobbing grief my heart wil break  
 Asunder in my brest,  
 Before this story of great woe  
 I truely have exprest :

4

This "Lanthorne for Landlords" is a warning to them not to turn out widows that cannot pay their rent, and not to store up corn against a dear year, or else the judgments of God will fall upon them. The date of the copy is of the reign of James I. or Charles I. An edition issued by the same stationer will be found in the Pepys Collection (I. 146). The ballad is unquestionably older than the extant copies.

The tune of *The Duke of Norfolk* takes its name from a ballad beginning "I am the Duke of Norfolk," referred to by Fletcher and others. The Scotch song of "John Anderson, my Jo," and the Irish song of "The cruiskeen lawn," are sung to the air, for the history of which see *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, I. 117, and II. 770.

Therefore let all kind-hearted men, and those that tender be, Come beare a part of this my griefe, and joyntly say with me, <i>Woe worth the man, &amp;c.</i> <sup>1</sup>	9
Not long agoe in Lincolne dwelt, As I did understand, A labouring man, from thence set forth to serve in Ireland :	13
And there in Princes' warres was slaine, As doth that Country know, But left his widdow great with child as ever she could goe.	17
This woman having gone her time, Her husband being dead, Of two fine pretty Boyes at once was sweetly brought to bed ;	21
Whereat her wicked Landlord straight Did ponder in his minde How that their wants hee must relieve, and succour for them finde :	25
For, being borne upon his ground, This was his vile conceit,— That he the mother should maintaine, and give the other meat ;	29
Which to prevent, he hyed fast unto this widdow poore, And, on the day she went to Church, he turn'd her out of doore.	33
Her houshold goods he 'straynd upon, To satisfie the rent, And left her scarce a ragge to weare,— so wilfull was he bent.	37

The burden is not printed out, in any part of this edition. It seems to have been derived from a ballad on the murder of the Earl of Darnley in 1567:—

“Wo worth the man that, Treason first,  
This thing did take in hand,” &c.,

and which has for burden—

“Wo worth, wo worth, wo worth them all,  
Wo worth to them I say ;  
Wo worth, wo worth, wo worth them all,  
Wo worth to them away.”

A copy of this is in the library of the Society of Antiquaries.

Her pretty Babes, that sweetly slept  
Upon her tender brest,  
Were forcèd, by the Miser's rage,  
by nights in streets to rest. 41

Quoth she " My husband, in your cause,  
In warres did lose his life ;  
And will you use thus cruelly  
his harmlesse wedded wife ? 45

O God ! revenge a widdowes wrong !  
That all the world may know  
How you have forst a Souldier's wife  
a begging for to goe." 49

From Lincolne thus this widdow went,  
But left her curse behind,  
And beggèd all the Land about,  
her maintenance to find. 53

At many places where she came,  
She knew the whipping post,  
Constrained still, as beggars be,  
to taste on such like rost. 57

And, weary of such punishment,  
Which she had suffered long,  
She daily thought within her heart  
shee had exceeding wrong : 61

And, comming neere to Norwich gates,  
In griefes shee sate her downe,  
Desiring God that never shee  
might come in that same Towne ; 65

" For I had rather live," quoth shee,  
" Within these pleasant fields,  
And feed my children with such food  
as woods and meddowes yeeld, 69

Before I will of rich men beg,  
Or crave it at their doore,  
Whose hearts, I know, are mercillesse  
unto the needy poore." 73

---



**The second part.**

TO THE SAME TUNE.

- Her Boys, now grown to two yeeres old,  
 Did from their mother run  
 To gather eares of Barly Corne,  
 as they before had done. 77  
 But marke what heavy chance befell  
 Unto these pretty Elves :—  
 They hapned into Lands of Wheat,  
 wherein they lost themselves.  
*Woe worth, &c.* 82
- And, thinking to returne againe,  
 They wandred further still,  
 Farre from their mother's hearing quite,  
 full sore against her will, 86  
 Who sought them all the fields about,  
 But labouring all in vaine,  
 For why, her children both were lost,  
 and could not come againe. 90
- The two sweet babes, when they perceiv'd  
 The cole-blacke night drew on,  
 And they not in their mother's sight,  
 for her did make great mone ; 94  
 But, wearied with the dayes great heat,  
 They sate them downe and cryed,  
 Untill such time that, arme in arme,  
 these two sweet infants dyed. 98
- Their mother, after three dayes search,  
 Resolvèd had her mind  
 That some good honest meaning man  
 did both her children find ; 102  
 And therefore went to seeke her selfe  
 A service out of hand,  
 Who chancèd with that man to dwell  
 which owed<sup>1</sup> this greene wheat land. 106

<sup>1</sup> "owed" = owned.

- It fell out so in harvest time,  
This woefull widdow then  
Was at the reaping of the Wheate,  
with other labouring men, 110  
Where, finding of her liveless babes  
Almost consum'd away,  
Shee wrung her hands, and beat her brest,  
but knew not what to say. 114
- The rumor of which woefull chance,  
Throughout the City told,  
Enforcèd many a weeping eye,  
the same for to behold. 118  
From whence shee was convey'd againe  
To Lincolne backe, with speed,  
To prosecute the Law against  
the causer of this deed. 122
- But see the judgement of the Lord !  
How hee, in fury great,  
Did bring this Miser to distresse,  
though wealthy was his seat : 126  
For when to Lincolne shee was brought,  
The Caitiffe hee was gone ;  
Of all his cursèd family  
remaining was but one. 130
- For first, the house wherein shee dwelt  
Did prove unfortunate,  
Which made the Landlord and his friends  
to marvell much thereat ; 134  
For tenants foure there dwelt therein  
A twelvemonth and a day,  
Yet none of them could thrive at all,  
but beggers went away : 138
- Whereas this miserable wretch  
Did turne it to a barne,  
And fild it full in harvest time  
with good red wheat and corne, 142  
To keep it safely from the poore  
Untill there came a yeere  
That famine might oppresse them all,  
and make all victuals deare. 146

- But God, forgetting not the wrong  
 he did the Widdow poore,  
 Sent downe a fire from heaven [that]  
 consumèd all his store; 150  
 By which this wicked miser man  
 Was brought to beggery;  
 God<sup>1</sup> likewise laid a grievous scourge  
 upon his family. 154
- His wife she prov'd a cursed witch,  
 And burnèd for the same;  
 His daughter now a Strumpet is  
 at London, in defame; 158  
 At Leister, at the 'Sizes last,  
 Was hanged his eldest sonne,  
 For there consenting wickedly  
 unto a murder done. 162
- His second sonne was fled away  
 Unto the enemy,  
 And prov'd disloyall to his Prince,  
 and to his owne Country. 166  
 His youngest sonne had like mishap,  
 Or worsè in my mind,  
 For hee consented to a bitch,  
 contrary unto kind. 170
- For which the Lord, without delay,  
 Rain'd vengeance on his head  
 Who, like a sinnefull Sodomite,  
 defilèd Nature's bed. 174  
 For there were two great mastiffe dogs  
 That met him in a wood,  
 And tore his limbs in pieces small,  
 devouring up his blood. 178
- Whereof when as his father heard,  
 Most like a desperate man,  
 Within a Channe'l drown'd himsele  
 that downe the street it ran, 182

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<sup>1</sup> "And" in copy.

Where as water could scarce suffice  
To drown a silly mouse ;  
And thus the ruine you have heard  
of him and all his house. 186

The Widdow she was soone possest  
Of all the goods he left,  
In recompence of those sweet babes  
mischance from her bereft. 190  
Therefore let all hard-hearted men  
By this example take,  
That God is just, and will be true,  
for woefull widdowes sake.  
*Woe worth the man, &c.* 195

Finis.

London Printed for John Wright.

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### Lamentation of Master Page's Wife.

This ballad has an historical foundation. It was written by Deloney upon a contemporary event in the year 1591. It tells of the remorse of a wife for having been the instigator of the murder of her husband.

Eulalia Glandfield of "Testock" (Tavistock) had been driven into a marriage with an old and wealthy widower, a Mr. Page of Plymouth, and this, too, in spite of her having declared both to her parents and to her intended husband, that she could never love him, and that she had an unalterable attachment to a young man, named George Strangwidge (or Strangwich). Page chose to take her upon any terms. After marriage, her dislike for her husband increased to loathing, and she conspired with her lover to murder him. Page was strangled on the night of the 11th of February, 1591, and on the 20th of the same month Mrs. Page, George Strangwidge, and the two hired murderers were executed at Barnstaple.

This crime created a great sensation at the time, and was kept in memory by ballads for nearly two centuries after it had occurred. Not only ballads, but also a pamphlet was printed about it soon after its commission. A reprint of the pamphlet may be seen in the *Shakespeare Society's Papers*, II. 79 (1845). Mr.



Payne Collier has pointed out, by an entry in Henslowe's *Diary* (p. 155), that Ben Jonson and Dekker were employed upon a tragedy containing the incidents, in 1599.

The following ballad by Deloney was kept in print from 1591 down to the middle of the last century. How are we to account for such long-continued popularity? Perhaps the ballad retained the favour of the young from its being considered as a warning to parents not to force unwilling marriages upon them, and of the old, as showing the result and punishment of such crime.

Mr. Payne Collier reprinted Deloney's ballad (with two others upon the same subject) in *Broadside Black-letter Ballads* (for private circulation), 4to, 1868. He had the edition of 1591 before him, and has since transferred it, with others, to Mr. Frederic Ouvry, F.S.A. It is this edition only that bears the initials of Deloney. The Pepys copy, printed in 1609 (I. 126), and other later editions, ascribe the composition to Mrs. Page, the murderess.

The copy here used is the first in the Roxburghe Collection (I. 182), collated as to words, but not as to spelling, with Mr. Collier's reprint of the edition of 1591. There are two more editions in the Roxburghe Collection, viz. III. 742 and 744. Of these, the former was printed for J. White (temp. James I. or Charles I.), and the latter is a Bow Churchyard edition, of the last century. The Pepys copy was printed for H. Gosson; Mr. W. Euing's (No. 112) by Coles, Vere, and Gilbertson. The following is the title of the earliest edition:—

**“The Lamentation of Mr. Pages Wife**

Of Plimouth, who, being fore'd to wed him, consented to his  
Murder, for the loue of G. Strangwidge: for  
which they suffered at Barnstable  
in Devonshire.

*The tune is Fortune my Foe, &c.”*

At the end are the initials “T. D.” and “London, Printed by Thomas Scarlet. 1591.”

[Roxb. Coll. I. 182.]

**The Lamentation of Master Page's**  
 wife of Plimmouth, who being enforced by her parents  
 to wed him against her will, did most wickedly consent  
 to his murther, for the love of George Strangwidge;  
 for which fact she suffered death at Barstaple in De-  
 vonshire. Written with her owne hand, a little before  
 her death.

TO THE TUNE OF *Fortune, my Foe!*

Unhappy she whom fortune hath forlorne!  
 Despis'd of grace, that proffered grace did scorne!  
 My lawlesse love hath<sup>1</sup> lucklesse wrought my woe;  
 My discontent content did overthrow. 4

My loathed life too late I doe lament;  
 My hatefull deed with heart<sup>2</sup> I doe repent;  
 A wife I was that wilfull went awry,  
 And for that fault am here prepar'd to die. 8

In blooming yeares my Father's greedy mind,  
 Against my will, a match for me did find;  
 Great wealth there was, yea, gold and silver store,<sup>3</sup>  
 But yet my heart had chosen long before. 12

My eye mislikt<sup>4</sup> my Father's liking quite;  
 My heart did loath my Parents' fond delight;  
 My childish<sup>5</sup> mind and fancie told to me  
 That with his age my youth could not agree. 16

On knees I prayde<sup>6</sup> they would not me constraine;  
 With teares I cride, their purpose to refraine;  
 With sighs and sobs I did them often move  
 I might not wed, whereas I could not love. 20

But all in vaine my speeches still I spent;  
 My Father's<sup>7</sup> will my wishes did prevent:

---

<sup>1</sup> "that" in Rox.

<sup>2</sup> "My wofull deedes in heart" in edit. of 1591.

<sup>3</sup> "mony store" in Rox.

<sup>4</sup> "Mine eies dislikt" in edit. of 1591.

<sup>5</sup> "grieved" in Rox.

<sup>6</sup> "crav'd" in Rox.

<sup>7</sup> "Mother's" in 1591.

Though wealthy Page possest my outward part,  
George Strangwidge still was lodgèd in my heart. 24

I wedded was, and<sup>1</sup> wrappèd all in woe ;  
Great discontents within my heart did grow ;  
I loath'd to live, yet liv'd in deadly strife,  
Because perforce I was made Page's wife. 28

My closen<sup>2</sup> eyes could not his sight abide ;  
My tender youth did lothe<sup>3</sup> his aged side ;  
Scant could I taste the meat whereon he fed ;  
My legs did lothe<sup>4</sup> to lodge within his bed. 32

Cause knew I none I should despise him so,—  
That such disdain within my hart should<sup>5</sup> grow,—  
Save only this, that fancie did me move,  
And told me still, George Strangwidge was my love. 36

Lo ! here<sup>6</sup> began my downfall and decay :  
In mind I mus'd to make him straight away ;  
I, that became his discontented wife,  
Contented was he should be rid of life. 40

Me thinkes that heaven cries<sup>7</sup> vengeance for my fact ;  
Me thinkes the world condemns my monstrous act ;  
Me thinkes, within, my conscience tells me true,  
That for that deed Hell fier is my due. 44

My pensive life<sup>8</sup> doth sorrow for my sinne ;  
For this<sup>9</sup> offence my soule doth bleed within ;  
Yet mercy, Lord ! for mercy doe I<sup>10</sup> cry !  
Save thou my soule, and let my body dye ! 48

Well could I wish that Page enjoy'd his life,  
So that he had some other to his wife ;  
But never could<sup>11</sup> I wish, of low or hie,  
A longer life, and<sup>12</sup> see sweet Strangwidge die. 52

1 "but" in Rox.

2 "chosen" in Rox.

3 "scorne" in Rox.

4 "loath" in Rox.

5 "mind did" in Rox.

6 "But here" in Rox.

7 "the heavens crie" in 1591.

8 "soule" in 1591.

9 "which" in 1591.

10 "still I" in 1591.

11 "would" in Rox.

12 "then" in 1591.

Ah! woe is me! that had no better grace  
To stay till he had run out Nature's race.  
My deed<sup>1</sup> I rue, but more I doe lament<sup>2</sup>  
That to the same my Strangwidge gave consent. 56

You Parents fond, that greedy-minded be,  
And seeke to graft upon a<sup>3</sup> golden tree,  
Consider well, and rightfull Judges be,  
And give your doome twixt Parents' love and me. 60

I was their child, and bound for to obey,  
Yet not to wed<sup>4</sup> where I no love could lay:  
I married was to muck and endlesse strife,  
But faith before had made me Strangwidge wife. 64

Ah, wretched world! which<sup>5</sup> cancred rust doth blinde,  
And cursed men, that<sup>6</sup> beare a greedy minde;  
And haplesse I, whom Parents did force so  
To end my dayes in sorrow, shame, and woe! 68

You De'nshire<sup>7</sup> Dames, and courteous Cornwall Knights,  
That here are come to visit wofull wights,  
Regard my grieffe, and marke my wofull end,  
And to your children be a better friend. 72

And thou, my deare, which for my fault must dye,  
Be not afraid the sting<sup>8</sup> of death to try;  
Like as we liv'd and lov'd together true,  
So both at once we'le<sup>9</sup> bid the world adue. 76

Ulalia, thy friend, doth take her last farewell,  
Whose soule with thine<sup>10</sup> in heaven shall ever dwell.  
Sweet Saviour Christ! doe thou my soule receive:  
The world I doe with all my heart forgive. 80

And Parents now, whose greedy<sup>11</sup> minds doe show  
Your hearts disease<sup>12</sup> and inward heavy woe,  
Mourne you no more! for hope<sup>13</sup> my heart doth tell,  
Ere day be done, my soule<sup>14</sup> shall be full well. 84

<sup>1</sup> "deedes" in 1591.

<sup>3</sup> "graffe upon the" in 1591.

<sup>5</sup> "who" in 1591.

<sup>7</sup> "Devonshire" in Rox.

<sup>10</sup> "thee" in 1591.

<sup>13</sup> "now" in 1591.

<sup>8</sup> "fore" in Rox.

<sup>11</sup> "mournfull" in Rox.

<sup>14</sup> "that I" in Rox.

<sup>2</sup> "repent" in 1591.

<sup>4</sup> "love" in 1591.

<sup>6</sup> "who" in 1591.

<sup>9</sup> "let's" in Rox.

<sup>12</sup> "desire" in 1591.



And Plimmouth proud, I bid thee eke<sup>1</sup> farewell.  
 Take heed, you wives, let not your hands rebell;  
 And farewell, life, wherein such sorrow showes,  
 And welcome, grave, which must<sup>2</sup> my corps inclose. 88

And now, sweet Lord! forgive me my misdeeds;  
 Repentance cries for soule that inward bleeds:  
 My soule and body I commend to thee,  
 That with thy blood from death redeemed me.<sup>3</sup> 92

Lord, blesse our Queene<sup>4</sup> with long and happy life,  
 And send true love<sup>5</sup> betwixt each Man and Wife;  
 And give all Parents wisdom to foresee,  
 The match is marr'd where minds doe not agree. 96

[T. D.]

<sup>1</sup> "now" in 1591.<sup>3</sup> "redeem'd it free" in Rox.<sup>5</sup> "peace" in 1591.<sup>2</sup> "death that doth" in 1591.<sup>4</sup> "King" in Rox.

### Lamentation of George Strangwidge.

This ballad is on the same subject as the last. George Strangwidge was Mrs. Page's partner in guilt. The oldest edition now known, is that of E. Alde, from which Mr. Payne Collier reprinted in his *Broadside Black-letter Ballads* (for private circulation), 1868.

The same three editions are in the Roxburghe Collection, as of the last ballad; so also in the Pepys and in Mr. W. Euing's collections.

The tune of "Fortune, my foe," to which these ballads were sung, acquired the name of "The hanging tune," from the large number of these "last dying speeches" and "confessions" that were sung to it. See *Pop. Mus.* I. 162.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 183.]

**The Lamentation of George Strang-  
widge, who, for consenting to the death of Master Page  
of Plimmouth, suffered Death at Bar[n]stable.**

[TO THE TUNE OF *Fortune*.<sup>1</sup>]

The man that sighes and sorrowes for his sinne,  
The corps which care and woe hath wrapped in,  
In dolefull sort records his Swan-like Song,  
That waits for Death, and loathes to live so long. 4

O Glandfield! cause of my committed crime,  
Snarèd in wealth,<sup>2</sup> as Birds in bush of lime,  
What cause hadst thou to beare such wicked spight  
Against my Love, and eke my hart's delight?<sup>3</sup> 8

I would to God thy wisdom had beene more,  
Or that I had not entred at<sup>4</sup> the doore;  
Or that thou hadst a kinder Father beene  
Unto thy Child, whose yeares are yet but greene: 12

The match unmete which thou alone<sup>5</sup> didst make,  
When aged Page thy Daughter home did take,  
Well maist thou rue with teares that cannot dry,  
Which is<sup>6</sup> the cause that foure of us must dye. 16

Ulalia faire,<sup>7</sup> more bright than Summer's Sunne,  
Whose beauty had my heart<sup>8</sup> for ever won,  
My soule more sobs to thinke of thy disgrace,  
Than to behold mine owne untimely race. 20

The deed late done in heart I doe lament;<sup>9</sup>  
But that I lov'd, I cannot it repent;<sup>10</sup>  
Thy seemely sight was ever sweet to me,  
Would God my death could<sup>11</sup> thy excuser be. 24

<sup>1</sup> The name of the tune is from Alde's edition.

<sup>2</sup> "So wed to wealth" in Alde's edit.

<sup>3</sup> "Against my *good*, and eke my Love's delight" in Rox.

<sup>4</sup> "entered in" in Rox.

<sup>5</sup> "for muck" in Rox.

<sup>6</sup> "was" in Rox.

<sup>7</sup> Alde's edit. omits "faire".

<sup>8</sup> "my love" in Alde.

<sup>9</sup> "repent" in Alde.

<sup>10</sup> "I cannot it relent" in Alde.

<sup>11</sup> "would" in Rox.

It was for me (alas!) thou didst the same;  
 On me, by right,<sup>1</sup> they ought to lay the blame:  
 My worthlesse love hath brought thy life<sup>2</sup> in scorne;  
 Now, woe is me that ever I was borne! 28

Farewell, my love, whose loyall heart was seene:  
 Would God thou hadst not halfe so constant beene!  
 Farewell, my Love, the pride of Plimmouth Towne!  
 Farewell the Flower, whose beauty is cut downe! 32

For twenty yeares great was the cost, I know,  
 Thine<sup>3</sup> unkind Father did on thee bestow;  
 Yet afterward, so sore<sup>4</sup> did fortune lowre,  
 He lost his joy, his Child,<sup>5</sup> within an houre. 36

My wrong and woe to God I doe commit:  
 His was the fault, by<sup>6</sup> matching them unfit:  
 And yet my guilt I cannot so excuse,  
 I gave<sup>7</sup> consent his life for to abuse. 40

Wretch that I am, that I<sup>8</sup> consent did give!  
 Had I denied, Ulalia still should live:  
 Blind fancy said, this sute<sup>9</sup> doe not denie;  
 Live thou in blisse, or else in sorrow die. 44

O Lord! forgive this cruell deed of mine;  
 Upon my soule let beames of mercy shine:  
 In Justice, Lord! doe thou no vengeance take;  
 Forgive us both for Jesus Christ his sake. 48

Finis.

1 "of right" in Rox.

3 "thy" in Rox.

5 "and child" in Rox.

7 "We gave" in Allde.

9 "her suite" in Rox.

2 "my life" in Rox.

4 "sowre" in Allde.

6 "Who was the cause of?" in Allde.

8 "that my" in Allde.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 183.]

**The Sorrowfull Complaint of Mis-**  
**tris Page, for causing her husband to be murdered,**  
**for the love of George Strangwidge, who were exe-**  
**cuted together.**

If ever woe did touch a woman's heart,  
 Or grieffe did gall for sinne the inward<sup>1</sup> part,  
 My conscience then, and heavy heart within,  
 Can wisse well my<sup>2</sup> sorrow for my sinne. 4

When yeeres were young my Father forc't me wed  
 Against my will, where fancy was not led;<sup>3</sup>  
 I was content his pleasure to obey,  
 Although my heart was linkt another way. 8

Great were the guifts they proffered to<sup>4</sup> my sight;  
 With wealth they thought to win me to delight;  
 But gold nor guift my heart could not remove,<sup>5</sup>  
 For I was linkt whereas I could not love. 12

Me thought his sight was loathsome to mine eye;<sup>6</sup>  
 My heart did grudge against him inwardly:  
 This discontent did cause my deadly strife,  
 And with his wealth I liv'd a loathsome life.<sup>7</sup>

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This third ballad upon the subject is printed on the same sheet as the last, in the Roxburghe, Pepys, and Mr. Euing's copies, before referred to; Mr. Payne Collier reprinted from an earlier edition, "Printed by J. R. for Edward White." Edward White was an Elizabethan printer, cotemporary with the event. The title of his edition has the following variation:

The Complaint of Ulallia,  
 For causing of her husband to be murdered for the love  
 of Strangwidge, who were executed together.

To the tune of *Fortune, my Foe.*

<sup>1</sup> "outward" in White's edit.

<sup>3</sup> "fed" in White.

<sup>5</sup> "nor guifts could not my minde remove" in White's edit.

<sup>6</sup> "my eye" in Rox.

<sup>7</sup> "And with this wealth did cause a grievous life" in White's edit.

<sup>2</sup> "the" in White.

<sup>4</sup> "in my," White.



My constant love was on young Strangwidge set,  
 And woe to him<sup>1</sup> that did our welfare let;  
 His love so deepe a hold in me did take,<sup>2</sup>  
 I could<sup>3</sup> have gone a begging for his sake. 20

Wrongèd he was even through my Parents, plaine;  
 Wronged he was through fond desire of gaine;<sup>4</sup>  
 If faith and troth a perfect pledge<sup>5</sup> might be,  
 I had beene wife unto no man but he. 24

Eternall God! forgive my faithlesse deed,<sup>6</sup>  
 And grant all Maidens to take better heed.  
 If I had constant beene unto<sup>7</sup> my friend,  
 I had not matcht to make so bad an end. 28

But, wanting grace, I sought my owne decay,  
 And was the cause to cast<sup>8</sup> my friend away:  
 And he in whom<sup>9</sup> my earthly joyes did lie,  
 Through my amisse, a shamefull death must die. 32

Farewell, sweet George, my loving, faithfull friend!<sup>10</sup>  
 Needes must I laud and love thee to the end;  
 And albeit that Page possest thy due,  
 In sight of God thou wast my Husband true. 36

My watry eyes unto the heavens I bend,  
 Craving of Christ his mercy to extend.  
 My bloody deed, O Lord! doe me forgive,<sup>11</sup>  
 And let my soule within thy Kingdome live. 40

Farewell! false World, and friends that fickle be;  
 All wives, farewell! example take by me;  
 Let not the Devill to murder you entice;<sup>12</sup>  
 Seeke to escape each foule and filthy vice.<sup>13</sup> 44

<sup>1</sup> "them" in Rox.

<sup>2</sup> "His love to me so deepe a roote did take" in Rox.

<sup>3</sup> "would" in White.

<sup>4</sup> The first and second lines are transposed in White's edit.

<sup>5</sup> "a perfect Judge" in Rox. <sup>6</sup> "my father's deed" in White's edit.

<sup>7</sup> "If I had beene but constant to" in White.

<sup>8</sup> "to make" in White.

<sup>9</sup> "on whom" in White.

<sup>10</sup> "always my loving friend" in White.

<sup>11</sup> "to me, O Lord! forgiue," in White's edit.

<sup>12</sup> "to murder you inspire" in White.

<sup>13</sup> "such foule and filthy mire" in White.

And now, O Christ ! to thee I yeeld my breath ;  
Strengthen my faith in bitter pangs of death ;  
Forgive my faults and follies, I thee pray,<sup>1</sup>  
And with thy blood wash thou my sinnes away.<sup>2</sup> 48

Finis.

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<sup>1</sup> "and folly of my times" in White.

<sup>2</sup> "wash thou away my crimes" in White.

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### Death of Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex.

This ballad upon the execution of the "rash but generous Earl," was probably written soon after that event; but it seems, "for obvious reasons," to have been first published after the death of Queen Elizabeth.

Mr. Payne Collier reprinted the ballad from the earliest copy, "printed for Margret Alde, 1603," in a collection of *Old Ballads*, the first work issued to members of the Percy Society. The ballad was entered to Mrs. Alde on the Registers of the Stationers' Company on the 18th of May, 1603, and Queen Elizabeth had died on the 24th of March of that year.

Among other extant editions, there are three which were issued by Cuthbert Wright, or C. W., viz. Rox. I. 184, Pepys I. 107, and Euing No. 198. These are later on in the reign of James I. or perhaps in that of Charles I. Then follow editions of Charles II., down to the end of the seventeenth century. (See Pepys II. 162, Euing 199, and Bagford II. 33.)

The tune will be found in *Pop. Music*, I. 176.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 184.]

A lamentable Ditty composed upon  
the Death of Robert Lord Devereux, late Earle of  
Essex, who was beheaded in the Tower of London,  
on Ashwenesday in the morning, 1600.

TO THE TUNE OF *Welladay*.



Sweet England's pride is gone !  
*welladay ! welladay !*  
Which makes her sigh and grone  
evermore still : 4  
He did her fame advance  
in Ireland, Spaine, and France,  
And now, by dismall chance,  
is from us tane. 8

He was a vertuous Peere,  
*welladay ! welladay !*  
And was esteemed deare  
evermore still : 12

He alwayes helpt the poore,  
    which makes them sigh ful sore ;  
His death they doe deplore  
    in every place. 16

Brave honour grac'd him still,  
    *gallantly, gallantly ;*  
He nere did deed of ill,  
    well it is knowne ; 20  
But Envy, that foule fiend,  
    whose malice nere hath end,  
Hath brought true vertue's friend  
    unto his thrall. 24

At Tilt he did surpasse,  
    *gallantly, gallantly ;*  
All men that is and was  
    evermore still. 28  
One day, as it was seene,  
    in honour of our Queene,  
Such deeds hath nere bin seene  
    as he did doe.<sup>1</sup> 32

Abroad, and eke at home,  
    *gallantly, gallantly,*  
For valour there was none  
    like him before. 36  
In Ireland, France, and Spaine,  
    they fear'd great Essex name—  
And England lov'd the same  
    in every place. 40

But all would not prevaile ;  
    *welladay! welladay!*  
His deeds did not availe ;  
    more was the pittie! 44  
He was condem'd to die—  
    for treason certainly—  
But God, that sits on high,  
    knoweth all things. 48

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<sup>1</sup> Alluding to a Tournament held at Windsor in 1590, on Saint Elizabeth's day, when the Earl of Cumberland, the Earl of Essex, and Lord Burge, challenged all comers, six courses apiece.



That Sunday in the morne,  
*welladay ! welladay !*  
 That he to the Citie came,  
 with all his troupe— 52  
 That first began the strife,  
 and caus'd him lose his life !—  
 And others did the like  
 as well as he. 56

Yet her Princely Majesty,  
*graciously, graciously,*  
 Hath pardon given free  
 to many of them : 60  
 She hath releas'd them quite,  
 and given them their right !  
 They may pray, day and night,  
 God to defend her. 64

Shrove Tuesday, in the night,  
*welladay ! welladay !*  
 With a heavy-hearted sprite,  
 as it is said, 68  
 The Lieutenant of the Tower,  
 who kept him in his power,  
 At ten a Clocke, that houre,  
 to him did come. 72

And said unto him there,  
*mournefully, mournefully,*  
 “ My Lord, you must prepare  
 to dye tomorrow.” 76  
 “ God’s will be done !” quoth he ;  
 “ yet shall you strangely see  
 God strong in me to be,  
 though I am weake. 80

I pray you, pray for me,  
*welladay ! welladay !*  
 That God may strengthen me  
 against that houre.” 84

Then straightway he did call  
to the Guard under the wall,  
And did intreat them all  
for him to pray. 88

“For tomorrow is the day,  
*welladay! welladay!*  
That I the debt must pay  
which I doe owe: 92  
It is my life I meane,  
which I must pay my Queene,  
Even so hath Justice given  
that I must dye.” 96

In the morning was he brought,  
*welladay! welladay!*  
Where a Scaffold was set up  
within the Tower; 100  
Many Lords were present then,  
with other Gentlemen,  
Which were appointed then  
to see him die. 104

“You Noble Lords,” quoth he,  
*welladay! welladay!*  
“That must the witness be  
of this my death, 108  
Know, I never lov’d Papistry,  
but still did it defie;  
And Essex thus will dye  
here in this place. 112

I have a sinner beene,  
*welladay! welladay!*  
Yet never wrong’d my Queene  
in all my life: 116  
My God I did offend,  
which grieves me at my end  
May all the rest amend,  
I them forgive. 120

To the State I nere ment ill,  
*welladay! welladay!*  
 Neither wisht the Commons ill  
 in all my life: 124  
 But lov'd with all my heart,  
 and alwayes tooke their part,  
 Whereas there was desart  
 in any place." 128

Then mildly did he crave,  
*mournfully, mournfully,*  
 He might that favour have,  
 private to pray: 132  
 Then he praid heartily  
 and with great fervency,  
 To God that sits on hie,  
 for to receive him. 136

And then he praid againe,  
*mournfully, mournfully,*  
 God to preserve his Queene  
 from all her foes: 140  
 And send her long to raigne,  
 true Justice to maintaine,  
 And not to let proud Spaine  
 once to offend her. 144

His Gowne he slipt off then,  
*welladay! welladay!*  
 And put off his hat and band,  
 and hung them by; 148  
 Praying still continually  
 to God that sits on hie,  
 That he might patiently  
 there suffer death. 152

"My headsman that must be,"  
*then said he chearefully,*  
 "Let him come here to me,  
 that I may him see;" 156

Who kneelèd to him then,—  
“ Art thou,” quoth he, “ the man  
Which art appointed now  
my life to free?” 160

“ Yes, my Lord,” did he say,  
*welladay! welladay!*  
“ Forgive me, I you pray,  
for this your death.” 164  
“ I here doe you forgive,  
and may true Justice live,  
No foule crime to forgive  
within this place.” 168

Then he kneeled downe againe,  
*mournfully, mournfully,*  
And was required by some  
there standing by 172  
To forgive his enemies  
before death closed his eyes,  
Which he did in hearty wise,  
thanking them for it. 176

That they would remember him,  
*welladay! welladay!*  
That he might forgive all them  
that had him wrong'd. 180  
“ Now, my Lords, I take my leave;  
sweet Christ! my soule receive!  
Now, when you will, prepare,  
for I am ready.” 184

He laid his head on the bloke,  
*welladay! welladay!*  
But his Doublet let<sup>1</sup> the stroake  
some there did say: 188  
“ What must be done,” quoth he,  
“ shall be done presently.”  
Then his doublet off put he,  
and lay downe againe. 192

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<sup>1</sup> let = hindered.



Then his headsman did his part  
*cruelly, cruelly;*  
 He was never seen to start,  
 for all the blowes. 196  
 His soule it is at rest  
 in heaven, amongst the blest;  
 Where God send us to rest  
 when it shall please him! 200

Finis.

Printed at London, for *Cuthbert Wright*  
 and are to be sold at his shop in little Saint  
 Bertholmes, close to the Lame-Hospitall.

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### Essex's last Good-night.

This "Lamentable Ballad upon the Earle of Essex his death" was frequently printed upon the same sheet as the preceding one, it being upon the same subject. Of this, there are three extant copies issued by one stationer, viz. Cuthbert Wright, about 1613. These are Rox. I. 185, Euing No. 198, and Pepys I. 106. The Pepys copy gives only the publisher's initials, therefore is not the same edition as the other two. The second Roxburghe copy, I. 101, is later than these, having been "printed by and for A. M[ilbourn,] and sold by the Booksellers of London."

The following is a collation of the two Roxburghe copies, but some of the variations between them have been thought too trivial and encumbering to the page to be noticed. In the one copy, the tune is named "*The King's last Good-night,*" and, in the other, *Essex's*.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 185 and 101.]

## A Lamentable new Ballad upon the Earle of Essex his Death.

TO THE TUNE OF *Essex*[’s] *last good-night*.



All you that cry O hone ! O hone !<sup>1</sup>  
 come now and sing O hone !<sup>2</sup> with me ;  
 For why, our Jewel is from us gone,  
 the valiant Knight of Chivalry :  
 Of rich and poore belev'd was he,—  
 in time an honourable Knight,—  
 When, by our Lawes condemn'd to die,<sup>3</sup>  
*He lately took his last Good-night.*

4

8

<sup>1</sup> "O hone" = Och hone (the Irish Lamentation) = Alas!

<sup>2</sup> "O Lord" in Rox. I. 185; corrected by Rox. I. 101.

<sup>3</sup> "condemn'd was he" in Rox. I. 185; corrected by I. 101.

Count him not like to Campion<sup>1</sup>  
 (those traiterous men!) or Babington;<sup>2</sup>  
 Nor like the Earl of Westmerland,<sup>3</sup>  
 by whom a number were undone: 12  
 He never yet hurt mother's son,—  
 his quarrel still maintain'd the right,—  
 [For] which the tears my cheekes down run,  
*when I think on his last Good-night.* 16

The Portingals<sup>4</sup> can witness be  
 his Dagger at Lisbon gate he flung,  
 And, like a Knight of Chivalry,  
 his Chain upon the same he hung. 20  
 Would God that he would thither come  
 to fetch them both in honor [b]right!—  
 Which thing was by his honour done—  
*yet lately took his*<sup>5</sup> *last Good-night.* 24

The French-men they can testife  
 the town of Gourney he took in,  
 And marcht to Roane<sup>6</sup> immediatly,  
 not caring for his foes a pin; 28  
 With bullets then he pierced their<sup>7</sup> skin,  
 and made them flee farre from<sup>8</sup> his sight;  
 He there, that time, did credit win,  
*and now hath tane his last Good-night.* 32

And stately Cales<sup>9</sup> can witness be,  
 even by his Proclamation right,  
 He did command them all straightly  
 to have a care of Infants lite;<sup>10</sup> 36  
 That none should ravish maid nor wife—<sup>11</sup>  
 which was against their orders, right—<sup>12</sup>  
 Therefore they pray'd for his long life,  
*which lately took his last Good-night.* 40

<sup>1</sup> Edmund Campion, the Jesuit, executed for high treason, Dec. 1, 1581.

<sup>2</sup> Anthony Babington, executed Sept. 20, 1586.

<sup>3</sup> Rebellion in the North in 1569.

<sup>4</sup> "Portingals" = Portuguese. <sup>5</sup> Misprinted "their" in Rox. I. 101.

<sup>6</sup> "Roane" = Rouen; misprinted "Rome" in Rox. I. 101.

<sup>7</sup> Misprinted "*his* skin" in Rox. I. 101.

<sup>8</sup> "fly from" in Rox. I. 101, making the line a syllable short.

<sup>9</sup> "Cales" = Cadiz.

<sup>10</sup> "lite" = little. It is printed "lives" in both copies, but should rhyme with "right."

<sup>11</sup> "And that none should hurt man or wife" in Rox. I. 101.

<sup>12</sup> "orders" omitted in Rox. I. 101; and is not "right" here a misprint for "quite"?

Would God he ne'er had Ireland known,  
nor set one foot on Flanders ground !  
Then might we well enjoy our own,  
where now our jewel will not be found, 44  
which makes our woes still to abound,<sup>1</sup>  
trickling with salt teares in our sight,  
To hear his name in our ears to sound,  
“*Lord Devereux took his last Good-night.*” 48

Ash-Wèdnēsday, that dismal day,  
when he came forth of his Chamber door,  
Upon a Scaffold there he saw  
his headsman standing him before ; 52  
The Nobles all they did deplore,  
shedding their<sup>2</sup> salt teares in his sight ;  
He said “farewell !” to rich and poor  
*at his Good-morrow and Good-night.* 56

“My Lords,” quoth he, “you stand but by  
to see performance of the law ;  
It’s I that have deserv’d to die,  
and yield my life unto the blow. 60  
I have deserv’d to die, I know ;  
but ne’er against my Countries right,  
Nor to my Queen, was ever foe,  
*e’en to<sup>3</sup> my death, at my Good-night.* 64

Farewell, Elizabeth, my gracious Queen !  
God bless thee with thy Council all !  
Farewell, you Knights of Chivalry !  
farewell, my Souldiers stout and tall ! 68  
Farewell, the Commons great and small !  
into the hands of men I light ;  
My life shall make amends for all,  
*for Essex bids the world good night.* 72

Farewell, dear wife, and children three !  
farewell, my young and tender<sup>4</sup> son !  
Comfort yourselves ; mourn not for me,  
although your fall be now begun. 76

<sup>1</sup> “foes still abound” in Rox. I. 101.

<sup>2</sup> “their” omitted in Rox. I. 101.

<sup>3</sup> “upon” in both copies.

<sup>4</sup> “kind and tender” in Rox. I. 101.



My time is come, the glass is run ;  
 comfort yourselves in former light,  
 Seeing by my fall you are undone,—  
*your Father bids the world good night.* 80

Derick,<sup>1</sup> thou know'st at Cales I  
 sav'd<sup>2</sup> thy life, lost<sup>3</sup> for a Rape there done.  
 As<sup>4</sup> thou thyself canst testife,  
 thine own hand three and twenty hung. 84  
 But now, thou seest my life<sup>5</sup> is come,—  
 by chance into thy hands I light ;  
 Strike out thy blow ! that I may know  
*thou Essex lov'd at his Good-night.* 88

When England a Papist counted me,<sup>6</sup>  
 the works of Papists I [did] defie ;  
 I ne're worshipt Saint<sup>7</sup> in Heaven,  
 nor the Virgin Mary, I ! 92  
 But to Christ, which for my sins did die,  
 trickling with salt<sup>8</sup> tears in his sight,  
 Spreading my arms to God on high,  
 Lord Jesus, receive my soul this night !” 96

Finis.

Printed at London for Cuthbert Wright.

<sup>1</sup> Derrick, the executioner, became hangman only to save his own life.

<sup>2</sup> “sav'd” is printed at the end of the line above, in both copies, and “lost” seems to have been added to fill up the gap so created. Perhaps this line was “Spared thy life for a rape there done.”

<sup>3</sup> “left” in Rox. I. 101.

<sup>4</sup> “Which” in I. 185.

<sup>5</sup> “myself” in Rox. I. 101.

<sup>6</sup> Printed “Counted me a Papist.”

<sup>7</sup> After “Saint”, in the copies, “nor Angel” is added—an evident interpolation that destroys the metre.

<sup>8</sup> “Sad” in I. 185.

### A lamentable new Ditty.

This ballad was reprinted by Ritson, in his *Northumberland Garland*, with no further comment upon it than “circa 1610.” He seems not to have observed that it affords a curious specimen of phonetic spelling, and was probably written down, from recitation, by some one unskilled in northern pronunciation. Bell, in his *Rhymes of the Northern Bards*, merely copies from Ritson.

Having referred it to Robert Davies, Esq., F.S.A., of The Mount, York, begging for an elucidation—especially as to the names of the actors in the ballad—he has kindly given the following explanation:—

“In the earlier part of the seventeenth century, the borders were in a very unsettled and disorderly state. Many of the chief men of Northumberland were recusants, and encouraged the outlaws and thieves in committing depredations. Sir Henry and Roger Wodrington, and Sir John Fenwick, were much complained of, and Lord William Howard is said to have countenanced a person called George Skelton, who is described as a rebel and a papist, and was guilty of many offences. May it not be conjectured that George Skelton was the hero of the ballad, and that Stoole was a pseudonyme? It is not, I think, a northern surname. The Witheringtons and the Fenwicks may have at first encouraged and afterwards deserted him.

“‘Out upon the[e]! Withrington,  
and fie upon the[e]! *Fenwick*— [spelled “Phoenix.”]  
Thou hast put down the doughty one  
that stole the sheep from *Alnwick*.’ [spelled “Anix.”]”

His crime was, perhaps, a raid on the Scottish border:—

“‘I never stole no oxé nor cow,  
nor never murder’d any,  
But fifty horse I did receive  
of a merchantsman of *Gowrie* (?)’ [spelled “Gory.”]”

“‘Prove constant to *ney* you love.’”

Perhaps ‘knavé’ in the sense of ‘boy.’ As to the lady I can say nothing. The Romance would be incomplete without a heroine.”

Having again referred to Mr. Davies, as to the name of “George Stoole,” whether it might not be phonetic spelling for some such a surname as “Stowel,” Mr. Davies replied:—

“To convert Skelton into Stoole is, I admit, rather too violent a change. But I know of no other person to whom the story of the ballad seems to be so applicable, and I supposed that Stoole might be simply a nickname. Stowell would easily be transformed into Stoole by our north-country folk, had such a name been among them.

“The Witheringtons of the ballad were undoubtedly of the same family as he who fought” [at Chevy Chase] “on his stumps—or knee, as one version has it. The spelling of proper names is very arbitrary. Sir Thomas, the lawyer, and once Lord Keeper, wrote ‘Widdrington,’ and he was one of Northumberland family.”

If the date of the event celebrated in the ballad be “circa 1610,” as suggested by Ritson, the publisher, Henry Gosson, was a cotemporary. No other copy of it is included in any of the before-quoted great collections.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 186, 187.]

A lamentable new Ditty, made upon  
the death of a worthy Gentleman, named George Stoolle,  
dwelling sometime on Gate-side Moore, and sometime  
at New-castle, in Northumberland: with his penitent  
end.

TO A DELICATE SCOTTISH TUNE.



Come, you lusty Northerne Lads,  
that are so blith and bonny,  
Prepare your hearts to be full sad,  
to hear the end of Georgey.

*Heighho, heigh-ho, my bon[n]y love,  
heigh-ho, heigh-ho, my honny,<sup>1</sup>  
Heigh-ho, heigh-ho, my owne deare love,  
and God be with my Georgie!* 8

When Georgie to his triall came,  
a thousand hearts were sorry ;  
A thousand Lasses wept full sore, 11  
and all for love of Georgy.

*Heigh-ho, heigh-ho, my bonny love,  
heigh-ho, &c.* 14

Some did say he would escape,  
some at his fall did glory ;  
But these were Clownes and fickle Friends,  
and none that lovèd Georgy.  
*Heigh-ho, &c.* 19

Might Friends have satisfide the law,  
then Georgie would find many ;  
Yet bravely did he plead for life,  
if mercy might be any.  
*Heigh-ho, &c.* 24

But when this doughty Carle was cast,  
he was full sad and sorry ;  
Yet boldly did he take his death,  
so patiently dyde Georgie.  
*Heigh-ho, &c.* 29

As Georgie went up to the Gate,  
he tooke his leave of many ;  
He tooke his leave of his Lard's<sup>2</sup> wife,  
whom he lov'd best of any.  
*Heigh-ho, &c.* 34

With thousand sighs, and heavy lookes,  
away from thence he parted,  
Where he so often blith had beene,  
though now so heavy hearted.  
*Heigh-ho, &c.* 39

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<sup>1</sup> "honny" = honey. "Heigh ho, my honey," was a popular burden. See *Pop. Music*, p. 462.

<sup>2</sup> "Lard." Should this be "Lord" or "Laird" ?



He writ a Letter with his owne hand,—  
 he thought he writ it bravely ;  
 He sent it New-castle Towne,  
 to his belovèd Lady.  
*Heigh-ho, &c.*

44

Wherein he did at large bewaile  
 the occasion of his folly ;  
 Bequeathing life unto the Law,  
 his soule to heaven holy.  
*Heigh-ho, &c.*

49

Why, Lady, leave to weepe for me !  
 let not my ending grieve ye !  
 Prove constant to the ney<sup>1</sup> you love,  
 for I<sup>2</sup> cannot releeve ye.  
*Heigh-ho, &c.*

54

Out upon the[e], Withrington !  
 and fie upon the[e], Phcenix !<sup>3</sup>  
 Thou hast put downe the doughty one,  
 that stole the sheepe from Anix.<sup>4</sup>

58

<sup>1</sup> Mr. R. Davies suggests for "ney," knave = boy. Ritson has substituted "man."

<sup>2</sup> "I." he?  
<sup>3</sup> "Phoenix." Mr. Davies suggests "Fenwick," which is pronounced "Fennick."

<sup>4</sup> "Anix." Mr. D. suggests "Alnwick," pronounced "Annick."

The second part,

TO THE SAME TUNE.



And fie on all such cruell Carles,  
whose crueltie 's so fickle,  
To cast away a Gentleman  
in hatred for so little.

61

*Heigh-ho, heigh-ho, my bonny love,  
heigh-ho, &c.*

64

I would I were on yonder Hill,  
where I have beene full merry ;  
My sword and buckeler by my side,  
to fight till I be weary.

*Heigh-ho, &c.*

69

They well should know that tooke me first,  
though whoops<sup>1</sup> be now forsaken :  
Had I but freedome, armes, and health,  
I'de dye ere<sup>2</sup> I'de be taken.

*Heigh-ho, &c.*

74

<sup>1</sup> "whoops." The signal for companions? or "swoops" to steal cattle?

<sup>2</sup> "ere" spelt "are" in copy.

But Law condemns me to my grave ;  
 they have me in their power ;  
 Ther 's none but Christ that can mee save  
 at this my dying houre.

*Heigh-ho, &c.*

79

He call'd his dearest love to him,  
 when as his heart was sorry,  
 And speaking thus with manly heart,  
 "Deare sweeting, pray for Georgie."

*Heigh-ho, &c.*

84

He gave to her a piece of gold,  
 and bade her give 't her Barnes ;  
 And oft he kist her rosie lips,  
 and laid him into her armes.

*Heigh-ho, &c.*

89

And comming to the place of death,  
 he never changèd colour ;  
 The more they thought he would looke pale,  
 the more his veines were fuller.

*Heigh-ho, &c.*

94

And with a cheerefull countenance,  
 (being at that time entreated  
 For to confesse his former life)  
 these words he straight repeated.

*Heigh-ho, &c.*

99

"I never stole no Oxe nor Cow,  
 nor never murdered any ;  
 But fifty Horse I did receive  
 of a Merchants man of Gory.<sup>1</sup>

*Heigh-ho, &c.*

104

For which I am condemn'd to dye,  
 though guiltlesse I stand dying :  
 Deare gracious God, my soule receive,  
 for now my life is flying."

*Heigh-ho, &c.*

109

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Davies suggests "Gowrie" for "Gory".

The man of death a part did act,  
which grieves mee tell the story ;  
God ! comfort all are comfortlesse,  
and di[e]d so well as-Georgie ! 113  
*Heigh-ho, heigh-ho, my bonny Love,*  
*heigh-ho, heigh[-ho] my bonny,*  
*Heigh-ho, heigh-ho, mine own true love,*  
*sweet Christ, receive my Georgie ! 117*

Finis.

At London printed for H. Gosson.

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### **A Lover's Teares.**

This ballad of a young man doting upon a scornful maiden is, again, by Martin Parker ; and, like many more of his ballads, is, perhaps now to be found only in the Roxburghe collection. The publisher, Thomas Lambert, was one of Martin Parker's cotemporaries.



[Roxb. Coll. I. 183, 189.]

## A Lover's teares :

OR,

The constancy of a young man's mind,  
 Although his choyce be too unkind.  
 All you yong men who heare this Ditty,  
 A Lover's teares bemoane with pittie.

TO THE TUNE OF *Sigh, sob, and weepe.*



You who have run in Cupid's maze,  
 and on fond<sup>1</sup> beauties vainly gaze,  
 Attend, while I explaine my moane,  
 and thinke my case may be your owne.

3

*Then learne to pittie Lover's teares,  
 for love is full of cares and feares.*

6

<sup>1</sup> "fond" = foolish.

The bitter sweets that I did taste,  
 and borrowed hours consum'd in wast[e],  
 Makes me my friends with counsell arme,  
 that they in time may shun like harm.  
*And learne, &c.* 11

A curious beauty I adore,  
 and must, though she hate me therefore,  
 For now I am within the net,  
 at liberty I cannot get.  
*Then learne, &c.* 16

Ill hap had I to see her face,  
 unlesse her heart would yeeld me grace;  
 Her eyes had such attractive force,  
 I needs must love, without remorse.  
*Then learne, &c.* 21

Her haire were Cupid's chains, to tie  
 me unto her perpetually;  
 For I must love her,—'tis my fate,—  
 and be repaid with mortall hate.  
*Then learne to pittie Lover's teares,  
 for love is full of cares and feares.* 27

I thinke on her both night and morne,  
 which when she hears, she saies in scorne,  
 "If you be foolish, sir, must I  
 be bound your mind to satisfie?"  
*And thus my sad complaints she jeeres,  
 for love is full of cares and feares.* 33

She thinkes herselfe too high in bloud,  
 and for to match with me too good.  
 "Fond foole!" says she, "art so unwise  
 to thinke that Eagles strike at flies?"  
*O yong men, pittie Lovers' teares,  
 for love is full of cares and feares.* 39

Such unequality she makes,  
 no pittie on my moane she takes;  
 The more I weepe, the more doth she  
 insult over my misery.  
*O yong men, &c.* 41

If I to her a letter frame,  
 she saith she hates to reade my name,  
 And therefore, to prevent that paine,  
 in scorne she sends it back againe.  
*Then learne, &c.*

49

If I doe meet with her by chance,  
 my captiv'd heart (for joy) doth dance;  
 But, to suppress that joy again,  
 she turnes her face with coy disdain.  
*Then yong men, &c.*

51

The second part.

TO THE SAME TUNE.



She shuns my presence with [all] hast[e],  
 then, ere one word from me is past,  
 Shee's out of sight, or out of call, 57  
 and will not heare me speake at all.

*O yong men, pittie Lovers' teares,  
 for love is full of cares and feares.* 60

Sometimes unto her maid I speake,  
 and she my minde to her doth breake.  
 "Away! thou silly foole!" quoth she,  
 "hee's hardly good enough for thee."  
*O yong men, &c.* 65

Thus she doth strive to vilifie  
 my name with hatefull infamy.  
 O, note the haughty insolence  
 of maids in fortune's eminence!  
*And learne, &c.* 70

Is't not<sup>1</sup> a shame it should be said  
 I woo'd the Mistresse, yet the maid  
 I am esteem'd scarce worthy of? 73  
 what man could beare so foule a scoffe?  
*Yet I with patience take these jeeres,  
 for love is full of cares and feares.* 76

I would my fancy could disswade  
 me from the Mistresse to the maid!  
 But o, alasse! that may not be,—  
 if ere I marry, 't must be she.  
*O yong men, &c.* 81

I wish I could my heart reclaime  
 from doting on this scornfull dame,  
 For all my sighs, and all my care,  
 are like to arrows shot i'th' aire.  
*O yong men, &c.* 86

Suppose she be, in her degree,  
 (as she pretends) too good for me,—  
 In love, the begger and the King  
 coequally doe feele the sting.  
*O yong men, &c.* 91

<sup>1</sup> "Wer't not" in copy.



It is her proud fastidious thought  
 that only hath this difference wrought;  
 For, in a true impartiall eye,  
 there's no great odds twixt her and I.  
*O yong men, &c.* 96

Well, if I die, as needs I must,  
 Cupid! grant me one boone that's just,  
 That, ere she wed, she may be faine  
 a worse then I to entertaine!  
*O yong men, &c.* 101

And so, farewell! thou cruell faire!  
 come, gentle death! and end my care.  
 Kind yongmen! learne, by my behest, 104  
 to love your enemies—that's the best.  
*And learne to pittie Lovers' teares,*  
*for love is full of cares and feares.* 107

M. P.

Finis.

Printed at London for *Thomas Lambert*, at the sign of the  
 Hors-shoo in Smithfield.

## The Lovely Northern Lasse.

This is the English ballad of *The Broom of Cowdenowes*, and the quotation from Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, carries back the date of its popularity, at least, to 1621.

Francis Coules, the publisher of the Roxburghe copy, flourished during the last five years of James I's reign, and throughout that of Charles I.

There is another edition in the collection of W. Euing, Esq., F.S.A. Scot. (No. 166), printed (according to the Catalogue) for Francis Coles (not Coules) in the "Old Bayly." This may be the same person, for he was "dwelling at the upper end of the Old Baily, neere Newgate St.," from 1620 to 1629, whereas the later Francis Coles (perhaps his son) dates from 1646 to 1674 in "Wine Street," or "Vine Street," "on Saffron Hill, neare Hatton Garden."

There are two more copies extant, viz. Rawlinson No. 205, and Douce ii. 137, *verso*. The former by the younger Coles, with Vere and others, and the latter without printer's name.

The tune of the ballad is the melody of a little three-part song, a copy of which will be found in Addit. MSS. No. 11,608, in the British Museum. Burton quotes it, as an English Country tune, in his *Anatomy of Melancholy*, which was first printed at Oxford, in 1621.

Under the head of "Love Melancholy—Symptoms of Love," he says: "The very rusticks, and hog-rubbers . . . have their Wakes, Whitson-ales, Shepherds' Feasts, Meetings on holidays, Country Dances, Roundelays, writing their names on trees, true-lovers' knots, pretty gifts . . . Instead of Odes, Epigrams, & Elegies, &c., they have their Ballads, Country tunes, *O the Broom, the bonny, bonny broom*; Ditties and Songs, *Bess a Bell she doth excell*; they must write likewise, and endite—all in rhyme."

Perhaps the reason for the extended popularity of this simple little tune was its having been adopted for a particular Country Dance. It is to be found, in that form, in all the early editions of *The English Dancing Master* from 1650 to the end of that century.

It should be observed that, after the union of the two crowns under James I. English ballads and their tunes, before called Northern—meaning "rustic"—were gradually called "Scotch"—meaning "rustic" also. Hence the hundreds of songs and ballads that bear the names of English poets and composers, but which are, nevertheless, called Scotch by their authors. These are invariably on scenes of humble life.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 190, 191.]

**The lovely Northerne Lasse.**  
 Who in this ditty, here complaining, shewes  
 What harme she got milking her dadyes Ewes.

TO A PLEASANT SCOTCH TUNE, CALLED *The broome of Cowden knowes.*



Through Liddersdale as lately I went,  
 I musing on did passe,  
 I heard a Maid was discontent—  
 she sigh'd and said, "Alas!  
 All maids that ever deceived was, 4  
 beare a part of these my woes,  
 For once I was a bonny Lasse,  
 When I milkt my dadyes Ewes." 8  
 With O, the broome, the bonny broome,  
 the broome of Cowdon knowes,  
 Faine would I be in the North Countrey,  
 to milke my dadyes Ewes. 12

My love into the fields did come  
when my dady was at home,  
Sugred words he gave me there,  
prais'd me for such a one ; 16  
His honey breath, and lips so soft,  
and his alluring eye,  
And tempting tong, hath woo'd me oft,  
now forces me to cry,  
*All Maids, &c.* 21

He joyed me with his pretty chat,  
so well discourse could he,  
Talking of this thing and of that,  
which greatly likèd me. 25  
I was so greatly taken with his speech,  
and with his comely making,  
He used all the meanes could be  
to inchant me with his speaking.  
*All Maids, &c.* 30

In Danby Forest I was borne ;  
my beauty did excell ;  
My parents dearely lovèd me,  
till my belly began to swell. 34  
I might have beene a prince's peere  
when I came over the knoes,  
Till the shepherd's boy beguilèd me,  
milking my dadyes Ewes.  
*All Maides, &c.* 39

When once I felt my belly swell,  
no longer might I abide ;  
My mother put me out of doores,  
and bang'd me backe and side. 43  
Then did I range the world so wide,  
wandering about the knoes,  
Cursing the Boy that helpèd me  
to fold my dadyes Ewes.  
*All Maides, &c.* 48

Who would have thought a boy so yong  
would have us'd a Maiden so,  
As to allure her with his tongue,  
and then from her to goe ? 52



Which hath also procured my woe,  
 to credit his faire shewes,  
 Which now, too late, repent I doe  
 the milking of the Ewes.

*All Maids, &c.*

57

I often since have wisht that I  
 had never seen his face,  
 I needed not thus mournefully  
 have sighed, and said "Alas!"  
 I might have matched with the best,  
 as all the Country knowes,  
 Had I escaped the Shepherd's boy  
 helpt me to fold my Ewes.

*All Maids, &c.*

61

66

---

**The second part.**

TO THE SAME TUNE.



All Maidens faire, then have a care,  
when you a milking goe,—  
Trust not to young men's tempting tongues,  
that will deceive you so ; 70  
Them you shall finde to be unkinde,  
and glory in your woes ;  
For the Shepheard's boy beguilèd mee,  
folding my dadyes Ewes.  
*All Maids, &c.* 75

If you your virgin honours keepe,  
esteeming of them deare,  
You need not then to waile and weepe,  
or your parents' anger feare : 79  
As I have said, of them beware  
would glory in your woes ;  
You then may sing with merry cheere,  
milking your Dadyes Ewes.  
*All maids, &c.* 84

A young man, hearing her complaint,  
did pity this her case,  
Saying to her, "sweet beautious saint,  
I grieve so faire a face 88  
Should sorrow so ; then, sweeting, know,  
to ease thee of thy woes,  
Ile goe with thee to the North country,  
to milke thy dadyes Ewes.  
*All maids, &c.* 93

Leander like, I will remaine  
still constant to thee ever,  
As Piramus, or Troyalus,  
till death our lives shall sever. 97  
Let me be hated evermore  
of all men that me knowes,  
If false to thee, sweet heart, I bee,  
milking thy dadyes Ewes."  
*All maids, &c.* 102

Then modestly she did reply,  
" Might I so happy bee,  
Of you to finde a husband kinde,  
and for to marrie me, 106

Then to you I would, during life,  
 continue constant still,  
 And be a true, obedient wife,  
 observing of your will. 110  
*With O, the broome, the bonny broome,*  
*the broome of Cowden knoes,*  
*Faine would I be in the North country,*  
*milking my dadyes Ewes.* 114

Thus, with a gentle, soft imbrace,  
 he tooke her in his armes,  
 And with a kisse he, smiling, said,  
 "He shield thee from all harmes, 118  
 And instantly will marry thee,  
 to ease thee of thy woes,  
 And goe with thee to the North Country,  
 to milke thy dadyes Ewes." 122  
*With O, the broome, the bonny broome,*  
*the broome of Cowden knoes,*  
*Faine would I be in the North Country,*  
*to milke my dadyes Ewes.* 126

Finis.

Printed at London for F. Coules.

### Labour in vaine.

This amusing ballad, on the torments that lovers endure, is by Martin Parker, and no other copy of it is known.

It must be read with the accent on the third syllables of "cosmogrāphers," "Proserpīna," &c., and such was probably the popular pronunciation of the time—at least, it may be taken to have been Martin Parker's way of pronouncing the words.

The "dainty new tune, called *Jenkinson*," has not been recovered under that name, but, in all probability, it had a second title derived from this ballad. The ballad has many of the elements of popularity about it.





Of all the afflictions that are incident To us while we march under Time's regiment,	12
There's nothing to man brings so much discontent as love unbelovèd againe.	
It breaketh our sleep ; it distracteth the wit ;	16
It makes us doe things that for men are unfit :	19
If I may but give a true <sup>1</sup> censure on it, It shall be call'd <i>Labour in vaine.</i>	22
Love is a fire—hot fire— fierce fire—	
Who can abide the extremity on't ?	26
It burnes the reines ; Great paines, small gaines	
Shall a man get after beauty to hunt.	30
'Tis that which the learned by right doe name (as I doe conjecture) the Idalean flame,—	31
Jove grant that I never doe feele the same ! so neer as I can, Ile refraine.	
Yet, if the blind rascall at me shall shoot,	38
I know to withstand him it were no boot ;	41
Both young men and maidens, [I] wish <sup>2</sup> you look' too 't, For this is right <i>Labour in vain.</i>	44
Love is a well—deepe well— steep well ;	
No man can sound its profundity right :	48

<sup>1</sup> "it a true" in copy.<sup>2</sup> "with you" in copy.

The water [that's] in 't melts flint— sets stint	
Both to the Pesant, the Lord, and the Knight.	52
It is Agani[p]pe, <sup>1</sup> or [Mount] Helicon ;	
It gives him invention that erst had none :	56
It yeelds enough matter to worke upon	
For every illiterate swaine. 'Tis like to that water	60
where Tantalus stood ;	
A man may be starv'd among plenty of food.	63
I'd rather [a] taste <sup>2</sup> of the coole running flood,	
Then drink at this <i>Labour in vaine.</i>	66

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<sup>1</sup> Aganippe, the well at the foot of Mount Helicon, sacred to the Muses.

<sup>2</sup> "I *had* rather taste" in copy. One taste of water unmixed would have been quite enough for Martin Parker, and sufficiently objectionable.

## The second part,

TO THE SAME TUNE.



Love is a hill—high hill—  
great hill ;

No man ere climb'd  
to the top of the same :

He that aspires, it tyres ;  
With bryers

It is invironed,  
wilde men to tame.

'Tis that against which  
poore Sisiphus strives

To roule up a stone,  
which downward drives.

This restlesse toyle  
costs many men's lives,  
and few by the journey do gain.

74

78

The paths are so difficult 82  
 To [be] found<sup>1</sup> out,  
 The best Cösmögräpher  
 his skill may doubt; 85  
 'Twill daunt him if he  
 thinks himsefe most stout;  
 And this is right *Labour in vaine.* 88

Love is a chaine—strong chaine—  
 long chaine;  
 He who is bound in it,  
 seldome gets free. 92  
 'Twill hold him fast, till th' last  
 heure's past,  
 Though strong as Hector,  
 or Ajax, he be. 96  
 'Tis that wherewith lusty  
 Alcides bound  
 The three-headed Cerberus—  
 that hell-hound— 100  
 When he did Don Plutoes  
 power confound,  
 and got Proserpina againe.  
 'Tis that wherewith Sampson 104  
 by th' Philistines was  
 Bound to the mill,  
 where he ground, like an asse; 107  
 'Tis stronger then iron,  
 steele, or brasse;  
 and this is call'd *Labour in vain.* 110

Love is a wheele—round wheele—  
 swift wheele,  
 Which, when 'tis turning,  
 none's able to stop: 114  
 In circle wise it flyes,  
 and hyes  
 Swiftly to bring  
 what was lowest to th' top. 118  
 'Tis that which unfortunate  
 Ixion turnes,

<sup>1</sup> "To find" in copy. Perhaps the original line was "For to find out."



While at his ne'er <sup>1</sup> ending labour he mournes ;	122
The axletree of it perpetually burnes, because it no liquor can gaine :	
In brieft, love is anything that's without rest ;	126
A passion that boileth and scaldeth the breast ;	129
Yet he who loves, lov'd againe, (for all this jest) Dwels not at the <i>Labour in vaine.</i>	132

Finis.

M. P.

Printed at London for Thos. Lambert.

<sup>1</sup> printed "nere".

### The Lober's joy and griefe.

The lover of this ballad is determined to go "through-stitch" for his love, who, among other desirable qualities, will have a good marriage portion. Still he declares his love too genuine to take any such mercenary considerations into account.

It is another of Martin Parker's, but not, as in many previous cases, unique. In this instance, there are two more copies extant.

Mr. Euing's No. 187, and Rawlinson No. 208, appear to be of one edition, as both are printed by Coles, Vere, Wright, and Clarke. The Roxburghe copy, printed by Thomas Lambert, is the earliest.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 194, 195.]

# The Lover's Joy and Griefe,

OR,

A Young man's relation,  
 In a pitifull fashion,<sup>1</sup>  
 Being from his Love hindred  
 By Locks, Bolts, and Kindred.

TO THE TUNE OF *Young men and Maids.*



Among the nine, all Nymphes divine,  
 that haunt the forkèd mountaine,  
 If any will bring me a quill  
 dipt in Castalia's fountain,

---

<sup>1</sup> situation ?

*The Lover's Joy and Griefe.*

- He shew (in briefe) my joy and griefe,  
 and Her due praises render,  
 To whom I would come if I could,  
*but locks and bolts doe hinder.* 8
- My joy, in that I had the fate  
 to chuse so rare a jewell ;  
 My griefe in this, that she (my blisse)  
 is kept, by kindred cruell, 12  
 Out of my sight ; which, day and night,  
 doth pierce my heart so tender :  
 'Tis she to whom I faine would come,  
*but locks and bolts doe hinder.* 16
- She is a Lasse that doth surpasse  
 her neighbours round about her ;  
 Her worth is such, it grieves me much  
 to live so long without her : 20  
 With strong desire, in Cupid's fire  
 my heart burnes to a cinder ;  
 I would possesse my happinesse,  
*but locks and bolts doe hinder.* 24
- As Thisbe faire, by Parents' care,  
 From Pyramus was hidden,  
 So she to come abroad from home  
 is earnestly forbidden : 28  
 She dares not stir,—nor I to her,—  
 so closely they have penn'd her ;  
 She would come out, I make no doubt,  
*but locks and bolts doe hinder.* 32
- As Danae was i' th' Tower of brasse  
 inclosed by her Father,  
 So she (my sweet), lest we should meet,  
 is kept more closely, rather : 36  
 Yet as great Jove got to his Love,  
 though walls did comprehend her,  
 So I do hope to have free scope,  
*though locks and bolts doe hinder.* 40
- I'th interim, I must patiently  
 expect that happy season ;  
 I dare not thinke that she will shrinke  
 (for, in truth, I have no reason) ; 44

I find that she is true to me,—  
in that I must commend her ;  
She would not be so long from me,  
*but locks and bolts doe hinder.* 48

It grieves my heart to thinke what smart  
(poore creature) she endureth ;  
What meanes her kindred use to winne  
her heart ; which, she assureth 52

Is fixèd fast, while life doth last ;  
no policie can bend her  
To any course—love hath such force—  
*but locks and bolts doe hinder.* 56

---

The second part,

TO THE SAME TUNE.





Shee hath, tis true (to speake what's due)  
 too great a marriage portion ;  
 This may I vow, for Cupid now  
 is bent unto extortion : 60  
 I would therefore her friends were poore,  
 or else in heart more tender ;  
 For, poore or rich, wee'd go through stitch,<sup>1</sup>  
*but locks and bolts doe hinder.* 64

Although my selfe want worldly pelfe  
 unto their expectation,  
 Yet if I may the truth display  
 without any ostentation, 68  
 My birth and parts and due deserts  
 are not so weake and slender,  
 But that I might earn my delight,  
*though locks and bolts doe hinder.* 72

Were I a Prince of eminence,  
 and shee a peasant's daughter,—  
 Had she no more of learning's store  
 then what wise nature taught her, 76  
 Her peerelesse face, and inward grace,  
 shewes in my heart such splendor,  
 Shee mine should be ; the like sayes she,  
*but locks and bolts doe hinder.* 80

Tis not her pelfe, but her sweet selfe  
 that I (in heart) doe covit ;  
 Necessity let wealth supply—  
 for nothing else I love it. 84  
 Her onely love is that doth move  
 my heart, and makes it tender ;  
 I mourne in griefe, without reliefe,  
*for locks and bolts doe hinder.* 88

No ease of mind at all I find,  
 but onely this assurance,  
 That my dear wench will never flinch,  
 though she be kept in durance. 92

<sup>1</sup> "through stitch" = "a resolute fellow, one that grows *through-stitch* with every thing hee undertakes."—Cotgrave, per Halliwell.

- Shee hath her share of woe and care,  
 for which I must commend her ;  
 On me she hath bestow'd her faith,  
*though locks and bolts doe hinder.* 96
- Continue still in thy good will,  
 thou Paragon of beauty !  
 And I to thee as true will bee  
 (so am I bound in duty). 100
- Though fortune frowne, yet the renowne  
 of our affections tender  
 Abroad is flowne—we two are one,  
*though locks and bolts doe hinder.* 104
- With patience wee'll expect to feele  
 the fruit of all this sorrow ;  
 Though sorrow may indure this day,  
 I shall have joy to morrow. 108
- In the mean while, I, in exile,  
 will be thy true defender,  
 And spread thy name, which is my claime,  
*though locks and bolts doe hinder.* 112
- Oh, cruell fate ! expire the date  
 of two deare Lovers' trouble !  
 If once our griefe doe finde reliefe,  
 our joyes will then be double: 116
- And all our teares, our cares and feares,  
 will to our names add splendor ;  
 Thy heart is mine, and mine is thine,  
*though locks and bolts doe hinder.* 120

Finis.

M. P.

Printed at London for Tho: Lambert, and are to be sold at the  
 signe of the Hors-shoo in Smithfield.

### **The Lover's Dreame.**

A poor ballad, by some novice in the art—probably some youth turned rhymester through love, and this his first attempt. The copy is perhaps unique—the author unknown, and not worth enquiring about. The title of the tune seems to have been taken from the first line of the second stanza.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 196, 197.]

## The Lover's Dreame :

Who, sleeping, thought he did imbrace his Love,  
 Which, when he wak'd, did no such matter probe ;  
 Yet afterwards her Love he did enjoy,  
 By sending a Letter by a trusty young Boy.

To THE TUNE OF *I laid me downe to sleepe.*



As I was walking all alone,  
 and musing in my minde,  
 With many a sigh and grone,  
 I studied how to find  
 Some dainty pleasant theame  
 to write unto my Love ;  
 And I fell in a dreame,—  
 and marke how it did prove !

4

8

I laid me downe to sleepe,  
thinking my Love lay by ;  
But when I did awake,  
my dreame it prov'd a lye. 12  
I sweat, and I am cold ;  
I freeze, and am a fire ;  
I see, and cannot behold  
the thing that I most desire. 16

Thus dreaming, as I lay,  
me thought she smil'd on me,  
Which did increase my joy,  
such happinesse to see. 20  
I spake unto my Love,  
and she did answer make ;  
But so it did not prove true,  
when as I did awake. 24

Methought I saw my Love,  
and with her I did stray  
Hard by a pleasant Grove,  
where we a while did stay : 28  
But time, that swift doth goe,  
did run too suddenly :  
O time ! why didst thou so ?  
thou mad'st my Love to cry ! 32

But when I saw her eyes  
bedew'd with brinish teares,  
'Then I did soone surmise  
her heart was struck with feares ; 36  
And I did soone require  
some reason for to know ;—  
Her answer did admire  
my heart with joy and woe. 40

Quoth she, " I love thee deare,  
yet so I dare not say,  
Because I live in feare  
of my true Love's decay : 44



My Father he is rich,  
 and I his onely Heire,  
 And he at me will grutch<sup>1</sup>  
 to wed one's poore and bare." 48

Methought I answer made,  
 that I was young and faire;  
 And, having Art and Trade,  
 I bade her not take care. 52  
 With that methought she smil'd,  
 and to me she did say,  
 "My Love, be reconcil'd,  
 and Ile be thine for aye." 56

My mind was thus imploy'd,  
 and yet I nothing do;  
 I thought I'd got a Bride,  
 but yet it was not so: 60  
 Me thought I had my will,  
 according to my mind,  
 But I do want it still,  
 my Love proves not so kind. 64

---

<sup>1</sup> "grutch," the old form of "grudge."

The second Part,

TO THE SAME TUNE.



Thus, sleeping still, I lay  
betwixt hope and despaire :  
But, at the breake of day,  
O, then began my care : 68  
When as I did awake,  
and found it nothing so,  
Then, for my true Love's sake,  
I did lament with woe. 72

I cannot come, my Love,  
to the place where thou art ;  
But I will write to thee,  
(if thou wilt take my part) 76  
The complaint of my poore heart—  
receive it as you will—  
My Love may ease my smart,  
or she my heart may kill. 80

My heart is not mine owne,  
nor I at liberty :  
All joyes are from me gone ;  
alacke ! what remedy ? 84

I would I were in place  
 where my true Love doth rest,  
 And then I would imbrace  
 the joyes that I like best. 88

Would Jove would pleasèd be  
 for to transforme my shape,  
 That I unknowne may see  
 my Love, and so escape : 92  
 And yet I would be seene  
 of her, and none but she ;  
 And thus I would begin—  
 “ Faire Lady, pitie me.” 96

But some perchance may say  
 that I my Love would fright ;  
 To those I answer, “ Nay,  
 she is my heart's delight !” 100  
 Although I wish to change  
 my selfe in some man's hue,  
 Yet I would not seeme strange  
 unto my Lover true. 104

And, if I find her coy,  
 and grievèd with vexation,  
 Yet I with her will play,  
 to gain my expectation. 108  
 Then happily she will  
 consider of my woe :  
 Thus I will use my skill,  
 and glad to please her so. 112

I would I had some Page  
 that would to me be true,  
 In haste to run a voyage,<sup>1</sup>  
 that my true Love may view 116  
 This Letter of my griefe,  
 and send me some reply :  
 If she yeeld no reliefe,  
 alacke ! then must I die ! 120

---

<sup>1</sup> “voyage,” anciently written “viage,” and perhaps so intended here. It is from the Latin “via,” a “way,” not necessarily by sea.

- Then straight a Page he sent  
unto her hastily ;  
At whose returne, content  
was brought him speedily. 124  
When his true Love did view  
his writing in such kind,  
Quoth she, "I will be true,  
and so my Love shall find." 128
- "O haste! thou little Page ;  
make haste unto my Love !  
That so may cease his rage,<sup>1</sup>  
and joyes may sorrowes move ; 132  
And I myselfe will come  
before the breake of day—  
When darknesse is begun,  
then Ile steale hence away. 136
- My Father must not know  
what you about do come ;  
For, if it<sup>2</sup> should be so,  
my Love were quite undone : 140  
Therefore make haste againe,  
and save my true Love's life ;  
I will release his paine,  
and prove his loving wife." 144

Finis.

Printed at London for I. W., dwelling in Gilt-spur street.

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<sup>1</sup> "rage" = ravings, exquisite pain (not anger in excess). This line is printed "That *death* may cease his rage"—to make sense of which, would require the insertion of "to be" (before "his rage"), which the line will not admit.

<sup>2</sup> "*he* should be so" in copy.



### The Lober's Delight.

It would have been satisfactory to have been able to trace the author of the following little poem, but search and enquiry have alike proved fruitless. The first three stanzas only are printed in "Canzonets to three Voyces, newly composed by Henry Youll, practitioner in the Art of Musicke," 4to, London, 1608. The three voice parts of that work are separately dedicated to Nicholas, Nathaniel, and Lionel, "sonnes to the worshipful Mr. Edward Bacon." Youll does not name the authors of any of the poetry which he set to music.

This musical version antedates the Roxburghe broadside by, at least, twelve, and possibly by twenty or more, years. No other copies are known. The carelessness of, and the liberties taken by, ballad-printers have been sufficiently shewn already; and although Youll's edition is not a model of accuracy (having an evident misprint of "which" for "while" in the eleventh line), yet it is, with that exception, so far an improvement upon the later edition, as to shew what advantage might have arisen from a collation with a copy of some authority, if such a copy could have been found.

In order to avoid a multiplicity of foot-notes, the three stanzas of Youll's copy are subjoined, the variations between the two versions being here marked by italics.

Come, Love, let's walke into the Springe,  
Where we *may* heare the Blackbird singe,  
The Robin Redbreast, & the Thrush,  
The Nightingale *in* thornie bush,  
*The Mavis* sweetely carroling,—  
*These* to my Love content *will* bring.

In yonder *dale* there are sweete flowers,  
*And* many pleasant shadie bowers;  
A perling brooke, *whose* silver streames  
*Are* beautified by Phoebus' beames  
*While*<sup>1</sup> *stealing* through the trees, for feare,  
*Because* Diana *bathes* her there.

See where *this* Nymph, with all her train,  
Comes tripping o'er the Parke *again*;  
*And in this* grove, here will she stay,  
At Barley-break to sport & play;  
Where we *may* sit us down, & see  
Faire Beautye mixt with Chastitie.

The moral of the story is in Phillis's selection of Coridon, for wit, eloquence, and "beauty of the mind," in preference to his younger rivals, famed for personal beauty, activity, or strength. From this we may infer that the writer had arrived at mature age.

<sup>1</sup> "Which" in Youll's edit.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 198, 199.]

# The Lover's Delight :

OR,

A pleasant Pastorall Sonnet.

TO A NEW COURT TUNE.



Come, Love, let's walke into the Springe,<sup>1</sup>  
 Where we will heare the Blackbird singe ;  
 The Robin Redbreast and the Thrush, 3  
 The Nightingale, on thornie bush,  
 Their musick sweetely carrowling,—  
 That to my Love content may bring. 6

<sup>1</sup> "springe" = a young wood.

In yonder vale there are sweete flowers, With many pleasant shadie bowers ; A pearling brooke with silver streames, All beautified with Phebus' beames :	9
I stood behind a tree, for feare To see Diana bathe her there. <sup>1</sup>	12
See where the nimph, with all her traine, Comes tripping ore the Parke amaine ; In yonder grove there will they stay, At Barlie-breake <sup>2</sup> to sport and playe ; Where we will sitt us downe, and see Faire Beautie mixt with Chastitie.	15  18
The youthfull Shephard, with delight, Will tune a pleasant oaten pipe ; Each Neatresse <sup>3</sup> fine, with heavenly note Will stretch and straine her varie[d] throate : So loud and clear their Nimphs will sing, That hills and vallies all will ringe.	21  24
The shepheard Strephan, with his friend, The faithfull Clayes, will attend, By playe before the Queene, to prove Who best deserves Urania's love. A most strange sight there shall you see— Rivalls of love and amitie.	27  30
Menalcas and Amintas young, Brave Coridon, and Thersis strong, Your minds would unto pleasure move To hear <sup>4</sup> them plead for Phillis' love. Judge of these tryumphs who shall be But the faire Queene of chastity ?	33  36
Under the shade of yonder pine You see a royall throne divine Prepared, for the Judge to sit— The Queene of beauty and of wit—	39

<sup>1</sup> A charming picture is spoiled by this barbarous alteration of the text. See Youll's copy, *ante*, p. 610.

<sup>2</sup> "Barley-break" was a popular pastime, played in couples. There is a ballad in "praise of our Country Barley-brake" in Rox. I. 344. A tune called Barley-break will be found in Pop. Music, I. 135, and, following it, are some extracts collected about the game, with Gifford's explanation of it.

<sup>3</sup> "neatress" = herds woman, from "neat," horned cattle.

<sup>4</sup> "have" in copy.

Wise Pallas, in her Majesty,  
the pavid<sup>1</sup> judge is chose to be. 42

The Queene of Love is banisht there,  
For feare that Phœbe take offence;—  
Her wanton sonne must not come here, 45  
Nor Cytharea once appeare:—  
It grieves my heart to thinke that shee  
From this aspect exempt must be, 48

For if the Queene of Love should spie  
The splendour of thy heavenly eye,  
Shee would perswade her winged sonne 51  
To wound thy heart, as hee hath done  
My silly breast, with dreade and feare—  
But, O the chaine! shee is not here. 54

See where the Wood-Nimphs, rankt, do stand,  
With each a garland in her hand,  
Compact of myrtle and sweete bayes;— 57  
For who deserves<sup>2</sup> the chiefest prayse  
In pleading of their passions here,  
The lawrell crowne away must beare. 60

Upon this bed of vyolets blew—  
A seate most fit for lovers true—  
Here may wee sit us downe and see 63  
Love tryumph in his majesty:  
By the sweete eclogs that are sung,  
Wee shall perceive who suffred wrong. 66

But stay! the judge is come<sup>3</sup> to sit,—  
The Queene of chastity and wit:—  
The Shepheards all are ready here, 69  
In comly habits to appeare:  
All wrongs here righted we shall see  
By the faire Queene of chastity. 72

<sup>1</sup> "pavid" = anxious.

<sup>3</sup> "judges comes" in copy.

<sup>2</sup> "deserved" in copy.



**The second part.**

TO THE SAME TUNE.



Sweet heart, come, tel me whose soft layes,  
 In your conceit, deserves most prayse ;  
 Or who did set forth passions best ; 75  
 How Cupid wounded his [sad] brest ;  
 I know you have noted all that's past,  
 From the first man unto the last. 78

Me thought it great content did bring,  
 To heare the Shepheards carrowling ;  
 To crowne, Cilrana made her choise 81  
 Menalcas, for his heavenly voyce ;  
 Which glory did small pleasure move,  
 Since Coridon had Phillis' love. 84

To wrastle, and throw barres of length,  
 All men gave place to Thersis' strength ;  
 His steadfast footing none could move,— 87  
 Yet for all this he lost his love.

No strength, or harmony of voyce,  
Could Phillis move to make her choyce. 90

If it had rested in my power  
There to have chose a paramour,  
Hee whom I thought deserv'd most grace, 93  
Was young Amintas, whose sweet face  
And nimble feete could not be matcht,—  
The Deities, I feare, were catcht. 96

Did you not note how Pallas swore  
The like shee never saw before ?  
(Had Meliager made such hast, 99  
Athlanta had the wager lost :)  
In token of deserved praise,  
She crownèd him with lasting bayes. 102

Then Phœbe unto Phillis said,  
"To make thy choise be not afraide ;  
For if I were the Nimph to choose, 105  
Amintas I would not refuse :"  
But all in vaine they did exhort,  
For Corridon had Phillis' heart. 108

Both Pallas and Diana chast  
Did almost straine, with breathles hast,  
Who could their prayses farther heape 111  
On young Amintas and his sheepe ;  
His person, gesture, and his grace,  
They did applaud, and his sweete face. 114

But tell me, Love, the reason why  
Faire Phillis with the christall eye  
Did all the youthfull Swaines refuse, 117  
And Corridon a[s] love did chuse ?  
Since they in beauty did excell,  
And for each prayse did beare the bell. 120

It seemes the beauty of the mind  
Did, in this case, strike Phillis blind ;  
His eloquence of tongue and wit, 123  
In place whereas the judge did sit,

- Was his chiefe gaine and their foule losse—  
Ulisses so did<sup>1</sup> Ajax crosse. 126
- But one thing much doth make mee muse,—  
Why sweete Urania did refuse  
Her two beloved ryvalls there? 129  
In whom such friendship did appeare,  
That still they wil'd her, with one voyce,  
In friendly wise to make her choyce. 132
- How prettily they laid the ground!—  
How shee at first their heart[s] did wound  
When shee by them her Neate did keepe, 135  
And, leaving her, when<sup>2</sup> halfe asleepe,  
Her bird out of her pocket ranne,  
And unto Strephan's hand did come. 138
- The pretty Neatresse did awake,  
Heareing her fluttering bird escape,  
And unto Strephan's hand did hye: 141  
He did restore imediatly  
Her bird,—and eke his heart she got,  
And in her snow-white bosome put. 144
- The silly bird, bent<sup>3</sup> for his love,  
Her<sup>4</sup> passions could in no wayes move,  
Neither for him<sup>5</sup> nor his trew friend, 147  
As it appeared in the end;—  
That neither party should grow wroth,  
Shee, most unkinde, refused them both. 150
- And now mee thinkes the sun growes low,—  
If you be mist, your friends will know  
That you and I have beene alone; 153  
Which to prevent, Ile bring you home.  
To part it is a second hell,—  
*Loth to depart*<sup>6</sup> bids oft farewell. 156

Finis.

Printed at London for Francis Coules.

<sup>1</sup> "had" in Rox.<sup>3</sup> "but" in copy.<sup>5</sup> himself in copy.<sup>2</sup> "leaving *the men*" in copy.<sup>4</sup> "his" in copy.<sup>6</sup> For "*Loth to depart*" see *Pop. Mus.* I. 173.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 200, 201.]

**A Lover's desire for his best beloved:**

OR,

**Come away, come away, and doe not stay.**

TO AN EXCELLENT NEW COURT TUNE.



The copy of this ballad, having been printed by the assigns of Thomas Symcock, may be dated between 1620 and (not later than) 1625. But the ballad itself must be older, because "Christmas's Lamentation" was sung to its tune (see ante, p. 154), and that ballad was evidently written before 1615.

The second part of *A Lover's Desire* seems to have been added by some ballad-writer, as an answer to the first. The first part only is to be found in the Percy folio MS, and in Elizabeth Rogers's Virginal book (Addit. MSS. Brit. Mus. No. 10,445).

The Roxburghe copy of the ballad is the only one known to be extant in broadside form. The metre is peculiar, and the quaintness of the tune is remarkable from its alternate phrases of two and three bars. It will be found in Elizabeth Rogers's Virginal Book, and in *Popular Music*, II. 463.





- See<sup>1</sup> the pleasant russy Brookes  
And every Flower for my Love looks :  
    *Come away ! come away ! &c.,*  
    *and doe not stay.* 40
- Beauties Queene, with all her traine,  
doth attend, doth attend, &c ,  
    upon my deare : 43
- Tripping Satyrs do dance<sup>2</sup> amaine,  
to delight, to delight, &c.,  
    her [that] hath no peere.<sup>3</sup> 46
- The<sup>4</sup> Muses nine, with Musicke sweet,  
Do all attend, my Love to meet.  
    *Come away ! come away ! &c.,*  
    *and doe, &c.* 50
- Fairest fayre, then<sup>5</sup> turne to thy Love,  
to thy Love, to thy Love, &c.,  
    that loves thee best ! 53
- Sweet, let pittie move ! grant love for love !  
like the Dove, like the Dove, &c.,  
    for ever rest. 56
- Crowne my delights with hopefull joyes !<sup>6</sup>—  
Thy love revives, thy hate destroyes.  
    *Come away ! come away ! come away !*  
    *and do not stay !* 60

---

<sup>1</sup> "She" in Rox.

<sup>2</sup> "they do dance" in Rox.

<sup>3</sup> "phere" in Rox.

<sup>4</sup> "The" wanting in Rox. ; supplied from P. Folio.

<sup>5</sup> "then" in P. Folio ; "now" in Rox.

<sup>6</sup> "Crowne my desires with 1000 joyes" in P. Folio.

The Second Part,  
Or,  
The Woman's Answer.

TO THE SAME TUNE.



Who is 't that calleth [to] me, "Come away"?  
'tis my Love, 'tis my, &c.,

[his] most chearefull voice:

63

He looks [as] cherefull as the bright day,  
which doth make, which doth, &c.,

each heart rejoyce.

66

With flowers sweet Ile make thy<sup>1</sup> bed,  
My lap a pillow for thy head.

*Come away! come away! &c.,  
and doe, &c.*

70

<sup>1</sup> "my" in copy.





But, for all the Indian wealth,  
 None shall have him but my selfe :  
*Come away ! come away ! &c.,*  
*and do not stay !* 110

Like the world's<sup>1</sup> eye my Love doth appeare,  
 when his steeds, when his, &c.,  
 approach the morne : 113

And his face the cloud's doth<sup>2</sup> cleare,  
 dims the stars, dims the &c.,  
 and Cynthia's horne ! 116

Now I am in my marriage bed,—  
 See ! my armes for thee are spread :  
*Come away ! come away ! come away,*  
*and doe not stay !* 120

Finis.

Printed by the Assignes of Thomas Symcocke.

<sup>1</sup> "words" in Rox.—world's eye = Phœbus = the sun.

<sup>2</sup> "doe" in Rox.

### **Lobe's Solace.**

Once more, a ballad by Martin Parker, and no other copy included in the known collections. This is a love-sick ditty, the tune of which served for many other ballads. The tune of *The Damaske Rose* is often referred to. It is sometimes called *Omnia vincit amor*, and a tune under that name is to be found in the Skene Manuscripts, and elsewhere.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 202, 203.]

## Love's Solace ;

OR,

The true lover's part, and in his conclusion he shews his  
constant heart.

We still doth praise her for her beauty rare,  
And says there's none with her that can compare.

TO A NEW COURT TUNE CALLED *The Damaske Rose*.



The Damaske Rose, nor Lilly faire,  
the Cowslip, nor the Pancy,  
With my true Love cannot compare  
for beauty, love, and fancy.  
She doth excell the rarest Dame  
in all the world that may be,  
Which makes me thus extoll her fame,  
*So sweet is the Lasse that loves me.*

If I should speake of my true Love,  
 as I am bound in duty,  
 She doth surpasse the gods above  
 in each degree, for beauty. 12  
 Juno, Pallas, nor Venus faire,  
 shine not so bright and lovely ;  
 Ther's none with her that may compare,  
*So sweet is the Lasse that loves me.* 16

When first I saw her peerlesse face,  
 I did admire her beauty,  
 And I did seeke, with heart and voyce,  
 to offer her all duty ; 20  
 Which willingly she did accept,  
 so kind and loving was she,—  
 Which makes me thus, with all respect,  
*say " Sweet is the Lasse that loves me."* 24

Mars, though he be the god of warre,  
 could not so deeply wound me  
 As Cupid, with a little skarre,  
 which I have plainely showne ye.<sup>1</sup> 28  
 Boreas, with all his blustering stormes,  
 never pierst so sorely :  
 Cupid's Arrowes pricke like thornes—  
*So sweet is the Lasse that loves me.* 32

For her sweet sake Ile undertake  
 any thing she requireth,—  
 To sayle the Seas, like Captain Drake,  
 whose deeds there's some admireth. 36  
 What ever she commands is done,  
 so much her love doth move me ;  
 She is a precious Paragon—  
*So sweet is the Lasse that loves me.* 40

Bright Cinthia, in her rich[est] Robes,  
 my Love doth much resemble,  
 Whose beautious beams such rayes<sup>2</sup> affords,  
 that makes my heart to tremble. 44

<sup>1</sup> "you" in Rox.

<sup>2</sup> "rares" in Rox.

Yet is the Saint so chaste, so rare,  
 which unto fancy moves me,  
 She<sup>1</sup> makes my joyes without compare,  
*So sweet is the Lasse that loves me.* 48

Diana and her Darlings deare,  
 that lived in woods and vallies,  
 And spent her time so chaste and rare,  
 she with no mankind dallies ; 52  
 Yet is not<sup>2</sup> more chaste than my Love  
 (I hope none can disprove me),  
 O no ! my mind shall nere remove,—  
*So sweet is the Lasse that loves me.* 56

Sweet Love, adieu ! I pray be true,  
 and thinke of what is spoken !  
 Change not thy old friend for a new !  
 let not thy vow be broken ! 60  
 Sweet Love, I leave thee for this time,  
 for so it doth behove me ;  
 But still my heart doth me combine,  
*To say "Sweet is the Lasse that loves me."* 64

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<sup>1</sup> "And makes" in Rox.

<sup>2</sup> "is she not" in Rox.



## The Second Part.

TO THE SAME TUNE.

The Maiden's kind answer, wherein she doth agree  
That he shall be her Love, and none but onely he.



My love, my life, my ducke, my deare,  
now will I yeeld unto thee ;  
All thou hast said I well did heare,  
and now thy words doth move me  
For to reply in answer kind,  
and so thy selfe shall prove me ;  
I will not change like to the wind,  
*so sweet is the Lasse that loves thee.*

68

72

- Be thou my lovely Pyramus,  
 Ile be thy constant Thysbe ;  
 And I am now resolvèd thus—  
 never to displease thee. 76
- True love surpasseth Cræsus' gold,—  
 'tis not thy wealth that moves me :  
 Hereafter let my love be bold,  
*and say, "sweet is the Lasse that loves thee."* 80
- Ile prove as chast unto my dove  
 as ever could be any ;  
 No fond enticements me shall move,  
 although I am urged by many ;<sup>1</sup> 84
- I will indure for ever kind,  
 as it doth best behove me,  
 A truer Mate thou shalt not find,  
*so sweet is the Lasse that loves thee.* 88
- My daily care shall alwaies be  
 onely for to delight thee,  
 And I myselfe still will be she  
 that shall with joyes unite thee ; 92
- I will shine bright at noone and night,  
 if I may so content thee ;  
 Like Cinthia, I will shine [so] bright  
*unto the Lad that loves me.* 96
- Doe not despaire, my onely deare,  
 let not vaine thoughts torment thee ;  
 Of my true heart have thou no feare,  
 nor doe not thou absent me ; 100
- I will remaine for ever sure,  
 though I awhile did proove thee ;  
 Till death do part<sup>2</sup> Ile thine indure,  
*so sweet is the Lasse that loves thee.* 104
- No gold nor gaine shall me obtaine  
 to fancy any other ;  
 All those that seeke my Love to gaine,  
 their wishes I doe smother ; 108
- I answer them unto their kind,  
 for so it doth behove me ;  
 I will not change like to the wind,  
*so sweet is the Lasse that loves thee.* 112

<sup>1</sup> "to many" in Rox.<sup>2</sup> "depart" in Rox.  
2 s 2

So, Love, adieu! I pray be true!  
 I am thine owne for ever!  
 The next time that I meet with you,  
 weele not so soone dissever. 116  
 Although we part, I leave my heart  
 with him that dearely loves me;  
 'Tis Hymen's bands must ease my smart,  
*and I am the Lasse that loves thee.* 120

[MAN.] O, my sweet love and onely deare!  
 thou hast renued my pleasure;  
 Thou in my sight dost more appeare  
 than any earthly treasure; 124  
 I doe rejoyce much in my choyce,  
 and so it doth behove me;  
 Ile sing thy praise with heart and voice,  
*so sweet is the Lasse that loves me.* 128

Finis.

M. P.

London Printed for Francis Grove, on Snow-hill. †

### A new Northern Jigge.

Jigs were formerly among the Court Dances of England, and, at least from James I. to George I., each king or queen had a jig specially named after him or her. But songs and ballads, written to easy tunes of strongly marked metre, were also called jigs. "Nay, sit thee down by my side, and I will sing thee one of my Countrey Jigges to make thee merry." (Deloney's *Thomas of Reading*.) So also, the songs sung by clowns on the stage (being sung to tunes of the above-named class) were commonly called jigs,—"Tarlton's Jig," "Kemp's Jig," and others.

Nares has defined jig, as "anciently not only a merry dance, but merriment and humour in writing, and particularly a ballad." But ballads having neither merriment nor humour in them, might nevertheless be jigs, if only the tune were a tripping one,—as witness the following love-ditty, and "Margrett! my sweetest Margrett! I must goe", in the Percy Folio (II. 335, of the printed edit.).

This ballad must have become popular, for the tune to which it was sung acquired the name of *Dainty, come thou to me*, and other ballads (including one about Sir Richard Whittington's advancement), were chanted to it.

The Roxburghe copy of the ballad is perhaps unique.

[Roxb. Coll. I. 204.]

A new Northern Jigge, called  
Daintie, come thou to me.



Wilt thou forsake mee thus,  
and leave me in misery?  
And I gave my hand to thee  
onely with thee to die!  
*Cast no care to thy heart,*  
*from thee I will not flee,*  
*Let them all say what they will,*  
*Dainty, come thou to me!*

4

8

Were my state good or ill,  
rich, or in misery,  
Yet would I love thee still,—  
prove me, and thou shalt see!  
*Cast no care, &c.*

13



Were you rich, were you poore,  
 were you in miserie,  
 I'd<sup>l</sup> beg from doore to doore,  
 all for to maintaine thee.

*Cast no care, &c.*

18

Were I Lord, were I Knight,  
 came I of high degree,  
 All my Lands should be thine,—  
 try me, and thou shalt see!

*Cast no care, &c.*

23

If the Indie Gold were mine,  
 and all the wealth of Spaine,  
 All that, it should be thine,—  
 proove me yet once againe!

*Cast no care, &c.*

28

Thy beauty doth excell;  
 above all I love thee;  
 With thee I meane to dwell,—  
 try me, and thou shalt see!

*Cast no care, &c.*

33

I promise, for thy sake,  
 all other to forsake,  
 and onely thee to take,—  
 trye mee, and thou shalt see!

*Cast no care, &c.*

38

Let me thy love obtaine,  
 or else I am but slaine;  
 Revive me once againe;  
 sweet, I desire [but] thee!

*Cast no care, &c.*

43

If Friends doe frowne and fret,  
 and Parents angry be,  
 and Brothers' grieffe is great,  
 yet I love none but thee.

*Cast no care, &c.*

48

Here's my hand and my heart,  
faith and troth unto thee;  
From thee I will not start,—  
try mee, and thou shalt see!  
*Cast no care, &c.*

53

Thus my Friends I forsake,  
with thee my life to spend,  
Refusing no paines to take,  
untill my life doth end.  
*Cast no care, &c.*

58

Farewell, my trusty Love!  
true as the Turtle-dove!  
I will as constant prove,  
till we two meet above.<sup>1</sup>  
*Cast no care, &c.*

63

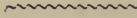
Finis.

Printed for the Assignes of Thomas Symcocke.

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<sup>1</sup> "again" in Rox.

## NOTES AND ERRATA.



Page 9.—YORKE, YORKE, FOR MY MONEY. Dr. Rimbault kindly reminds us that this ballad was entered at Stationers' Hall (to the same publisher) two years before the date of our printed copy, viz. on 16th November, 1582. See Collier's *Registers*, II. 175. To this we may add that the portrait of the Earl of Cumberland of the ballad, (George Clifford) was engraved on a medallion, and published, as well as an intended likeness of the Earl of Essex on horseback. Copies are in the Collection of the Society of Antiquaries. (Broad-sides, p. 33 and 34.)

Page 31.—ANN ASKEW. Other copies of the ballad are in Rox. II. 41, Pepys, II. 17, and Euing, No. 3. In Bale's Memoir of Anne Askewe, (*Illustrium Scriptorum Britannicæ Summarium*, 1548, fol. 229) he states that she wrote many songs or ballads, "cantiones quoque plures edidit."

Page 37, line 4 *ab imo*, for "Ewing" read "Euing."

Page 53.—AN EXCELLENT NEW MEDLEY. Mr. Payne Collier has reprinted this Medley by Martin Parker in his privately printed *Broadside Black-letter Ballads* (4to, 1868), and although from a copy issued by the same printer, Mr. Collier's edition contains three more stanzas, and differs in the ending. After line 32 is the following:—

"What shall we do in these sad days?  
Will not the wicked mend their waies?  
Some lose their lives in drunken frays;  
The pudding burns to th'pot.  
The cooper says the tubs [hold grist];  
The cobbler preaches what he list;  
Their knavery now is manifest;  
hold, halter!"

After line 72:—

"Hark, mother, hark! there's news in town.  
What tell you me of half a crown?  
Now the Excise is going down,  
thou pratest like an ass.  
I scorn the coyn, give me the man:  
Pray pledge the health, Sir: I began:  
I love King Charles, say what you can,  
God save him!"

After line 88:—

"Heigh for New England, hoise up sail!  
The truth is strong and will prevail,  
Fill me a cup of nappy ale,  
hang care! the King's a comming.  
This egg hath long a hatching been:  
When you have done, then we'll begin,  
Oh! what an age do we live in!  
hang pinching."

Instead of the two last lines being

“ God blesse our gracious King and Queene,  
from danger. Amen.”

Mr. Collier's copy has :—

“ God send our gracious King and Queen  
to London!”

Page 65.—FRIENDLY COUNSAILE. The initials C. R. at the end of this ballad are probably those of Charles Records, author of “Farewell good company,” (see Rox. I. 520) printed by J. Wright, jun. This writer has not been noticed by Mr. Payne Collier or by Mr. W. Carew Hazlitt.

Page 75.—BLUE CAP FOR ME may be dated from April to June, 1633, when Charles I. visited Edinburgh with Laud, and made excursions to Stirling, Linlithgow, and Falkland. See Calendar of State Papers, Domestic Series, 1633-1634, p. xi.

Page 83, line *ult.*, for “Smycocke” read “Symcocke.”

Page 104.—Erratum. Andrew Borde, not “Bordes.”

Page 111.—THE COUNTRYMAN'S NEW CARE, AWAY! In Mr. Ouvry's Collection is a copy of this ballad, “Printed for H. Gosson,” which bears the author's name, subscribed “Finis. Ro. Guy.”

Page 115.—I KNOW WHAT I KNOW. Mr. W. Euing has a copy of later date under another title, viz. “FEW WORDS ARE BEST.” Printed for W. Gilbertson in Guiltspur Street.

Page 122.—A NEW BALLAD—THE CAREFUL WIFE, a ballad of “The Wyfes newe yeres gyfte to her husband” was entered to Thomas Pavyer, 16th December, 1605.

Page 125.—THE HOUSEHOLDER'S NEW YEAR'S GIFT. Mr. Payne Collier says of this ballad: “This excellent musical Dialogue between a Husband and a Wife, the first complaining of poverty, and the last cheering him in his misfortunes, was unquestionably written in a dear year, such as Stow describes, 1596, when wheat was sold as high as six, seven, and eight shillings a bushel, or 1597, when the price rose to thirteen shillings.” (*Annals*, 1615, p. 1279.) “We may feel assured that it came out nearly half a century earlier” than the Roxburghe copy.

Page 136.—Errata. For “Mr. Walter Ewing” read “Mr. William Euing,” and for “Harman's *Collect*,” Harman's *Caveat*. The smaller-sized woodcut to the second part of this ballad (p. 139) was used in 1592 for Robert Greene's *Quip for an upstart Courtier*.

Page 171.—COMPLAINT OF A LOVER FORSAKEN. On the Registers of the Stationers' Company, 1569-70, is the following entry:—“Rd of John Alde, for his lycense for pryntinge of a ballett intituled As wyllowe for payne hath bene counted of late 4d.” This seems to refer to some answer to the above (and may thereby antedate it), or to some other ballad with a similar burden. To “sing willow, willow” was quite proverbial: “Shall Camillo then sing *Willow, willow, willow?*” writes Middleton, in his *Blurt Master Constable*. There is a song of John Heywood's, “All the greue wyllow,” in *Addit. MSS. Brit. Mus. No. 15, 233*. As Percy printed from the edition in the Pepys Collection, so we from the Roxburghe. The only useful correction supplied by the former is in line 23: “He that *plaines* of his false love,” instead of “He that *plaineth* of.” A variation in line 35 may also be noted. Instead of:

“As heere lying, payned, it stands in mine eye”

(as in the Roxb. copy), the Pepys reads:

“As heere it doth bid to despair and to dye.”

Page 175.—THE CONSTANCY OF TRUE LOVE might have been entitled



"Pyramus and Thisbe," as it is but the story put into rhyme. A better reading than the copy gives of lines 19 to 24 will be obtained by following Mr. Payne Collier in dividing "incompassing" into two words, and connecting "lady guarded" by a hyphen, thus:—

"And christal streams, which made a noise  
*In compassing* this place of joyes:  
 No fairer place nor fountaine found  
 Dian, with golden tresses crown'd,  
 And *lady-guarded*: in this seate  
 The whistling wind cool'd summer's heat."

Page 181.—THE COURTLY NEW BALLAD OF THE PRINCELY WOOING OF THE FAIRE MAID OF LONDON BY KING EDWARD was entered at Stationers' Hall to William White on 7th March, 1599, and "The Faire Maid's Answer" at the same time. Erratum in line 5 of foot note: "Walter Ewing" should be "William Euing." This occurs again at p. 185, 208, and 222.

Page 185.—THE BRIDE'S BURIALL was entered to William White, 11th June, 1603.

Page 190.—THE CONSTANCY OF SUSANNA. Another ballad with the burden "Lady, lady, most dere Lady," by R. M., is No. 48 of the Collection of Printed Broad-sides in the Collection of the Society of Antiquaries of London, date 1559? So the burden was not used exclusively by Elderton.

Page 212.—THE CONSTANT LOVER. Mr. Payne Collier kindly informs us that the initials P. L. to this ballad are an inversion of L. P. for Laurence Price.

Page 233, line *ult.*, for F. Cowles, read F. Coules.

Page 260.—THE DECEASED MAIDEN LOVER. The "excellent new tune" to this ballad, writes Dr. Rimbault, was probably that composed by Robert Johnson, and published in Playford's *Ayres and Dialogues*, fol. 1652. Johnson adopts only four of the stanzas, Nos. 1, 3, 7, and 9.

Page 265.—THE DESPERATE DAMSELL'S TRAGEDY. The copy printed in Mr. Payne Collier's Black-Letter Ballads has the date of 1627. In other respects the texts agree.

Page 361, in note, "evorsion" misprinted for "evasion."

Page 388.—THE GLOIBIOUS RESURRECTION. The second copy of this ballad, referred to as Roxb. I. 258, (printed for Francis Coules,) offers some variations worthy of note. Line 6, "Their lives *on earth* so frame." Line 14, "*did not arise* from death." Line 18, "And vain *is hope* on earth." Line 24, "Which spend their *time* in vain." Line 35, "Lest by his friends his corps *from* thence." After line 48, it is divided off as "The second Part. To the same tune." Line 56, "That they *should* hold their peace." Line 57, "And say," quoth *they*, "His servants came." Line 62, "and James his *mother*, too." Line 63, "*Had* brought great store of oynment *sweet*." Line 73, "And when unto the grave they *ranne*." Line 93, "And turning then herself *aside*." Line 98, "Whom *seekes she* in this place?" Line 121, "Then Christ, which knew all *secret thoughts*." Line 126, "and *feel thou here* my side." Line 129, "Thus sundry times *Christ* shew'd himself."

## ATTRIBUTED AUTHORS IN VOL. I.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| Anne Askew, pages 30 and 31.   | E[dward] F[ord], p. 230, 248, 492.   |
| G. B., p. 475.   | Robert Guy, p. 111. (See p. 634.)  |
| Thomas Byll (Parish Clerk of West Felton), p. 406 and 409.                       | Arthur Halliarg [Halling?], p. 93.   |
| Thomas Campion, M.D., p. 346.  | Martin Parker, p. 51, 70, 98, 129, 159, 165, 264, 276, 364, 369, 422, 434, 441, 503, 520, 581, 593, 598, 623, 633. |
| Humfrey Crowch, p. 468.  | Laurence Price, p. 46, 196, 213, 411.  |
| Richard Climsell (sometimes spelled "Crimsal"), p. 142, 207, 238, 299, 498, 508. | N. P., 129.  |
| Thomas Deloney, p. 57? 181, 287, 306, 479, 553, 558.                             | Walter Pope, M.D., p. 89.  |
| F. D., p. 57.  | C[harles] R[ecords], p. 65.  |
| J. D., p. 34.  | Mr. Stevens, Minister, p. 395.   |
| William Elderton, p. 1, 190.   | R. W. (Quere Richard West, or Rowland Willett), p. 463.  |

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